Heaven's Recent Wonders

or

The Work of Lourdes

Boissarie-Van der Donckt.

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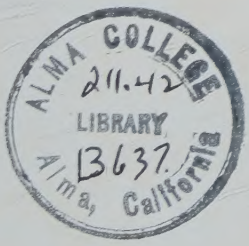
Heaven's Recent Wonders

OR

The Work of Lourdes.

FROM THE FRENCH
OF
DR. BOISSARIE.

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION BY REV. C. VAN DER DONCKT.



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Introductory

MANY a time, care-worn and burdened denizens of earth feel themselves impelled to cry out: Is there a God who cares for us? Is prayer of any avail? Is faith not all a matter of training, of environment, of imagination, of nervous excitement or of mental exaltation? Is there any palpable evidence under the sun all but compelling an affirmative answer to the first questions and a negative to the last?

Is there any visible witness to the Divine guidance of the Catholic Church as Jehovah gave to the Jews of old and as Christ gave to men when He walked among them? Is there a voice from Heaven which comes to people as it came to Saul on the road to Damascus and which, dispensing with a long course of study, argument and even preparatory prayer, suddenly bids the infidel to say: "Lord, what wilt Thou that I do?" The most stolid when acquainted with the facts must answer: 'Yes, at Lourdes there is all that and more! There ndeed are literally verified the significant words of the Catholic liturgy *Vidi aquam*, etc., i.e.: *I saw water issuinq from the right side*

of the temple and all to whom that water came were saved or made whole;[1] yes, practically all who go there and thousands who can not repair thither, but who either prayerfully or even unconsciously[2] or indifferently[3] use that water, have been and are healed altogether or partly, physically or spiritually, of the most inveterate and hopeless diseases. And as when Our Saviour was on earth it was chiefly His chosen people who were directly benefited by His ministrations, nevertheless at times, as with the Canaanite woman, His mercies were extended even to the heathen, so in our days, while the bulk of those cured at Our Lady's grotto, are members of His Church, Protestants, Jews and Mahommedans, are in certain cases the recipients of Mary's extraordinary favors. Witness those published in the *Ave Maria* a few years ago by an English priest, Dr. R. Howley, and the numerous cures obtained at the chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes of the Georgian Fathers in Constantinople by Mussulmans and Israelites.

In 1880 the Georgian Fathers were banished from France, where, in 1872, they had founded a novitiate at Montauban. On their return to their convent in Constantinople, they there dedicated an altar to Our Lady of Lourdes on March 25, 1881, adorned with a statue like the one of the French grotto, and they kept on hand a supply of water sent them from the miraculous spring.

1) Eze. 47, 1, 9.

2) See Dr. Keller's Mariengeschichten, xi, 5.

3) The cases of Charles Auguste, born blind, and of the old blind laundress, both related in this work.

At once miracles were wrought. So numerous did they become that Cardinal Vincent Vanutelli, then Archbishop of Sardes and Apostolic delegate of the Holy See to Turkey, appointed a commission to examine the cures. Palsies, epilepsies and cancers vanished instantaneously; a Jew of Orta-Keni, who was deaf of both ears, and a child of thirteen years that was born club-footed, as well as many blind people were suddenly healed; sore eyes, so common and so obstinate in the Orient, were cured after a simple washing and a prayer. These cures caused a remarkable sensation, and people of the most various religions came to visit the Georgian Fathers' chapel. Besides, women of all castes, pashas, officers, Turkish soldiers, eunuchs and dervishes mingled with the crowds that invaded the convent. Greeks, Armenians, schismatic Bulgarians, Mahommedans and Jews were cured as well as Catholics.

In past ages also the Blessed Virgin showed her all-embracing mercy. Thus in 1203 at the sanctuary of Our Lady of Saidnaia, she miraculously healed some Mahommedans and she saved the Sultan of Damascus, brother of the Saladin, from an incurable illness. Out of gratitude for his cure he offered to keep a lamp burning before her image forever. From four to five thousand candles were consumed there.

In November, 1882, a Catholic woman of Pera got rid of a piece of a needle lost in her finger, after a novena made at the chapel of the Georgian Fathers in Stamboul. Less than four years later,

a like miracle took place at the grotto of Lourdes: On August 26, 1886, Celestine Dubois dipped her hand in one of the baths and suddenly a needle came out by the end of her thumb after making a furrow about three and one-half inches long under the skin.

No wonder that Mary's mercies should be granted to those Eastern people. The Oriental liturgies glow with Mary's praises. All Armenian, Maronite and Syrian Masses begin with a prayer to Mary at the foot of the altar before the Confiteor, and thus the priest places the Holy Sacrifice under Mary's guard. In the Coptic rite her picture is incensed during the Mass, and the Chaldean liturgy extols Mary's mercy and greatness eleven times a day. Also the custom prevails there of placing the Most Holy Virgin's picture, surrounded with flowers, on the altar and of blessing the people therewith after service. And even the schismatic Greeks, of whom there are thousands here in the United States, preface the Hail Mary with the *Xaire Oeotocos:* Hail, thou God-bearer or Mother of God.

Take up this book, then, kind reader, and go at least in spirit to the French Sion, where since 1858, Jesus and Mary seem to walk again among poor mortals, and where the afflicted cry to them for mercy and obtain it as they did centuries ago in and around Jerusalem. A saintly old priest told me twenty-five years ago that the best retreat he ever made was not in a

monastery, but among the crowds of pilgrims at Lourdes.

The *Ecclesiastical Review* of September, 1908, in its appreciative critique of the second edition of this work, says: "Dr. Boissarie's name is known wherever the story of Lourdes has been told, that is, the wide world around. A man of science and a distinguished physician . . . he has devoted his attainments and a large part of his laborious life to the study of the marvels wrought at the favored shrine in the Pyrenean valley. Gifted with a graceful pen, he has made the results of his study attractive and eagerly sought for by hosts of readers. This, his fifth work on Lourdes, embraces many of the more recent facts; the discussions of theories is fuller and more critical, and the general conclusion, the supernaturalness of many of the events occurring at Lourdes, is more triumphantly vindicated at the bar of science. The impossibility of explaining by means of suggestion the wonderful cures there effected is clearly demonstrated. The cures in question take place upon unconscious infants and non-cooperating adults; while they just as often fail when all the adjuncts to suggestion—the ceremonial procession, the multitudinous petitions, etc., are most abundant and powerful.

"In these days when the reality of modern miracles as supernaturally caused events is denied outright or looked upon with suspicion, and the appeal to miracles as motives of belief in supernatural truth seems to weaken even with some who

profess to be Catholics, it is helpful to read such a book as this. It confirms one's faith and lifts one above the narrow views of the prejudiced sciolists." In contrasting it with Bertrin's "*Lourdes: A History of its Apparitions and Cures*," the *Ecclesiastical Review* says: "Boissarie's book has in its favor the authority of the experienced physician in charge of the Lourdes Bureau of Verifications (of cures) since 1892."

An eminent Protestant lawyer, to whom I read most of my translation, exclaimed: "The facts related are staggering. If this book is true and it must be true, I feel as though I should don a cassock and preach Catholic truth as a lay brother during the rest of my life." And a Mormon lady to whom I lent a History of Lourdes, said upon returning it: "Father, this book would convert anybody." Is Lourdes not too much overlooked or left in the background among the evidences of Catholicism?

May this latest volume of "Mary's doctor," prove our Merciful Mother's missionary to many troubled hearts and bring hosts of stray sheep into her Son's fold!

The Translator.

Letter of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes.

LOURDES, April 17, 1907.

My dear Doctor:

When, during the splendid celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception, you were about to charm by your eloquence an incomparable audience, it was your wish that the Bishop of Tarbes should introduce you to the distinguished assembly. I was well aware that you needed no patronage to be received with sympathy, nor does your new book need eulogies of mine to find favor with the public. You were known and your name was the best preface to your speech. Still, I complied with your wish, especially as I was thus afforded the opportunity of proclaiming before several Cardinals, many bishops and prelates, and a crowd of prominent Catholics, the titles you have to my gratitude for the services you rendered to Our Lady of Lourdes. I remember that in introducing you I used the words of the Apostle: "Luke, the beloved physician, is with me." When speaking thus St. Paul showed his friendship for and confidence in the dear doctor, and he made his young Christian congregations sharers in his

BISHOP SCHOEPFER OF TARBES.

gratitude. To discharge greater obligations than St. Paul had toward St. Luke, I invited that noble audience to greet in your person the tireless fellow-worker, the faithful and devoted companion of the bishops of Tarbes and of their ministry in Lourdes. You share one more feature, and that a very special one, with the Evangelist, the patron of physicians. Whereas a pious and respectable legend attributes to St. Luke the portrait of the Blessed Virgin, history will relate that you have been for many years, and will be, I hope, for many more, the exact and very loving painter of the Immaculate Virgin, as you are the enthusiastic and conscientious reporter of the wonders she works ceaselessly at Lourdes.

The book you are publishing is the development of your program, and is worthy of its predecessors. It is called "The Work of Lourdes," a very simple and expressive title, as it is full of Lourdes. Every line in it is inspired by your filial piety, and aims at making more beautiful and more touching the face of our Mother who is in Heaven.

Besides, if the writer is an artist, it is just to add that he is a scientist as well; and it was fitting that he should have that double character to give full value to the homage of his piety. In telling the great things accomplished at Lourdes through the Immaculate Virgin's intercession, you are careful to guard against possible slips of an ardent and sincere devotion. What you demand is facts,—well grounded, scientifically es-

tablished facts. Before you make a statement on the reality of a cure, your judicially critical mind weighs carefully the testimony of physicians which sets forth the nature and the gravity of the illness the sick person had before the cure. Nor are you soon or easily convinced either about the fact of the illness, or about the fact of the cure. What is striking in your attitude at the Bureau of Verifications is your coldness, your disconcerting calmness, and your spontaneous doubt. I don't mean to say that you fail in paternal kindness toward the sick who declare themselves cured, but your examination teems with objections. One would say that you defend yourself against the supernatural, and in a reunion of ten, twenty, thirty doctors grouped around you as an Areopagus of savants, it often happens that you are the last to admit the evidence of certain even quite extraordinary cures. It is easy to explain and justify your conduct: in your eyes it is a question of conscience and science to reject as premature and indiscreet, at least if it pretends to be official, the miraculous character attributed to certain cures. You demand that in order to be offered in homage to the Immaculate Virgin they be unalloyed—quite genuine. For witnesses to her glory you want only such works as bear the visible mark of her hand,—"May her works praise her in the gates." Also in the face of the most remarkable and the most certain cures, you scrupulously refrain from trespassing upon the bounds within which science must confine those facts.

When a consumptive of the third degree, and a blind person, both declared incurable, are radically and instantaneously cured, you certainly could not prevent a crowd of people from crying out "A miracle," and from believing their enthusiasm is as lawful as the imperturbable cool-headedness of scientists; but you, man of science and of enlightened faith, you are careful not to forestall the judgment of the Church; for she alone has the right to determine what facts are to be held as miraculous.

As far as you are concerned, your line of conduct is clearly and neatly mapped out.

With all the sagacity, with all the minutiae even, of medical science, you strive to establish two facts: First fact. At a given date, such a person suffered from tuberculosis in the last stage, from Pott's disease, from a white tumor, from total blindness, diseases aggravated by long standing. Second fact. On such a day, at such an hour the sick person has been cured, and so well cured that the most minute medical examination has failed to discover a vestige of the former illness. These two facts being duly proven, you and your colleagues ask yourselves if the passage from one state to another finds its explanation in the certain or even conjectural data of science; I say conjectural, for you don't refuse to allow to a certain extent the claims of hypnotism or suggestion, and of the nervous influences. And when, after exploring all the horizons of medicine, you are constrained to acknowledge that the cure is inexplic-

able, you confine yourself to the statement that human means are powerless fully to account for it. Thus you recognize the limits of science, and you stop there, without claiming the right to declare a fact a real miracle. The Church, as I stated before, has reserved that prerogative to herself; to her alone it belongs to make a pronouncement of that nature, after canonical and scientific investigations, carried on with a well known rigor, one might say almost with legendary scruples, shall have clearly pointed out the finger of God, and the direct intervention of His power.

Such an investigation was set on foot and directed by my venerated predecessor, Mgr. Laurence, of blessed and glorious memory, when that great bishop had to ground on true miracles the authenticity of the apparitions of the Immaculate Virgin at Lourdes, and the celebration of the cult in her honor.

Since that event of rather remote date, as you are now preparing to solemnize its fiftieth anniversary, the grotto of Lourdes, aye, the whole world, has witnessed the extraordinary cures attributed to our Lady of Massabielle, and obtained in the most varied circumstances: after baths in the piscina, at the end of a novena of prayers, at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, or through drinking the water of the grotto.

Among those facts, we have chosen some which the bishops—to whose dioceses those cured belong—have, with the permission and encouragement of our Holy Father the Pope, been pleased to

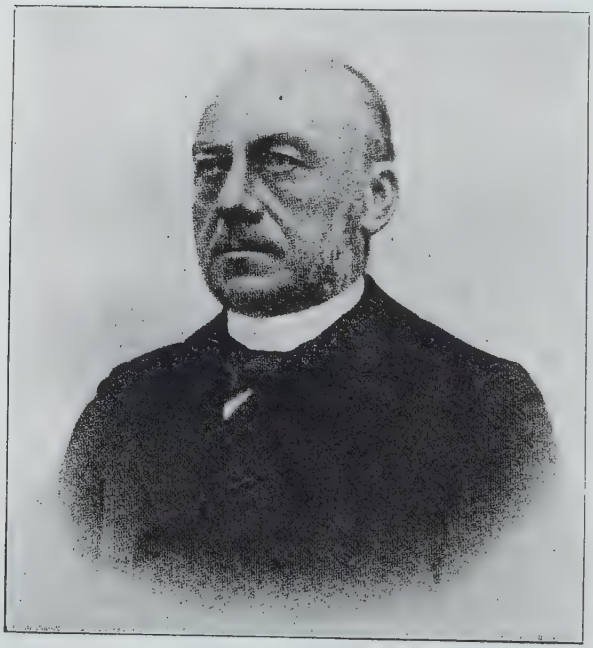
submit to a canonical investigation. Prompted by their piety towards the Blessed Virgin, and their fatherly tenderness for souls, those venerated prelates have certainly thought that the results of those investigations could not fail to stay and arouse the faithful people's devotion and confidence in the all-powerful intercession of the Mother of God.

It was needless for me to state that you deem it a great honor to place at the disposal of those princes of the Church the information and the documents which are to be found in the archives of the grotto, and which are apt to facilitate the work of the episcopal commission. Your cooperation has, I believe, been enlisted and been highly appreciated. What I know still better is that you experience the sweetest and the liveliest joy whenever an occasion is offered you to contribute to the glory of Our Lady of Lourdes.

I wish this book may open to you a plentiful source of that joy, and that it may spread abroad the knowledge and the love of the Immaculate Virgin.

Please accept once more, my dear Doctor, the expression of my gratitude and of my devoted sympathy.

F. X.,
Bishop of Tarbes.



DR. BOISSARIE,

Chief Examiner of the Sick at Lourdes Since 1892.

Foreword.

HIS is the fifth book I write on Lourdes. I sum up the principal cures I witnessed these last years, but I am chiefly concerned about giving a faithful description of the Bureau of Verifications, with the incidents of our sessions, the controversies raised, and the studies on suggestion. I may say that I *lived* what I relate.

A great many colleagues have helped me. The first honorable mention is due Dr. Cox, who, since 1895, directs the Bureau with me. He registers all our information. He was a physician in London when he turned his back on a brilliant career to take up at the grotto a mission of sheer devotedness.

Upon the rumor of closing Lourdes in the interest of hygiene, Dr. Vincent, Professor of the University of Lyons, gathered the signatures of three thousand physicians who came to protest against those false charges.

We submitted our cures to the judgment of our college professors regardless of their creeds. True, all minds did not bow, but how interesting

it is to see those great problems discussed by learned men of various nationalities and religions, who take home to all countries of the world the echoes of our teachings. There is one thing which people no longer question, and that is the sincerity of our endeavors to come to the knowledge of the truth.

When one has lived fifteen to twenty years in that sphere, ever in contact with the supernatural, one is no longer carried away by first impressions, and the mind is left its perfect freedom; still one realizes that science has its limits, and that man is a pigmy in the presence of God's works, and one looks to others for support and guidance.

Some years ago, when kneeling at the feet of Leo XIII, I asked whether I was on the safe road, and that great Pope answered: "What can you fear for your work? Under your bishop's direction, you are treading on sure ground. Continue your studies with confidence."

Upon publishing this work I was favored with this letter from the Rev. Vigouroux, of St. Sulpice, secretary of the Biblical Commission:

My dear Doctor:

Our Lord has entrusted you with a beautiful mission. He has appointed you historian of the marvels wrought by His Mother at the sanctuary of Lourdes. You are the witness thereof, and, as physician, the critic and judge.

As you pertinently observed, the denial of the supernatural is the true characteristic of modern error; and Divine Providence has seemingly raised Lourdes to let the supernatural shine before all men by multiplying cures and miracles there. A miracle is the

supernatural manifesting itself by a tangible fact, which one may, so to speak, see and touch, and which one may verify like any other sensible fact. A miracle, some people claim, has never been scientifically established. Those who repeat that word of Renan, have evidently never read your books, nor have they ever set foot in your Verification Office at Lourdes. There is, we may rightly say, a unique fact in the world, and those who have been so fortunate to see one miraculously cured enter, and to hear him questioned, to witness the way one seeks to discover the supernatural, if there be any, to reject it if it be absent, to suspend one's judgment if it be only suspected or doubtful,—those are well aware that your inquiries are made above board, and that they are hemmed in by the most serious precautions. You don't seek to increase the number of miracles; on the contrary, you strive mercilessly to brush aside such occurrences as merely look like miracles.

In her canonization processes, the Church proclaims saints only those concerning whom competent and learned doctors attest by certificate that they wrought cures naturally inexplicable. At Lourdes you have had the happy thought to imitate that procedure. There on the spot you take the first testimonies, you draw the reports, you verify the certificates of the doctors of the sick, you don't overlook anything to arrive at the truth, and after all that is done, you still suspend judgment, you insist on waiting until time confirms or upsets the cure; all that is done openly, before a great many physicians, Catholics, Protestants, and free thinkers; you don't speak of miracles but you say: There are the facts; I certify that such a one came here affected with such a disease witnessed to by his doctors, and is now healed; no trace of his sickness can be found; that is what I bear witness to. Those are certainly serious warrants; but you go still further. According to the wish of our Holy Father Pius X, the principal cures shall be submitted to the judgment of commissions regularly appointed by the bishops, and thus the Church shall confirm the judgment of science. What more can we ask to establish the sincerity of the work of Lourdes, and its true character?

Father Thomas Weikert, O.S.B., also a member of the Biblical Commission, remarked to me: "Lourdes is the bridge between the natural and the supernatural; now when some seek to multiply the unknown about those questions, Lourdes

brings those problems back to clear, simple notions. All is done before our eyes openly; the supernatural is given us, we have not to manufacture it."

The teachings of Lourdes, darkened at first by the efforts of the ungodly, have always taken a large place in the preoccupation of modern science.

In 1858, Bernadette repeated the words of the Blessed Virgin without understanding their meaning; it was a faint gleam which lit up a local scene. It was but a flickering light where everything still seemed drowned in a haze. Now the shadow has been dispelled. Bright stars have appeared in that night; we have seen again and understood anew all the forgotten traditions, and our generation has understood that God alone could give such visions to man.

Dr. Boissarie.

The Work of Lourdes.

Chapter I.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of Lourdes, (1858-1908.)

Canonical Study of the Cures of Lourdes—Verification Office—New School of Apologetics—Suggestion—Lourdes and the Immaculate Conception.

N 1858 Mgr. Laurence, Bishop of Tarbes, appointed a commission of sixteen members to make official inquiries regarding the apparitions and the cures. Four years later, on January 18, 1862, Mgr. Laurence acknowledged that the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, had really appeared to Bernadette Soubirous.

Fifty years later Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, wishing to comply with the express desire of Pope Pius X, asks all his brethren in the episcopate to have the chief cures, acknowledged in their dioceses, studied by regularly appointed boards.

In 1858, eight cases of cures were retained which seemed to be endowed with the supernatural character. Today cures have become so numerous

that it is impossible to take up all cases, even the most striking. We are inaugurating an investigation on a large scale which will be protracted beyond the feast of the fiftieth anniversary.

Mgr. Laurence submitted his judgment to the judgment of the Pope. Mgr. Schoepfer received the reports of various committees to submit them to the judgment of the Roman Curia, whose pronouncement is final. All the degrees of jurisdiction are faithfully followed.

The first commission had chosen Dr. Vergez to control the reports of the physicians of the sick. Today a committee hears the reports of several physicians, and among them are to be found many who are authorities in science.

Attention is mainly concentrated upon those more recent cures, to interpret which, according to natural laws, every possible theory has been exhausted.

The denial of the supernatural is the true characteristic of the error of our days.

A most decisive proof in behalf of the supernatural is a miracle; and Lourdes has become the center where all critics are taught more easily than elsewhere to rise from the natural to the supernatural.

No need there of long and painful historical researches, no need of studying old parchments, of deciphering difficult inscriptions of a very remote age, in order to prove the supernatural. There the facts of instantaneous cures are clear, definite, and attested by numerous and even in-

fidel witnesses, by physicians who are constrained to acknowledge the impossibility of accounting for those tangible effects by the forces of nature.

The day has come when Lourdes will give, thanks to the aid of medical science, the strongest and most convincing arguments to confirm men in the supernatural, in faith in Christian tradition, in the best philosophy.

Nowadays some are given to hypercriticism; they complicate the questions; they multiply the unknown, but Lourdes brings all the problems to clear and definite notions.

We treat those questions as we treat clinic questions, without asking ourselves whether we are elbowing the supernatural. This absence of foreign thoughts leaves our minds freer in its conclusions.

It is useful indeed to take the supernatural in its magnificent manifestations at Lourdes. There it takes a hold on the whole of man, of his intelligence, his heart, his eyes and his senses. The sick proclaim it by their mouths. The physician realizes that the limits of the powers of nature are crossed. What are cold dissertations at a distance beside these demonstrations which we live?

Before the Church pronounced on the character of those cures the men of science had exhausted every theory to explain their processes.

Science has cleared the ground, and our greatest masters, the Charcots and the Bernheims, have been pleased to give their opinions on those controverted facts.

We are on the ground of scientific criticism. Never has a vaster investigation been made regarding the cures which exceed the forces of the laws of nature.

Around that grotto which the Immaculate Virgin has hallowed by her footprints and flooded with her graces, thousands of doctors have come, curious, convinced, or unbelieving, Catholics and Protestants, to meet the supernatural.

The Office of Verifications with its hundreds of visitors, newspaper correspondents, men of letters, novelists, scholars of all kinds, has become the center of an unprecedented religious and scientific movement. In that conflict of opinions, what spark has issued?

Certainly all minds have not bowed. To explain our cures, new names have been invented: religious suggestion and faith-healing. But faith-healing works only with nervous diseases. We have at Lourdes organic diseases, before which suggestion is powerless, anemic children with caries and wounds, those suffering from locomotor ataxia, the blind, the deaf-mute, the deformed of all kinds.

If some cases have been helped by faith-healing, the mistake of the men of science has been to narrow the debate and to attempt to explain everything by suggestion. This thesis condemns its authors to twist all facts to the necessity of their system, and to reject even such evidence as conflicts with their program.

While our adversaries dallied with those sys-

tematic objections, the Belgians published their magnificent cures, which will remain as models of patient investigations, of the most persevering and complete researches we possess: De Rudder, the man whose leg, broken eight years before, was instantaneously knit together; Joachima, with her wound of nearly seven inches covered in a few seconds with a new skin.

French doctors gave us a whole series of cures of consumptives examined into with all the rigor of modern methods: bacilli put under the microscope, cavities instantaneously closed; such were the cures of Sister Julian, of Zola's blonde, of thirty sick persons of Villepinte healed in groups of six to eight. Doctor La Neele, of Caen, gave us a very complete description of Zola's lupus. A noted oculist of Paris examined all the cures of the blind: one of these cures was brought before the International Congress of oculists by a Protestant doctor, and had the honor of a public discussion.

It is impossible to conceive the amount of work, of investigations, that have been performed in our clinic. The whole corps of physicians is engaged in these great questions. Indeed in our statistics, an example may be deficient, a weak side found, or incomplete results; these are objections of detail. If an error of detail is possible, an objection to the whole is inadmissable, without upsetting the rules of human certainty. Try then to explain through suggestion those cures of lupus, of cancer, of wounds of all kinds. Those cures have been published everywhere; who has

PETER DE RUDDER.

refuted them? Some people living at a distance have, without knowing the facts, expressed opinions in keeping with their doctrines; they spoke of suggestion.

Suggestion has been known at all times. Why should it all at once become such a marvelous power, hitherto unknown? Why should suggestion work only in Lourdes?

There are religious ceremonies everywhere; try their effect at Notre Dame of the Victories, at Notre Dame of Fourviéres. Lyons sends every year four hundred sick to Lourdes. Why? But this thesis upsets every scientific notion, and our masters, the Charcots, the Bernheims, could no longer recognize their disfigured work in this new conception. "The action of faith-healing," says Charcot, "is limited to the power which the mind has over the body. It can do nothing against natural laws. The instantaneous reconstruction of destroyed tissues has never been observed."

All physicians must accept these principles, and yet they don't take them as the basis of their judgments. As my eminent colleague, Dr. Lapponi, expressed himself: "There are doctors who would not believe, if they saw the dead raised to life." Error is in the will as much as in the intellect. There are even Catholic doctors who prove stubborn; miracles are not a question of Academy or Congress; and science is powerless to lead to the supernatural.

Does one need a peculiar mind? No, but one must rid one's self of school prejudices. Some

teachers claim that our saints are hysterics: St. Teresa, St. Francis of Assisi; that the possessed are hysterics; everything is hysteria, and our healed sick are to be labeled that way. The best minds have trouble to rid themselves of such teachings.

Yet, it must be admitted that physicians are capable of distinguishing a nervous disease from an organic one: the knot of the problem lies there.

It must be admitted likewise that we can assert the incurableness of certain diseases: consumption in its last stages, a return cancer; that we can declare that the manner in which a cure took place is altogether contrary to natural laws, if we see wounds and decayed bones suddenly healed and covered with sound skin.

Hundreds of doctors call on us. A professor of a faculty, a foremost and justly esteemed physician, enters our office and witnesses several cures; he can form an enlightened opinion. He is a cold, methodical mind, a consummate clinic surgeon. A while later, he sent us his young child. "Medical art," he quoth, "can do nothing for him. Lourdes can cure him. I'll send him every year to pray for his recovery."

A physician writes us: "I am going to Lourdes with the national pilgrimage. I am quite certain that I have a cancer, I can expect nothing from medicine. I underwent without avail a very painful operation. I am forty-five, and my strength is failing. Within less than a month I shall have

to take to bed, never to rise again. I will ask the Blessed Virgin to cure me; and if my prayer is not granted, I'll be resigned and submissive to God's will."

From New Orleans also comes a doctor to ask his recovery. He is quite blind. After having in vain consulted the most famous specialists, he thought of Lourdes. In our office he met a blind woman who had, like himself, atrophy of the optic nerve, and who had just instantaneously recovered her sight at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Ah! how that man was moved while listening to that woman's story! During the three days of his pilgrimage he never tired of questioning her. He perfectly defined to us the nature of his disase, its incurableness; he touched the miraculous; and tears ran from his sightless eyes, and sobs broke his speech. He left unhealed, but with those hopes and consolations which one ever carries home from Lourdes.

That physician is one of the great men of the United States. His fellow-citizens awarded him a cup in acknowledgment of the charitable work he founded in New Orleans; and the French Government bestowed upon him the officer's cross of the Legion of Honor in gratitude for services rendered to our countrymen. These examples speak louder than all the figures of our statistics.

Dr. Piou of St. Gilles, a converted Protestant, hears of the cure of a sick woman whom he had seen in a dying condition at Villepinte. That

cure makes upon him a deep impression. The doctor of St. Gilles is today Father St. Gilles, a Redemptorist. We could multiply such examples. While it is easy to lay down the principles that would guide us, it is harder in practice to draw the line between organic and nervous diseases. That's why we meet with so many contradictions. With a sick man worn out by many years' suffering, it is impossible to distinguish anything in the complication of the last convulsions; the first trouble can no longer be discerned.

When Gargam, who was crushed on the railroad, strove to raise himself before us, he was a corpse, a wreck of humanity. Where was the lesion? "The lesion," said a foremost surgeon of Paris, "is everywhere, the very vitals of life are affected. Those big wounds disorganize all the tissues; what matters the name; death is inevitable, it is near."

A sick man is brought us on a stretcher; his is a nervous trouble, they tell us. Upon uncovering his veiled head, one sees an emaciated face, eyes half closed, the paleness of death. What would you say if you were told that tomorrow that man shall be on his feet restored to health, to life?

Admitting that some cases can be helped by science, we are none the less struck by the sudden and complete change; the resurrection of the dying man who was like a skeleton with a vacant eye, whose thoughts seemed lost in the death-struggle; a prayer was enough to heal what

science had treated in vain. The problem is not so easy to solve as one may think.

On Monday, September 12, 1904, we see a white Sister of Brittany arrive at Lourdes, one of those religious of the Holy Ghost who have so bravely defended their schools. She was stretched out in a long wicker basket, enclosed nineteen months since in a double cast which clasped her under the arms and came down to her feet. In the certificate of her doctors we read: "Coxalgia (hip disease) with deformity and contraction of the whole lower member." Coxalgia, that was the trouble; what was the cause? Sickness had set in at the close of 1903, with a very serious pleurisy, followed by hemorrhage.

I saw that Sister for the first time before the grotto on September 13th, lying in her wicker basket in the midst of the other sick people. She drew everybody's attention; she inspired a sentiment of pity, her face sharpened by illness, motionless, pale, as a wax figure, whiter than her white robe; her life seemed ready to escape. It was a vision; and that vision remained impressed on my mind.

On Thursday, September 15th, the Sister came to the Verification Office smiling, radiant, still unrecovered from the deep emotion she had felt in the bath; she had discarded her wicker basket and her cast.

She got up in front of us, she walked a few steps, holding up that cast; her hip was free; there was no more pain, all contraction had disappeared.

But how feeble she was! She weighed scarcely sixty pounds; she had scarcely eaten anything for twenty months. Her general recovery was so speedy that she had no convalescence. A letter from St. Brieuc said: "The Sister eats five meals a day; she gains from three to four pounds a week."

Pleurisy, hemorrhages, utter emaciation, all the functions languishing, everything indicated a general disposition to tuberculosis, which was bound to be fatal. The physicians of the sick lady made no mistake; they were thoroughly acquainted with her condition.

The Sister had tubercular coxalgia: the examination which will be summed up later is proof thereof.

In those cures we often observe a blending of natural phenomena and of phenomena more difficult of interpretation.

Charles Bron, suffering from a running coxalgia, was brought to Lourdes on a mattress; for seven months it had been very hard to move him to make his bed. At the end of a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, his wound was instantaneously healed; he got up and walked; he had no more pain, and could resume his work, but he remained lame; his leg is shorter, it knit at the hip, he is cured by ankylosis (with a stiff joint) as old coxalgias heal, but he is cured instantaneously. How shall we account for this mixture of shade and light in a cure which in some respects seems to transcend the laws of nature?

In De Rudder's case everything requisite for his cure: instantaneous knitting of the broken bone, retention of the length of the leg, play of the muscles, restoration of the walk, everything was given in a perfect manner and in a few seconds.

BONES OF DE RUDDER.
It can be seen that the broken bone is just as long as the other, although a 1⅓-inch piece of it had been removed. The vertical axis of the leg retains the same direction on both sides. The two bones of the left leg had been broken.

And as far as the correction of the deformity was concerned, the natural laws resumed their course. For eight years the bones had slipped over each other by yielding to the muscles which pulled in the opposite direction. The knitting took the bones in their irregular position; they have not been brought even; the hardening was

done with a visible deviation, as always occurs in leg fractures.

We often observe in the cures of Lourdes that blending of two kinds of phenomena. This prompted Dr. Diday of Lyons to say while examining the scars of a wound healed at Lourdes: "If the hand has been divine, the vestige is quite human."

But that vestige abides as an undeniable trace of the vanished illness. Had no trace of fracture been observable in De Rudder's leg, the gainsayers would have had smooth sailing in denying the existence of the fracture.

For the last fifty years, we witness every year hundreds of cures at Lourdes; our examinations and our means of verifying multiply and become more perfect. The clinic of Lourdes receives yearly three hundred doctors. It has its resident physicians, its head doctors; in its archives are written from one to two hundred reports. It has voluntary correspondents all over the world; and works which issue from that clinic are scattered everywhere.

A retrospect of the field we have crossed, and the results obtained, enables us to gauge the intensity of the religious movement we have just gone through. Lourdes, full of supernatural, shall remain as the witness of that magnificent Catholic revival which marked the close of the nineteenth century.

While a cry of gratitude and love rises naturally from the heart of the sick person who has just re-

covered health, it is harder to wrest from science an acknowledgment of impotency, to compel the physician to recognize an action superior to his own. That is just what the Immaculate Virgin has accomplished in our midst.

There are gaps; from a human viewpoint it must ever be so. It is always a tradition of an illiterate shepherdess hearing Mary's words, but all those gaps disappear when we survey those works as a whole.

That clinic with its cures, its conversions, its doctors hailing from all over the world, is not a human work. In vain would man seek to found such an institution. Official science with the means at its disposal would not be equal to the task. Lourdes is indeed the work of the Immaculate Virgin; it is one of the finest blossoms of its fiftieth anniversary, brighter than the stars and diamonds which adorn her crown.

In our troublous century, in the midst of so many ruins, France keeps that hearth of the supernatural alive and aglow. Never were the crowds more numerous, never was faith livelier, nor cures more splendid.

When studying Lourdes' influence on the religious movement of our day, we find the outlines of that history written fifty years since by the Immaculate Virgin. Future centuries will respectfully turn the leaves of that history, and we, still too close to the events, are dazzled by their splendor.

Time must do its work: generations must

pass with their polemics and their passions, and history bring us its mellowed colors; then Lourdes will be the finest monument to the Immaculate Conception, and Lourdes shall live as long as shall live the memory of that dogma—forever!

Chapter II.

One Year at Lourdes.

Organic Diseases and Nervous Diseases—Cures to Erase—Mrs. Hébert, Consumptive in the Last Degree—Cure of a Belgian Doctor—Mrs. Ménager's Cure—Miss De Monguilhem.

Upon entering the Bureau one is struck by a conspicuous inscription which reminds us that: "The first reports written under dictation of the sick without sufficient means of criticism can not have that character of reliability which further investigations must give. Diseases and cures are given over to study and discussion."

Were the public disposed to notice the reserves which we ceaselessly formulate, the current legends on Lourdes would soon vanish. Nervous diseases and suggestion, brought to their real proportions, would no longer serve as matter for old and oft refuted objections.

We certainly give suggestion its due; its field is ever narrowing around us. Under the eyes of colleagues, who are not seldom unbelievers, our conclusions are severely scrutinized.

On perusing the reports of 1905, our readers will understand the importance of the cures we declared genuine.

They will see also that the number of doctors who follow the sessions of the examining office, far from decreasing, seems to grow year by year, and we find upon our lists a greater number of professors and medical celebrities of all kinds.

In 1905 we drew up 114 reports. And these reports by no means represent the total of the cures wrought around the grotto. We registered five cures for the Lyons' pilgrimage, and the account published by the director mentions fifty-eight cures and improvements.

Of the pilgrimage of Arras we had inscribed two cases; and the Arras account speaks of six other cures, and several great improvements.

The Metz pilgrimage had left two cures on our registers, whereas in the Metz bulletin we read of twenty-two.

Such is the case with all pilgrimages; according to this calculation we have in our reports only one-tenth of the cures wrought, and moreover, we must remark that a great many cures are not published, and are obtained in the numerous sanctuaries of Our Lady of Lourdes dotting the whole world, in consequence of novenas, and of the use of the water of the grotto; and of those cures we are unaware.

By combining all these facts we should arrive at 1,000 or 1,500 cures a year.

When the sick eagerly thronged around Our Divine Master, a great many were healed. The Gospel has recorded but a few of those cures.

At Lourdes we merely glean in a field too ex-

tensive to allow our eyes to embrace it as a whole. We keep a record only of the most striking facts to which our attention is called.

In those 114 reports we have thirty organic diseases: wounds, tumors, caries of the bones, cancers, and chest diseases in their last periods, about one-third.

Many cures of functional troubles border on organic lesions, and must then be classed among the cures of organic diseases. Others, on the contrary, are justly ranked with the nervous disorders.

Some cases are doubtful, or hard to classify. Finally, some observations must be erased from our statistics.

Among the cures of organic diseases, we have two cures of cancer.

A doctor brings his wife to return thanks. She was cured of a cancer of the breast on December 8th, while two university professors insisted on forthwith completely amputating her right breast.

At the end of a novena the tumor was quite gone. The novena commenced on November 30th; on the fifth day the tumor grew smaller, and the general condition improved. On December 8th, there remained but a small swelling, quite painless, and her health seemed wholly restored.

The sick lady's mother had died at fifty-five of a cancer of the breast. The two professors had acknowledged the cure, and our colleague wrote us eighteen months later that the little swelling we had noticed had altogether vanished, and that the general health was perfect; that no trace whatever

was left of the tumor. That instantaneous disappearance of a cancer of the breast is a fact which transcends the ordinary laws of our observations.

Sister St. Hilaire was, during the 1904 National Pilgrimage, cured of a cancerous tumor. She came back in 1905 to have her cure verified. The certificate of her physician, Dr. Auge, of Rodez, will inform us about her illness and her cure:

"On February 6, 1904, I was called to Peyreleau, and, with one of my colleagues who lives there, saw Sister St. Hilaire. With him I found a hardened spot of about four inches square on the right side of the abdomen above the MacBurney line.

"That induration was the seat of a dull pain which pressure made very keen. Her general state was bad: vomitings, constipation, anemic color, and extreme weakness. The sick woman had trouble to sit up in her bed; absolute insomnia. She could no longer take milk, her stomach could bear only some salt purees. Her weight had fallen to about 84 pounds; we strove to strengthen her by injections of food and artificial serum. From the end of July until her cure, the sick person noticed in her stools blackish matters of the color of coffee grounds, which is characteristic of a cancerous affection of the digestive organs.

"In this deplorable state, Sister St. Hilaire desired to go to Lourdes on August 20th, on the occasion of the 1904 National Pilgrimage.

"From the moment of her first immersion in the water she experienced a sudden cracking of the bones. She felt her appetite coming back, and wanted to eat. She ate soup, the wing of a fowl, cheese, etc., which she digested easily. This first meal was followed by others which also agreed with her. Upon her return to Rodez, I was surprised to see her in my office: her eyes were bright, her color rosy, her voice clear and distinct, and her pulse strong. "I am healed," quoth she, "I eat, I drink, and I have no more pain." I carefully examined her, and found no trace of any tumor. From that date her cure has remained complete, and without relapse. Sister St. Hilaire eats and digests all kinds of victuals. Her pains are quite gone. She has resumed her hard work. She is on foot all day, and watches at night, and notwithstanding her toil she has recovered her strength and her spirits. She weighs 124 pounds, having gained forty pounds." Dr. Auge, of Rodez.

Two paralytics were healed. The Rev. Cirette of the Evreux pilgrimage, who had come to have his cure acknowledged, it dating back thirteen years. When he first came to Lourdes, he walked with two canes, and his mind was greatly weakened. Since then he walks quite well. He is genial, and has resumed the work of the ministry.

Grallier, of the Angers' pilgrimage, a basket maker, fifty years old, had been under treatment for the last five years for ataxia, last at St. Mary's Hospital of Angers. In May, 1903, he came with a pilgrimage to Lourdes. At his home-coming he was instantaneously cured.

Grallier, who drew a pension from a mutual help society as incurably ill, toils from 6 o'clock a.m. till 6 p.m., in the Angers' slate saw-mill. His health is perfect. For the last two years he can stand any hard labor. These two observations must be taken up again, and based on very accurate investigations. Rev. Cirette's cure was studied by a committee. Grallier was treated in a hospital. It is an easy matter to trace day by day the history of his disease. Ataxia is very seldom healed, and before placing these cures with the ataxias, we must submit them to a very rigorous scrutiny.

Mrs. Hébert, of Lisieux,
Third Stage Consumptive (August, 1900).

In Mrs. Hébert's cure, we shall see the instantaneous healing of a pulmonary cavity. The decayed lung has been replaced by a tissue of new

formation, and all that was done in a few moments.

Mrs. Hébert brought us that year her youngest son, suffering from advanced consumption, and who came to confirm by this hereditary disease the diagnosis formerly made on his mother.

Mrs. Hébert's cure is perhaps the most important cure of a consumptive we have witnessed. We want to reproduce the two certificates of her doctor.

On August 21, 1900, during the National Pilgrimage, Mrs. Hébert brought us the following certificate from Dr. La Néele, of Lisieux, former hospital physician:

"I, the undersigned. . . . . certify that Mrs. Hébert suffers from tuberculosis of both lungs with cavities on the right side, softening of the left side, purulent, and a very abundant expectoration of pus (250 grams) daily and containing a considerable quantity of Koch bacilli, very frequent hemorrhages, and marked emaciation."

Upon the return of the pilgrimage of September 4, 1900, Dr. La Néele acknowledged in a second certificate his patient's complete cure four or five days after her arrival home.

In that document he stated that Mrs. Hébert had been cured at Lourdes suddenly, and radically, after a cold bath. There was no more trace of cavity or of any affection of the lungs. The expectoration had stopped all at once, and altogether; the sputa, which we could obtain only several weeks after her return, on the occasion of a cold, were free from all tubercular germs.

Notwithstanding insufficient nourishment, and

all kinds of privations, she gained about twenty pounds since her cure.

Thus in a few moments the cavities were healed; a lung full of tubercles had become whole; the bacilli had vanished, and expectoration ceased. Never had such results been witnessed in the course of consumption. Were it not for Dr. La Néele's noted authority, one could not accept this fact without reserve.

But Dr. La Néele is one of the most appreciated physicians of Calvados. We often saw him in our office during the National Pilgrimage; it is to him we are indebted for those thorough investigations on Mary Le Marchand, (the lupus of Zola); he is familiar with the studies of the cures of Lourdes. He is fully competent to deal with those questions, and his signature is a certain voucher for the authority of that fact.

Since August, 1900, Mrs. Hébert has come every year to Lourdes; and we had occasion to ascertain that she has enjoyed perfect health ever since.

A great many doctors who examined her with us for the last five years acknowledged that no trace was left of the disease pointed out in the first certificate.

Cure of a Belgian Doctor.

During the last Belgian pilgrimage of September, there entered into my office a solid, big fellow in the flower of manhood, whose liveliness,

devotedness and perfect health the pilgrims of the sick train had admired.

"You recognize me, I suppose," quoth he.

"I see by your insignia that you are a Belgian physician."

"Indeed, sir, and don't you remember that doctor suffering from tuberculosis ten years ago, who came seeking his cure at Lourdes?"

"Is that you? Sit down, sir. And you, gentlemen, allow me to read what I wrote in the Grandes Guérisons de Lourdes," (Lourdes' Great Cures,) on page. . . (the page was soon found) on page 14.

And I read while all listened with attention and emotion, and while the healed doctor became more and more affected:

"A physician suffering from chest disease just spent the winter in the south. He is losing ground; bacilli have invaded his lungs; he finds them day by day under the microscope; his career is broken, and his life hopeless; he is utterly discouraged. He stays two weeks in Lourdes, his strength returns, the bacilli disappear; and soon he can resume his practice, interrupted for many months. Ask him whether he believes in the virtue of Lourdes, in the cure of the sick at the grotto!"

"If he believes in it! But I am the man!" cries out the practitioner, moved to tears.

"And no more trouble for the last ten years?"

"None whatever. Don't you see it? I've gained thirty-two pounds."

People throng around the hero of this story. They make him tell it over with all the particulars. It was in 1895, he had just settled around Herve; the temperature is cold there and changeable; the doctor's calls take him far afield; consumptives

are met with every day. In October he got hemorrhages, and in his sputa more and more tubercle-bacilli showed up.

He consulted Dr. Van Lair, his former university professor of Liége. The latter prescribed he should leave the Herve country and his patients, to go in quest of softer air, and of relief in the South, at Menton.

After spending several months there, all the improvement that the sick man got was that he spit a little less blood, but the microscopic examinations showed no lessening of the bacilli, and these were numerous; he was quite hopeless on leaving Menton. Instead of returning to Herve, he came to Lourdes in order to fulfill a promise, still more anxious than ever, and always suffering intensely. It was in May, 1896.

After a short and painful walk, or one pious visit, he had to take to bed again. A new walk led him to a neighboring valley; to return thence, he had either to climb up a steep hill, or take a long round-about way, which he felt incapable of doing afoot. "Well," he said to his wife, "with God's help, as we are in Lourdes, let us climb up." He did so, and from that moment of confidence, of full abandonment to God, he is cured, quite cured.

One month later he resumed his practice. He has never been compelled to stop his work; he is one of the most solid men of the solid Herve district.

Such a cure, witnessed in a physician, is indeed

very interesting. The doctor had watched himself every day and every hour, and followed the progress of his illness while looking for the bacilli. He knew just when his sickness stopped, was on the lookout for any relapse; nothing escaped him. His testimony is above suspicion, and when he tells you that for ten years he did not have one bad day, that his tuberculosis then came to an end, his word deserves full faith.

Among the cures of organic diseases, every case ought to be quoted.

Of the tubercular coxalgia, Sister Justinian, of St. Brieuc, who was brought us in a wicker basket in the last stage of cachexy.

The grand-daughter of a Rheims professor of medicine was cured at a procession on September 2d, of Pott's disease, which had been treated without avail by several doctors. The hump disappeared, and the paralyzed limbs resumed their functions.

Among the blind: Charles Auguste, born blind, is cured during his pilgrimage. This year Mrs. Courcel, street singer, recovered her sight while washing at the fountain.

Many sick healed the previous years came to show that they had no relapse, and brought us new certificates.

We say that a certain number of functional troubles border on organic lesions. They have to be studied closely to follow up the two elements on hand. A consumptive recovers at Lourdes his strength and his spirits, he can resume his work,

he believes himself cured, but there remain some suspicious points in his chest; is it a cure? Is it a halt in the evolution of the disease? A coxalgia patient walks, a spinal disease sufferer leaves his crutches; they have to be watched a long time before one can come to a conclusion.

A young Alsacian woman comes to Lourdes with all the symptoms of a coxalgia healed as coxalgias do heal, the hip-joint is ankylosed, (the stiffness of the joint is complete); she walks with two crutches. She leaves her crutches at Lourdes, she walks without a cane, but the stiffness persists; nothing is changed in the anatomic state of her articulation.

It is a functional improvement. But on the other hand, if we take up again the old cases already classified, behold Mary Briffaut, who comes to Lourdes with a discharging coxalgia. The hip is open, one can see the fragments which tear the skin the moment she moves. All around the tissues are purple and infiltrated. The sick woman is brought in a box; she is lowered on straps into the bath;

MARY BRIFFAUT.

forthwith all pain ceases, and, upon her getting out of the water, there is no more wound, no more swelling; the sick person walks. For five years she had not set her foot on the ground, she had been unable to walk.

Among those functional troubles which border on organic lesions, we have some very capital facts. We may quote the cure of the woman Caillol of Marseilles. She had been sick for the last three years, ever since her fifth child was born. She first remained bedfast at her home for one year, living on milk only.

When all her means were gone, she entered the Immaculate Conception Hospital; after she stayed there fourteen months, the head doctor, considering her illness incurable, had her admitted into the St. Margaret's Home. When thirty-nine, that woman was to leave forever her husband and five children. She saw the gates of her home close upon her forever. Further we shall relate her pilgrimage and her cure on September 8, 1905, at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Mrs. Ménager.

A young Belgian sick attendant, Mr. Henry Davignon, tells us in a striking manner of a sick woman of the Rouen pilgrimage, Mrs. Ménager, who seems to have contracted the germ of consumption while waiting on her husband.

Among the most interesting sick women, he says, we must single out a mother of eight children, Mrs. Ménager, aged thirty-six years. She nursed

her eight children, and she nursed others to increase her resources. Perhaps it is in that exhausting task that she got the disease she was troubled with, as also in waiting upon her consumptive husband. She was healed as she left the bathing place. She is typical of the working class of to-day.

Mrs. Ménager is a Christian; her parents, who are still alive, are so likewise; and the faith, which that family has kept, perhaps without ostentatiousness, but with quiet perseverance, blooms in her under the brightness of the great event which has freed her from the sad lot that seemed reserved for her, and restores her to her mission of valiant mother and faithful wife.

She came to Lourdes on a hospital stretcher, unable to move, incapable of feeding herself, and she returns thence healed. But it is not so much this sudden and humanly inexplicable cure that is remarkable; there are so many in the annals of Lourdes! What is interesting, suggestive, and apt to move such as know and observe human life, is that the poor woman is sent back whole to the part she has to play in the world: it is that, woman of the working class, she is restored to the working people, to be a pattern of their virtues and of their sad and noble life.

Married fifteen years ago to a house-painter, Mary Ménager has had eight children; she has but three left. Two are taken by the good Sisters of the home, and the third, who is fourteen, keeps house for her father. The latter is consumptive.

Eighteen months ago the mother left her household for a hospital, where the doctors treated her and operated on her. She was lost, not in the literal sense of the word, for she would have lived God knows how! But she was lost to her own, to her home, to her husband and children. God and the Blessed Virgin have not willed it so.

She shall take her old place; and she shall fill it as it must be filled in the moral order. She is a type of the mother and the wife of the working class, as she has their physical, feverish, energetic and expressive face. This type involves virtues of devotedness, attachment and courage superior, perhaps, to those required by the wives of the rich. Her soul must possess a vigor for sacrifice and for generosity to which the nervous system is a stranger. Seek in it the secret of the courage of the wretched, and of the energy of the suffering, the gift of God, the Christian spirit. Infer thence how deserving she was of being healed, and that she was to be cured, because while necessary to her own, she was to serve as a model, and because our society, without compass and without certainty, has so much need of such examples.

Miss de Monguilhem.

Behold a case of nervous illness, which was healed in Lourdes, while suggestion, carried to its utmost power, could do nothing. Here indeed we must repeat with Charcot: "Faith-healing succeeds there where all other means have failed."

And why? Six years ago, at the age of twelve, Miss de Monguilhem lost her speech.

At Lourdes her speech suddenly came back. There is no stammering nor any token left of her former illness. At first sight it would appear that this was a cure by suggestion, yet two months before her pilgrimage, this young woman had experienced a most terrible emotion: attacked by a criminal in an isolated place, she defended herself with all the energy of which she was capable. But in that pressing danger, she did not find her speech; she could not give a scream of which she stood so much in need to call some one to her assistance. If Lourdes had acted only on her imagination, she could not have experienced a more violent shock than the one which she did. There is certainly in Lourdes something besides physical effects.

If we seek the cause of all those insolvable objections, we meet with; if, for forty and fifty years, the words of suggestion and nervous disease echo around us, mostly without ground, it is because passion and prejudice darken the clearest notions.

We readily own that some cures published in the press, and registered in our reports, must be blotted out from our statistics.

A priest of the diocese of Bourges has published in the *Semaine Religieuse* of September 1st and 8th, 1906, the list of all the people of his diocese who had been quoted as cured at Lourdes from 1872 till 1904. He found thirty-two names. He justly observes that a great many very important facts

must remain unknown. But after careful investigation made regarding each one of those thirty-two cures, he says:

1. Four names wrongly inscribed on this list must be struck out.

2. One cure was obtained at Paray-le-Monial, not at Lourdes.

3. A deaf and dumb woman whose cure had been widely reported, is not healed.

4. A child suffering from Pott's disease is not cured.

There have been relapses pretty soon afterwards, deaths even, and infidelities to the graces received.

He adds: We have in our hands the most irrefragable documents which confirm our foregoing remarks. We have to sift the cases. We continually warn our readers against errors which must slip in among those facts which are too hastily published.

If the work done by the priest of Bourges were done everywhere, one of the most serious causes of error and criticism would be removed.

There are thus sick people who experience only a temporary improvement; there are even deaths sometimes at a date too close to the reported healing to allow us to admit a real cure. But all these last facts cut a very small figure in our reports.

One-third of strictly organic diseases, one-half of functional troubles with lesions, or purely nervous troubles. Finally ten or fifteen per cent.

of cases hard to classify, or authorizing no conclusion.

With these divisions founded on facts, it is easy to answer this dilemma in which they seek to confine us.

Suggestion and Nervous Diseases.

Suggestion: Not for organic diseases, not even for nervous diseases, when there is question not only of a vanished symptom, but of a changed temperament, when the sickness is cured in its source. Among nervous patients there are very interesting cases. One case of this year's cures is Miss Scorsery. Her physician, Prof. Duret, showed us that it was a serious nervous trouble, caused by oft repeated losses of blood, kept up by a deep anemia, which bordered on cachexy, and would cause death. If that cure remains *complete without relapse*, it will have to be placed among the observations we are to keep on record.

When suggestion will be urged, we shall have to know on what grounds the debate is to be held, and not accept manufactured facts which we are the first to reject.

I have not spoken of cures which are not to be found on our records. There are, nevertheless, a great many of them. The sick who get healed far from Lourdes, those who don't come to our office, and keep the secret of the graces they received. All those unknown, and at times very important, cures more than compensate the cures we have to blot out of our registers.

Since 1892 we have been in charge of the Lourdes Bureau. In fourteen years we recorded 1,975 reports which gives us an annual average of 108. We have one-third of organic diseases. If we add that those cures are instantaneous and without relapse, it is easy to establish that we are outside all the laws of our scientific observations.

Chapter III.

Physicians at Lourdes.

Statistics of the Doctors who Visited our Office these Last Fifteen Years—Doctors of the Congresses—English, American, German, and Dutch Doctors—Dr. Vincent—Sanitary Condition of Lourdes—The Sick Trains—The Hospitals—The Bathing Place.

We kept a record of the doctors who came to our examination Bureau from 1892 to 1906, inclusively.

We have

In 1892.....120	physicians	In 1900.....216	physicians
" 1893.....109	"	" 1901.....328	"
" 1894.....160	"	" 1902.....268	"
" 1895.....177	"	" 1903.....228	"
" 1896.....203	"	" 1904.....245	"
" 1897.....112	"	" 1905.....274	"
" 1898.....200	"	" 1906.....280	"
" 1899.....240	"		

Thus 3,258 physicians in those fifteen years.

In 1903 we had several members of the Medical Congress of Madrid who stopped at Lourdes on their way back.

In 1904 the Congress of Neurology, headed by a professor of Paris, honored us with a visit.

VERIFICATION OFFICE.

In 1895 the Congress of Studies of Thermal Stations of the Southwest brought us a hundred members.

At last a number of English doctors, mostly Protestants.

Those Congress men don't appear on our records, and should give us a greater average of visitors.

The pilgrimage of the Catholic doctors to Rome numbered about two hundred doctors, who

THE FIRST VERIFICATION OFFICE.

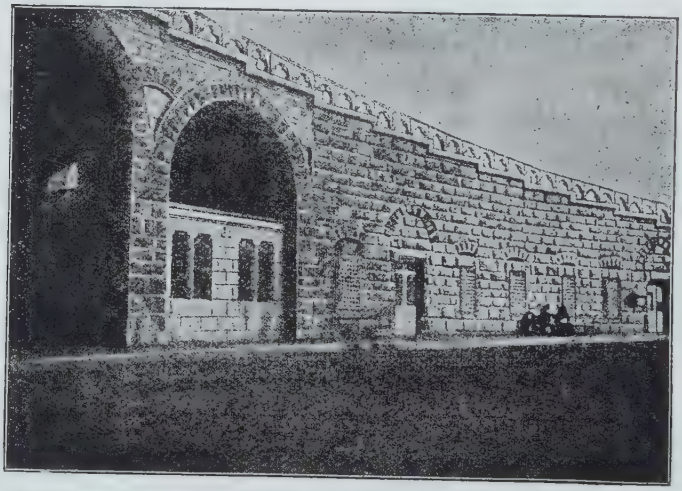
were mostly habitual guests of our Examination Bureau.

In 1905 of 274 doctors we count sixty-two foreigners, five University professors and two Paris hospital doctors.

If we added the Congress physicians we should find ten members of the Academy of Medicine, and a very large number of professors of French and foreign faculties.

We don't speak of doctors who come to ask their own cure, or the cure of their wives and children; that would be a new and a very interesting group which we might add to our statistics.

Some months ago I had submitted to the appreciation of a professor of Paris, and of a member of the Academy, a cure of Lourdes which was very much commented on in German Lorraine. I



THE NEW VERIFICATION OFFICE.

feared I should be alone to sustain that debate, but the moment Lourdes was put forward I found many backers. Two doctors of the St. Louis University gave me a consultation furnished with abundant proofs; two members of the Academy of Medicine, the general president of the St. Luke Society, professors and medical celebrities of Paris wrote me assuring me of their support, that they considered fully warranted the thesis I maintained,

that the cure I had vouched for could not be explained by the data of science.

All the support we meet with to-day reminds us of the distance between our starting point and our point of arrival in the study of our cures. Prof. Desplat, former Dean of the faculty of Lille, giving us the history of that work of faith and science called Bureau of Verifications, retraced the origin, the difficulties of the beginning, showing what faith, what perseverance, and what courage had been required to cross the current of skepticism and unbelief, with which not a few men of science had met the publication of several miraculous facts. Politicians often come to our clinic. We greeted there senators, deputies, even ministers of Belgium, representatives of the army, of the navy, and of various administrations. Protestants, also, are by no means strangers to this movement, which draws towards us men of the most contrary opinions and of the most different countries.

The clinic of Lourdes is one of the most astonishing creations of our times. It was founded in the midst of the greatest hostilities. From a human view-point it was a folly. To study miracles, that was something impossible, absurd for savants; it was to run counter to all scientific ideas.

Less than twenty years later, the Lourdes clinic received annually 300 to 350 doctors. It has its resident physicians and its head doctors. During six months its offices are open, and in its archives it records yearly 200 complete reports of cures. It has volunteer correspondents throughout the

world, and works issued from that clinic are incalculable, and spread everywhere.

That clinic has been inaugurated at an opportune time. Isolated efforts were powerless to found it. A mighty current has sustained us.

To consecrate the henceforth complete union of the three centers of Christian medicine, Lourdes, Montmartre and Lille, Mr. Feron-Vrau moved that a statue of St. Luke be placed on the walls of the clinic. It is a statue like the one to be found in the peristyle of the Lille Medical University building, and like the one which will be erected in the doctors' chapel at Montmartre.

And Prof. Duret, Dean of the Lille Medical School, said in his class opening speech, while addressing Mr. Feron-Vrau:

"You have indeed good authority to place upon the front wall of the Lourdes clinic the statue of St. Luke, the first Christian physician. After saluting it on passing the threshold, Catholic doctors and students shall go with dignity to fulfill their charitable mission. In doing so they shall lower the flag of science only before truth. Science comes from man, but truth from God."

Mr. Feron-Vrau founded two scholarships for hospital students that the Catholic faculty of Lille may send us every year two of its pupils, from August 15th to September 15th, during the great pilgrimages, and for the last six years we have with us two students, who help us to examine the sick, and to draw up the reports. It would be hard for us to cope with the important movement

of which our Bureau has become the center. While the large concourse of people lasts, we need many helpers, and we hope that the Louvain University will follow the example of the Lille faculty. Foreign physicians, Spaniards, Hollanders, Italians, come to Lourdes to be initiated in our work, and they give to our clinic a distinct international character.

God disposes events according to his pleasure, but He uses human means. In the midst of the difficulties that beset its path, the Lourdes clinic owes its prosperity to that law of free education which was apt to regenerate our country, if that law had been complete and lasting.

A retrospect upon our way on the results obtained enables us to gauge the intensity of the religious movement we have just gone through. Lourdes, full of the supernatural, bears, nevertheless, the handmark of man, and shall remain as the testimony of that magnificent Catholic revival which has marked the end of the nineteenth century.

The direction given to the work, the clinic of Lourdes, its hospitality, its sick, its miraculously-healed people, its countless conversions, its millions of pilgrims, all these are institutions and facts which have become historical, and are beyond the reach of revolutions. These wonders and the lessons they convey, re-echoed in homes scattered throughout the world, are bound together more closely than the stones of our cathedrals, and shall outlast our most famous monuments.

For some time we see the young medical generations come to us; those young doctors attached to the Paris hospitals precede or accompany the national pilgrimage. We observe a complete change has come over the minds of the doctors; they come no longer to look on, but to obtain their own, their wives' and their children's recovery.

This is the last change that could come over the medical fraternity. During the last pilgrimage we have often read to the doctors who surrounded us the certificate of one of our colleagues of New York, who sent us his youngest son that he might ask for his recovery. He had himself carefully drawn up that certificate, and he wound up with this profession of faith, the finest, perhaps, a doctor has ever penned:

In this state of helplessness with regard to the present, and of uncertainty with regard to the future, to which my son is reduced, he turns today towards Our Lady of Lourdes,. . . the supernatural is there. The supernatural which can bring about his cure, his health. The pilgrimage he makes will, at all events, show that he is resigned to God's will, and that in all things he seeks but His glory.

He believes, we believe.

Mary Immaculate, pray for us who have recourse to thee.

Dr. Archambault-Lassalle.

56 Congress Street, Cohoes, New York.

Dr. Lassalle is one of the busy doctors of New York. His oldest son is attached to the Albany Medical School; and this son, before taking possession of his post, sought the benefit of French science. He came to work two years in the halls of La Salpetriere and Bicetre. He read memoirs altogether personal before our learned societies.

Dr. Lassalle, jr., is a Catholic like his father, and he succeeded in finding recognition in places where Catholics find it hard to have their merits recognized. There is in this infiltration of the American element among us a pledge of progress and independence. We learn from the Americans, not only economical questions, but they give us in its primitive integrity the Christian faith which our missionaries brought them.

Along with the American doctor, we hailed in our Bureau an Irish physician, who brought us his young boy quite blind. One of his eyes had been removed because of a cancer. The other eye became affected with the same trouble. The case was desperate. Death was at hand. The faith of that colleague knew no wavering. "I've come twice," quoth he, "in the course of the winter from the northernmost part of Ireland, but I will come a third time, for Lourdes alone can heal my child."

Another doctor also brought his child suffering from Little's paralysis. At last an Italian doctor accompanied his wife suffering from a return cancer of the breast.

What is the physicians' attitude! Some are convinced, others unbiased one way or the other, eagerly look on; some again are determined not to listen to anything; others get angry, troubled at the embarrassing problem which confronts them. Among the irreconcilable ones are seldom any doctors of note, but rather such as get tangled up in politics.

The professors, the men of worth, listen, study and make few objections.

Many physicians practically accept our cures, but refuse to draw any conclusions. Science cannot lead to the supernatural. On one of the pilgrimage days, one of the best known of the University staff of Paris, as he passed by the bathing place, saw a woman enter whose face was eaten by a lupus. "Ah! if that one got healed," he said, "but she is not a Lourdes customer. Suggestion is powerless with her."

He walked on. A few moments later that same woman comes out of the bath room, and passes in front of the professor. Her face is covered with a clear skin, her wounds are closed.

He notices her. "But this is not the sick woman I saw a while ago," he said. "No, it is impossible."

He called the woman and questioned her. It was she, doubtless. He sees that a complete, an instantaneous change has come over that face eaten by the lupus.

"It is interesting," quoth he, "I'll relate the fact to my colleagues upon my return to Paris."

Some days later the professor did recount his adventure while at a reunion of a number of physicians.

"Go to Lourdes," he cried out, "it is well worth while. You will see very interesting cures."

But the idea of the supernatural had not even occurred to his mind. I have the details from one of those present at that reunion.

Though so many physicians coincide with us, and although we seek to surround ourselves with all kinds of precautions, how does it come about that these questions of the supernatural are always controverted!

Science has done its work. It cannot go any further. The means of study can still be perfected; more minute investigations can be pursued, but we cannot hope ever to reach absolute, mathematical certainty which excludes all doubt. If mathematics depended on moral sanction, they would be questioned.

A more complete observation than that of Mr. Vion-Dury, which Dr. Dor took up and submitted to the Oculists' Congress, will never be set forth.

The professor who saw the woman with the lupus enter the bathing place, and walk out a few moments later, her face quite healed, could not ask for a more convincing proof. And yet the professor and Dr. Dor have not accepted the miracle. They found those examples strange and interesting, but there they stopped.

Among the Catholic physicians we find the most devoted support, and sometimes invincible resistance. Why! We can, as we said, perfect our means of study, but doubts and gaps there will always be. Science alone cannot compel faith in the supernatural. Still that thing is required which you will in vain seek to reduce by a thousand analyses, but which you cannot suppress.

Mysterious grace, like everything which is di-

vine, which penetrates our innermost conscience, which follows in the wake of every supernatural operation, disposes our minds and our hearts to receive its salutary influences; and this grace we meet with everywhere around us. While we proclaim here the necessity of that special light, we still cling to our positive method of direct verification.

The Physicians of the Congresses.

The Medical Congress of Madrid, which held its sessions during the Easter vacation, sent us at its close a number of its members; the Russian doctors came with a view of studying hitherto unpublished nervous diseases, and strange cures, which, they fancied, were due to unappreciated natural causes. The physicians of Switzerland's hot springs were mainly Protestants. One of them said to us: "Raised a Protestant as I was, and now a convinced free-thinker, I cannot accept the cures of Lourdes as miraculous; I know that I shall not succeed in convincing you; but you will not cure me of my heresy. This candid statement will not offend you. I hold that what cures your sick is *faith in the cure*. After all, even atheists, aware of the effect of mental representations, asked me to visit Lourdes in order to throw more light on your local observations."

His program hemmed him within a too narrow circle to make it possible for us to modify his ideas.

We have also American Protestant, or infidel,

physicians. They bring us the qualities and the preoccupations of their race. They are utilitarians. They leave the supernatural aside, admit the facts, and seek to explain them. With them there is no irritating question; they are not lacking in sincerity. They treat all those topics with an absolute mental independence, but they draw no conclusions. The most extraordinary facts don't impress them; if it is easy to lead the discussion, it remains bootless, and arrives at no conclusion. A mind which defends itself is easier to reach than the mind which is open to every doctrine.

We must admit, however, that the American physicians have a great deal of practical common sense, and that they can rid themselves of all prejudices which too often confront us.

"We call nervous diseases," they said, "diseases of which we don't find the cause, but that cause exists none the less. For years we have seen nervous diseases everywhere. We are obliged to revise our lists of diseases. Recent works teach us that a great many cases of paralysis are due to alterations of the blood, to infectious diseases, to injuries of the marrow; likewise accurate instruments have singularly narrowed the field of nervous blindnesses and aphonias of the same nature.

"That incessant appeal to nervous diseases was often the cloak of our ignorance. After all," added the American doctor, "the cure of a constitutional, hereditary nervous disease may be as important as the cure of a wound." We were

happy indeed to gather that testimony from the mouth of a doctor nowise influenced by religious motives.

The German Physicians.

On the morrow of the congress of the German Catholics, over 1,000 pilgrims, who were getting ready to start for Lourdes, came together at Cologne, under the leadership of their general director.

The Rev. Father Neumann declared that the German pilgrims did not go to Lourdes to see miracles, but to learn to suffer and to pray.

He added: "On April 7, 1904, a German paper pretended that the cures of Lourdes were verified only by French, Belgian, and some American physicians; it were to be wished that two German physicians, having not only serious titles, but experience as well, one a Catholic and the other a free-thinker, go to Lourdes, stay there long enough to observe the facts with their colleagues, and that they then have the courage to publish their observations."

The German association for the spread of the work of Lourdes forthwith took up that idea, and voted a credit of 4,000 francs to enable a German Catholic practicing physician and an infidel free-thinking one to spend some time at Lourdes with the aforesaid object.

The association asks the German press to be so kind as to publish its decision, and to designate the two doctors who shall obtain most votes for that mission. All inquiries must be addressed to

the Riffarth House, Rhine Province, to which the society delegates its powers.—Cologne, August 27, 1906.

The English Doctors.

Two English physicians, Dr. James O'Donnel and John Sherry, have expressed a desire to resume the investigation of the cure of Peter De Rudder, with the view of confirming, if possible, or upset the facts related in the first reports. After examining De Rudder's bones, kept in Antwerp, they saw that the traces of a caries of very long standing were undeniable.

It can be seen that the broken bone has the same length as the other one, although a fragment of bone one and one-third inches in length had been cut out. The vertical axis of the leg has retained the same direction on both sides. The two bones of the left leg had been fractured.

De Rudder's physician, Dr. Van Hoestenberghe, hale and hearty, they informed us, despite his seventy-four years, answered all their questions with as much accuracy as frankness. All the witnesses upon being questioned repeated their first testimonies, and one of them, Dr. Van Horeen, described the condition of the leg the day before his departure on the pilgrimage. The English men of science fully ascertained that on the very morning of the cure, the wound of the leg was suppurating freely.

They concluded without hesitation that all natural laws known to science cannot accomplish that bones knit in a moment, that a large wound close,

and that fresh skin be formed, and all that in a few minutes. They add that no nervous action can cause broken bones to knit. They conclude that the instantaneous cure of a compound fracture is contrary to all nature's laws known to us, and that consequently Peter De Rudder's cure must be traced to supernatural agency.

Dr. John Sherry lives at 329 Goswell Road, London, E.C., and Dr. O'Donnel, Indd Str., London, W. C. We are unaware whether they are Catholics or Protestants, but it would be an easy matter to write them and obtain more circumstantial details of their investigations.

The Dutch Physicians.

In the Catholic physicians' pilgrimage to Rome were a number of Dutch doctors. They edified us considerably by their lively faith, and by their zeal for the development of Catholic works. We sum up their communications to the Congress.

Dr. Jorissen, of Amesfort, said in his report: "Holland counts only 1,800,000 Catholics, yet we spent twenty millions in building our hospitals. We received last year over 50,000 sick. The Dutch people esteem our religious communities very highly, and Jews and Protestants, as well as Catholics, deeply respect them.

"Thanks be to God, the Kulturkampf (religious persecution) is not known in Holland. Our hospitable boundaries open wide before those religious for whom the government has made their country too narrow. They come among us

under the shield of Christian liberty to gather their scattered families, and to pursue the great tasks of devotedness of which our country and our works will reap the happy results."

Dr. Hoffman in turn remarked: "We pledge our word and we declare at the foot of the Papal throne that we are Catholics to the backbone; we venerate the Church and her laws. The first physician among us who recognized the extraordinary character of the cures of Lourdes is a Catholic, Dr. Van Eeden. Later Dr. Banning feared not to enter the arena to defend Lourdes against Zola's novel; and it was Mr. Riko who popularized among us the works of Dr. Boissarie. Thus in the midst of all the systems which deny the existence of the soul, in the midst of those blasts of death and nothingness which devastated our country, the Virgin of Lourdes appeared on our horizon shining with glory and heavenly light."

Every country in the world sent physicians to Lourdes, who each and everyone left a vestige of their coming in our Verification Bureau.

How many physicians carried home from their journey unlooked for consolations and hopes. Dr. Longo, a former anarchist, is a Franciscan; Dr. Piou, of St. Gilles, is a Redemptorist Father; Dr. Bull, a Protestant, became converted and stayed in our ranks. We related the life and the conversion of two of his colleagues.

Must Lourdes be Closed for the Sake of Hygiene?

Dr. Vincent, University Fellow, former surgeon of the Lyons Charity Hospital, taking upon himself this new kind of consultation, gathered nearly 3,000 answers from physicians. We find on his lists names which are authorities in science, professors, hospital doctors, and Academy members. All know what they are talking about; they visited Lourdes and its baths; all are unanimous in acknowledging that Lourdes renders great services to the sick; that the dangers of contagion scarcely amount to anything, and that the laws of hygiene are well safeguarded. Prof. Renon, physician of Mercy Hospital, gave on that question conclusions which seem to end all debates.*

He says: "If we had to close in the name of hygiene whatever does not conform to actual rules, the hospitals would have to be emptied; three quarters of the theatres would have to be suspended, and one-half of the capital would have to be demolished. And we, who always hope to put an end to human sorrow, we have no right to say to anyone, 'Thy life is ended; seek no further.' To break the moral spring which produces hope is more than a cruelty; it is a crime."

Moral forces rule the world.

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*Among the physicians who pronounce themselves in favor of Lourdes we count, as Dr. Vincent informs us, 13 members of the Academy of Medicine; 36 professors of medical staffs; 16 professors of medical schools; 85 hospital doctors; 60 ex-chiefs of clinics of laboratories, of works, licentiates, etc., etc; 76 former Paris hospital resident doctors; 62 former resident doctors of the Lyons hospitals; 66 former resident physicians of county hospitals.

A great many of those in favor of Lourdes are members of societies of savants, and acquired by their writings an appreciated name in science.

To speak of closing Lourdes is to forget its international character. If its grotto on the banks of the Gave were closed, would it be possible to close all the sanctuaries of the world, to close the grotto which rises under the shadow of St. Peter's in theVatican gardens? In Belgium there are about as many statues and grottoes of Our Lady of Lourdes as parish churches. All nations have adopted the special devotion to our Pyrenean Madonna.

One would have to stop that current of a million strangers who year by year follow each other on the banks of the Gave. Such currents can not be stopped by a decree. The faith of the pilgrims would be aroused all the more by persecution.

If we close Lourdes, an overwhelming revenge would be stirred up, and we hear already the songs of triumph which would bring us more numerous crowds. Lourdes is part of the Catholic Church's patrimony; no human power can blot out the lessons that came from the grotto; they are engraven upon the folds of our innermost souls.

Lourdes—Its Sick Trains, Its Hospitals, Its Baths.

We receive every year from 250 to 300 trains of pilgrims. Our trains have made considerable progress for the transportation of the sick. The cars take them at their starting point, and bring them to Lourdes. There is no change on the road, consequently no possibility of contagion.

Nurses of both sexes accompany the sick; doctors enter the cars and give all necessary care during the journey. Lately the pilgrims of Lyons brought along six physicians, who carried the records of the sick, and kept them up right along during their stay here. The Belgians deserve special mention; they reached the top-notch of progress with their *hospital cars which were ex-*

SICK TRAINS.

posed at various exhibitions. The beds are arranged one above the other as in our sleeping cars, but they have much more room. The walls of the cars are covered with mirrors, and the sick can enjoy the various sceneries which line the roads through France.

In those cars are pharmacies, doctors' offices, and altars, where Mass is celebrated. They are veritable hospitals on wheels, *the comfort of which*

reaches and surpasses all the installations of our trains de luxe.

The large cars contain twenty-four isolated beds, suspended on powerful springs; a system of moving panels covering the walls makes it easy to pull the beds from the frames which hold them, and to carry the sick directly to the hospital or to the grotto.

SICK TRAINS.

From ten to fifteen doctors go along with the Belgian train, and are ready to answer all calls. Every sick person is waited on by a devoted nurse who gets attached to him or her, and whose solicitude follows the sick even beyond their pilgrimage. In this hospital a Belgian physician installed emergency supplies furnished with all kinds of dressing linen, and useful medicines. One doctor is steadily on the watch; and day by day the doc-

tors come together in their general office to give an account of the improvements noticed and of all the incidents of the pilgrimage.

I readily understand that those wretched who have known only life's privations and sufferings, hearing the sweetest consolations poured into their ears, and basking in comforts unknown to them, are lifted up, not by a suggestion, a dream, but by the most pleasant reality. What an admirable means to relieve human misery, and yet if we could afford our sick only these material cares, and these comfortable quarters, the roads that lead to Lourdes would long since have been abandoned, but a higher thought leads them: hopeless to obtain their cure from science, they come to appeal to Supreme Mercy.

Lourdes is the watering place of the poor, the disinherited, and the wretched of all kinds, and these wretched are to be found on all the rounds of the social ladder.

You will not find our sick in the trains of the traveling public; you will not be exposed to breathing their exhalations and to suffer their contact. They are not thus forsaken and lost in the crowd; our trains protect them, and our trains are a safeguard for public health; and I understand how Dr. Biraud, of Poitiers, could answer Mr. de Bonnefon: "The exodus of our sick trains through France causes no inconvenience to public health. Member of the Poitiers' municipality, and vice-president of that city's Board of Health, where, ever since the organiza-

tion of national pilgrimages, thousands of pilgrims have stopped and sojourned, I affirm that our city has remained absolutely immune from all infection, and from all contagion, particularly with regard to tuberculosis."

Thus we have special trains for our sick; and this is an undeniable progress. Under the supervision of those train-doctors all possible care is given, all the laws of hygiene are observed. A great many bright and devoted nurses of both sexes watch over the sick. If the Belgians reached the top-notch of comfort and luxury, all the pilgrimages have adopted the same organization, and all bring their doctors. All this must be borne in mind when speaking of Lourdes.

The Hospitals of Lourdes.

There is not at Lourdes a real hospital; we have only temporary shelters, used for the night or for exceptional cases. The sick spend their time in the open air, enjoy the full light and all the benefits of outdoor life. They were confined at home oftentimes in too narrow, airless, and sunless rooms; after their blood has become impoverished through prolonged stays in hospital-wards, they find a new life in the refreshing mountain atmosphere. Their faces get color, they eat and sleep, and this is the first benefit they get in Lourdes. If the sick of our hospitals could be thus scattered through the summer days in parks or in gardens, they would get a much greater benefit than that of the open window during the night, often in a nar-

row street, an altogether insufficient airing for our hapless consumptives.

If our sick-trains have immensely improved their installation at Lourdes, their life in the open air marks a still more decided progress, and what we inaugurated shall have to be adopted sooner or later by our hospital boards.

The Baths of Lourdes.

There are not at Lourdes bathing places in the strict sense of the word. At hot spring stations, there is a large pool where the sick bathe together, fifty and more at once; all come in contact with each other, the water is not renewed, and the air of the hall becomes vitiated after awhile.

Here there is nothing like that. The sick are immersed in a minute. The sick person is alone, shielded by a curtain, the air circulates everywhere around him, and instead of the pool we have the bath-tub.

Those having contagious diseases are not admitted; but the nervous, the lame, the blind, the deaf, and also deformed children.

Those very ill, consumptives in the last stage, and sufferers from heart-disease are not plunged into the water, but they are sponged off without removing them from their couches; those having wounds which might be contagious are put apart, bathed after the others, and the baths are carefully cleaned out after their immersion. As there are so many experienced attendants in charge of the bathing place, we are quite sure that

all precautions are taken: we never have any accidents, and yet we give from 70,000 to 80,000 baths a year.

We have in our bathing place very quick cold ablutions, with strong reactions; this is the Kneipp treatment, admirably completed by the exercise our sick go through, some in their carriages, others on their stretchers, but all in some way or other.

THE PISCINA OR BATHS OF LOURDES.

Now that our trains are so greatly improved, and that the transportation of our sick from the hospitals to various sanitariums is carried on according to careful prescriptions, there arises the question: would it not be possible to have special trains for the thousands of consumptives who repair annually to our watering and health resorts?

This may be difficult of realization, but the question is asked.

Likewise on that day on which our hospitals can be opened in the country, and afford their sick all the benefits of outdoor life in the full sunshine, we shall have taken another big step forward.

Finally we have in the bathing place an ever profitable water treatment for consumptives, especially when they bask in the sun, that great microbe-killer.

That is doubtless why mortality is so low at Lourdes; a million strangers and fifteen thousand sick who pass here give only eight or eleven deaths per annum. The town has no epidemics; and, for the last forty years, its average mortality varies from eighteen to twenty-six a thousand, and tends rather to decrease. To warrant such exceptional health conditions it was necessary to show that the rules of hygiene are safeguarded, and that we are even ahead of official organizations.

Chapter IV.

Chief Cures Observed Since 1900 Down to the Last Pilgrimages.

Tubercular Peritonitis Cases—Father Salvator, O.S.F.—Mary Bailly—Miss de Franssu, of Tournai, Belgium.

In our last work, Les Grandes Guérisons de Lourdes (The Great Cures of Lourdes) we stopped at the year 1900; we shall now continue the study of the principal cures verified from that date.

We shall resume our studies on suggestion. The progress of science, the observations we make in our bureau oblige us to keep on completing our work on that subject.

Father Salvator.

Healed June 25, 1907.

On June 25, 1900, at 1 o'clock p.m., Father Salvator (Rouellé d'Omfront), from the house of Dinard, arrived at the Lourdes' depot. Leaning on two other monks, he walked, or rather, he dragged himself, stooped, bent double, his face emaciated, and his vision blurred. He looked still young, though it was hard to guess the age of that deathlike face.

The thought of being at Lourdes seemed to rouse him a little, however. The journey had been less painful than it was feared; he had reached there alive, that was all they asked, and more than the doctors had dared to hope.

When convent-inmates come to ask their cure,

their sickness is always serious: they are dying when sent us.

Father Salvator was a consumptive; he was not the ordinary chest sufferer with disease limited to the lungs; his lesions were everywhere, and especially on the side of the peritoneum. For fifteen or eighteen months he suffered in that region more frequent and graver attacks.

The physician who had seen him at Nantes on the eve of his pilgrimage had told him: "There are tumors in your abdomen which only a miracle can remove." The poor Franciscan knew his condition quite well, and did not mistake the gravity of his trouble.

It was consumption through contagion which found a well prepared ground.

The Sickness—The Doctors Have no Hope of His Recovery—The Provincial Makes a Vow to Send the Father to Lourdes.

Father Salvator was finishing his theology in the house of Mans when he took charge of the infirmary. There were two consumptive Brothers in it, one of whom was critically ill. The young monks had been removed and he was ordered to wait on this sick man; being thirty-four years old, he would, it was hoped, be proof against the illness.

For four months he never left the bedside of that consumptive, living like him, spending the night beside him, breathing the same air, and taking no precaution against contagion.

Contagion was all around him; besides the

lung disease, the sick Brother had tubercular wounds in the face which were to be washed and dressed daily.

Before that Father died, the Rev. Salvator got a dry and persistent cough, general fatigue, and a slow fever; several months later when he was examined, a tubercular induration was found on the top of the right lung.

The Father struggled against it as best he could. He wanted to be ordained priest the following June. So he was. But he had already a presentiment of his death. Some time afterward, thanks to his University titles, he was chosen director of the Dinard School. Meanwhile on January 15, 1899, a crisis of extraordinary gravity declared itself. His temperature was 104. Was it the grip? typhoid fever? The doctors uttered those two words; but is it not rather a general tubercular crisis?

There has been a long incubation, and the disease suddenly breaks out like a dreadful fire. In April, the attacks of peritonitis began, to end no more. Four physicians were called in consultation. Dr. Ménager, of Nantes, said to us: "They called us together with Dr. Mordret, of Mans, to wash the peritoneum; but owing to the sick man's exhaustion, whose irregular pulse beat 130 times a minute, without any liquid in the peritoneum, with the indurations which we felt everywhere, we unanimously decided not to attempt the operation.

The Father Provincial, seeing the hopeless

state of the sick priest, made a vow to send him to Lourdes if he could stand the journey. For a whole year a chance to carry out this vow was looked for in vain.

"It is folly to think of it," said the doctor, "the sick man would die on the road." Father Salvator said to his Superior: "I most willingly release you from that vow, I make the sacrifice of my life. Still I believe if I should go to Lourdes I should be cured; but it's no use to think of it."

For fifteen months this cruel alternative prolonged itself; a few days before going, the Father threw up the Sacred Host, which was then gathered on the corporal; his stomach can no longer digest anything. "Often after Holy Communion," he said, "I felt the Sacred Species, still intact, come up again in my mouth, three or four times in an hour; I began anew my act of adoration; and full of anxiety, I awaited the end of that nausea."

In April, 1900, the Provincial said to him: "Whatever happens, next fall you shall go to Lourdes." "Next fall I shall be in my grave." In fact he grew much worse. Then seeing all hope lost, they start the sick man on his journey with two nurses. Many faithful friends are interested in his cure. Three of them offer to pay the expenses of his trip; a converted Jew, whom the Father had known before he entered the convent, and whom he had helped by his advice; a physician related to him; and his former director of Notre Dame of the Victories. On Saturday,

June 23d, they arrive at Nantes; there Dr. Ménager observes the condition of the poor monk. "I find him very weak," so our colleague writes us, "he has become much emaciated since my last visit, the abdomen is swollen, full of indurations, especially on the left side, and, as the sick man told me, he would be healed at Lourdes, I had to smile."

On Monday, at 1 o'clock, they arrived at the Lourdes depot, and we just saw in what an awful plight the man stepped off the train. He was led directly to the grotto; he prayed for one hour awaiting the opening of the baths. At 2 o'clock he entered the water, he is choked, he gives two or three muffled cries, and soon he rises up, he feels no more discomfort, he can hardly control his joy. He who a while ago was bent like an old man, is now perfectly erect, free in all his movements; he returns to the grotto, and from his swollen heart rose to the Blessed Virgin a hymn of thanksgiving which we can not reproduce. It was 4 o'clock when he came to the Bureau of Verifications. "I feel no more pain," said he, "whereas during the last three years I haven't been a day or an hour without suffering."

We examined the priest, his abdomen is soft, without swelling, without pain; the indurations are gone, there are scarcely any traces of nodules on the left side.

Upon leaving us he said: "I am fasting the last twenty hours, and for eighteen months I haven't taken any solid food, May I eat?" "If

you are healed," I answered, "you have no more restrictions of diet; eat as you please." At 5 o'clock he returns to the hotel; then he eats as if under a wager, the most indigestible food, and can not eat his fill; and the next morning after an excellent night, he breakfasts twice. On the second day, however, some rule must be observed in his meals; after such starving, the body must slowly and gradually regain its own.

His Home-coming—Impressions of the Physicians of Nantes and of Dinard.

The Father stayed six days in Lourdes, and took regularly, near the grotto, two baths a day. On Saturday he set out for Nantes, he stood the trip without any fatigue. At Bordeaux, he took dinner in the buffet, and ate with great appetite. Only the high price of the food limited the meal of the recovered sick man.

From Bordeaux to Nantes, he slept soundly, awakening but once; he arrived at 5 o'clock a.m. Before re-entering the convent, he wished to see his doctor, he hastened to assume his former appearance; he wanted the doctor to see him in the most unfavorable condition, before taking any rest; his cure will be all the more manifest.

The doctor rose to receive him. He examined him and was overwhelmed, he wept with joy. "I admired your faith upon your departure for Lourdes, but I had no hope of seeing you healed. I regret very much that I did not ask Dr. X.— to examine you, as he doesn't believe in miracles."

The doctor writes: "As I left the sick Father on Saturday, June 28th, I could not refrain from telling the other Fathers that I could not believe that he would ever be healed. Two days later a telegram informed me of the event; still I disbelieved it, and I said to myself: "What became of all those tumors?" At last, today, July 1st, upon the arrival of the train, at 5:30 o'clock a.m., Father Salvator awoke me that I might see him cured. I made him lie on a long chair, and despite a careful examination, I found no more induration, except perhaps a very small one on a level with the left pelvic bone.

"I was astounded and touched; I affirm that it is impossible to obtain such results with natural means; I had so far denied the miraculous facts related to me, but I bow before this marvel which happened under my eyes."

The physician of Dinard who had opposed the journey, had also to give his testimony; like his colleague of Nantes, he acknowledged the cure, and he did not attempt to account for it in a natural way.

The Father writes us: "On Monday, July 2d, at 1 o'clock, we left our Brothers of Nantes, and at 6 o'clock we were at Dinard. After stepping off the train, I went straight to Dr. Lecovec. In a second, my habit was off to permit the good doctor to examine me thoroughly. 'There was here,' quoth he, 'a mass of induration which quite filled the abdomen; I find no more trace of it.'

"'What did you experience in the bath?' 'Noth-

ing.' He stood there speechless. Then he inquired how the miraculous water had wrought such a prodigy. But the Blessed Virgin trusts her secrets to no one; without any M. D. diploma, she heals how and when she pleases."

Before starting for Mont-Doré, in the beginning of June, Dr. Lecovec had said to his representative: "There is with the Capuchins a Father whose state is hopeless, . . . it is the end." At his return he found the Father cured against all anticipations, and by a process beyond his ken; the Blessed Virgin had just raised her patient in a second. In a very conscientiously drawn up certificate, Dr. Lecovec states that Father Salvator had a most serious tubercular peritonitis; the abdomen was greatly swollen, and full of indurations, and his general condition very bad, the Father ate nothing, kept the bed, and his temperature was often 104°.

The doctor adds: "On June 1st, I left for Mont-Doré, the sick man being in a very critical state. Upon my return, I heard he was in Lourdes, and on July 2d, at 6 p.m., I beheld the Father enter my office that I might see his cure. After a careful examination, I saw that the abdomen had resumed its flexibleness, that there was no more pain, that there was no trace of induration left, with the exception of a little one on the left.

"Yet on the eve of the cure, June 24th, Dr. Ménager, of Nantes, had observed like myself the presence of those tumors. On the morrow at 5 o'clock p.m., at Lourdes, three physicians found

no more trace of those indurations which had filled the whole abdomen. I affirm," winds up Dr. Lecovec, "that the sudden disappearance of all those tumors can be explained only by a Divine intervention."

Dr. Mordret sums up his impressions in these words:

"That Capuchin went to Lourdes, and came back cured; it was a great joy to me to see him well as he passed through Mans; I had seen that man at death's door, and I found him restored to perfect health."

Fr. Salvator wrote us full of gratitude:

"Since my pilgrimage to Lourdes, where one feels that Mary has set her virginal feet, I love God more; and I want to serve God better. I feel myself raised above myself, as lifted by the arms of the Blessed Virgin. I promised our good Mother I would strive to make people love her more, herself and her Divine Son. Pray that I may not lose the fruit of such an exceptional grace."

That cure bears God's hand-mark. It was upon his arrival, at a first bath that the sick man was healed. But after what preparation! How many prayers were said in the communities! During that long sickness, what resignation, what submission to God's Holy Will.

As he left, his Superior said to him: "You shall ask your cure at Lourdes, I command you to do so. I often send Brothers who return in the same state: instead of asking their cure, they ask to

keep their illness. Don't act like them. Pray for your cure."

"I'll do so, Father."

Father Salvator's Youth—His Debut in the University—The Capuchins at the Grotto of Lourdes.

The history of that religious, his youth, his life in the world, everything is most interesting and is quite individual. Raised in the college of Tinchebray (Orne), kept by the Fathers of Holy Mary, he had begun his Latin studies quite late. At twenty, he finished his rhetoric; he had to choose between the seminary and the barracks. He felt a call to the priesthood; yet he was not quite decided, and could not take a final resolution.

To study, and let his vocation ripen, he began teaching as associate school-master. Alone he prepared his baccalaureate; with that title, he became prefect of studies at the college of Argentan. His licentiate opened to him the gates of Rollin College; there he finished his ten years' engagement, while preparing his fellowship with the title of substitute professor. By his stubborn work, he had reached all those degrees by himself, and the associate village teacher had become professor in a Paris lyceum.

"In the University," said Father Salvator, "I never had any trouble to practice my religion, I was freer than an office-holder, and my colleagues respected my convictions. I went to Mass every morning and the first two years I received Holy Communion every day.

"I had a special devotion to Our Lady of Victories: to her I owe the preservation of my vocation. I often made retreats at Clamart with the Jesuit Fathers: but I felt no attraction to join them.

"The last year I was brought into relations with the Provincial of the Capuchins: I made a retreat at Mans, and there I felt a very clear call, and I soon made up my mind. A while later, I bade my provisor good-bye. 'Where are you going,' he asked. 'To the Capuchins'—"What do you say?"—'To the Capuchins, such is my vocation, and I must yield.' He did not object, and we left on good terms."

In the religious life, it is with suffering, with illness that the Father would have to struggle; but the disease, while breaking down his exhausted constitution, could not damp the energies of his soul, and it was with a quiet eye that day by day he measured the narrowing space which he still had to cross.

Under those coarse garments we find generous hearts, and often brilliant minds, men taken from the highest ranks of society. Among the Brothers Minor who have come to the grotto these last years, we have noticed especially three: a Parisian doctor, a superior navy officer, and the university professor of whom we are speaking.

We recounted the physician's conversion under the title: *Conversion d'un Anarchiste.* After having yielded to all enticements, and followed the most dangerous teachings, he joined the Brothers

Minors of Puteaux Street. It would be hard to recognize the co-editor of the paper *La Révolte*, in the monk with the soft, almost timid look, who passes unheeded in the midst of his brethren.

A man-of-war captain, officer of the Legion of Honor, also donned the Capuchin habit.

I was all the happier to see him because our two sons, navy officers, were then together in the Torpedo school. While exchanging our common reminiscences, I felt that under a monk's habit the father's heart still throbbed with life, and beat in unison with mine.

Finally, Father Salvator is an ex-university professor. For almost ten years he kept his place with honor in a Paris lyceum. He was about to become a Fellow when he heard God's call.

Our society, so fond of equality, ought to recognize as its best citizens those men who sacrifice the brightest futures to devote themselves to the humblest tasks. They often spring from the common people, but sometimes from the higher classes through the positions they held in the world.

Do what it will, our troubled democracy can not fling from its side men who are devoted to it to the backbone, and who spend their health, their intelligence, their whole life, in order to keep the faith among us.

On July 22d, Father Salvator wrote us: "Since my return from Lourdes I have gained seventeen pounds, nearly a pound a day. Everybody is surprised at the speed with which my strength comes back."

Marie Bailly.

Marie Bailly's cure is one of the most interesting we have witnessed. It is interesting especially from a scientific view-point. It is impossible to come across an investigation done with a surer and a more rigorous method. For the last three years that girl was under treatment at the Lyons and Sainte-Foy Hospitals; eight doctors waited upon her and brought us their testimony. One whose talent and whose impartiality are above suspicion entered the pilgrims' train, always kept his eye upon that sick girl, and at Lourdes followed her to the hospital, to the grotto, to the baths, everywhere.

He witnesses her cure, he notices hour by hour, minute by minute, the changes that take place under his eyes. It is a kind of resurrection he describes as a man of science, discarding from his mind and from his pen all comments, marking one by one all the symptoms he observes: that interrupted breathing which gradually becomes regular, that agonizing heart which begins to beat rythmically, those blue cheeks which assume a rosy color. It is a photograph which brings under our eyes a most touching drama; science alone could thus give with precision all the details of a cure too important to be left to the judgment and the impressions of the vulgar herd.

Her Youth—Her Illness.

Marie Bailly's father and mother died of pulmonary tuberculosis; one of her brothers died of

the same disease; and another has been declared consumptive by an examination board. How could Marie Bailly escape that hereditary influence. "Since I was thirteen," she said, "our family physician, Dr. Terver, advised me to live in the country, and forbade me all mental labor. I had a very disquieting cough, frequent hemorrhages, and endless bronchial troubles during winter. After various alternatives, at seventeen, in February, 1896, I took ill with a double pleurisy with considerable bleeding; I had to go to St. Joseph's Hospital to be operated on; my condition was so critical that Dr. Chabalier refused to make the puncture, saying that I should not live through the night. They gave me the last Sacraments, and the Sister put around my neck a miraculous medal.

"Against all expectations I was better on the morrow and the doctors found me capable of undergoing the operation. By two successive punctures they drew from me three quarts of liquid. I stayed in bed five months; and after leaving the hospital, I improved enough to live an ordinary life for two years.

"My mother's death, which occurred in December, 1898, called forth new accidents: swollen from my feet to my head, I choked; I was placed again at St. Joseph's Hospital under Dr. Clement's treatment. The note at my bed bore *nervous dyspnoea;* within two months they put seven plasters on me; I took calming drinks, and also phosphate of lime and cacodylate. As I did not recover, they

sent me on April 7, 1899, to the Sainte-Foy Hospital.

"Dr. Roy, hospital doctor, wrote on his tablet: *pulmonary tuberculosis, laryngitis.* He kept on giving me arsenic in pills and through injections, gave me creosote, and tried the reclining chair in the open air. I lost my voice; the disease seems to attack the larynx, and they apply lactic acid to my vocal chords. Dr. Fondet notices an infiltration in the cartilages." Hoping some benefit from purer air, Marie Bailly starts for Chabannes, near Le Puy, in May, 1901.

It was at that time that she felt violent pains in the intestines, and that tuberculosis seemed to spread its ravages in that region. All summer she is in a bad condition; a general decline is noticeable, and she loses flesh and her appetite as well. Her abdomen grows larger, and becomes very sensitive. On November 7, 1901, she returns to the Sainte-Foy Hospital. Dr. Roy diagnoses *tubercular peritonitis.* She took to bed in the beginning of December, not to rise again until May 28, 1902, at the Lourdes bath. In January, 1902, she had violent headaches, stiffness of the neck, and of the limbs, and delirium. Dr. Roy recognizes *tubercular meningitis;* the prognosis seems fatal to him. It appears that on a certain day he even signed her death certificate.

Towards the end of February she got over the meningitis, but peritonitis kept running its course. In March Dr. Roy sent her back to St. Joseph's

Hospital to be operated on—a last attempt to stop the progress of peritonitis.

Marie Bailly was placed under treatment of the hospital surgeon, Dr. Goulioud. He examines her and has her auscultated, and his observations are recorded by his assistant. He recalls the previous bad condition; her abdomen is swollen, is sore, and there is no liquid. In the lung a hollow sound on a level with the spine and the right shoulder blade; her temperature was very unsteady; no albumin. Dr. Goulioud diagnoses *tubercular peritonitis*, and in her critical state the operation should, he thinks, not be performed.

He turns the sick lady over to Dr. Clement. We heard he made the same diagnosis: *tubercular peritonitis*. Marie Bailly remained a few days under his care, and was sent back again to Sainte-Foy. She keeps on declining. Her emaciation is extreme, her abdomen very sore, and Dr. Roy considers her doomed. He lets her start for Lourdes with a certificate in which he affirms the existence of *tubercular peritonitis*.

Up to this, everything seems to justify that diagnosis: the antecedents, the pleurisy, the tubercular pains on the side of the chest, the meningitis, Dr. Goulioud's statements, as well as the certificate of Dr. Roy, who kept her two years and a half in the hospital wards; the verdict seems unanimous.

The Pilgrimage—The Cure.

"To what cause must I attribute my going to Lourdes? Doubtless to a secret design of Divine Providence," so speaks Miss Bailly. "Long since I had quit asking for my cure. One day while at the hospital, I heard the doctor say that I had consumption. This grieved me deeply; I was scarcely twenty, and it was hard for me to realize that I was hopelessly doomed. One is resigned to sickness and suffering, as long as there is a little gleam on the horizon; but when the future closes abruptly, it is death and the grave. Still gradually I braced up, and I offered my life as a sacrifice, and awaited the end submissively and resignedly, and I can't explain how the thought of repairing to Lourdes occurred to me. One night during March, in a moment of bitter suffering, the thought of Lourdes flashed through my mind. I understood that there I should be healed. Notwithstanding the opposition of the members of my family, of nuns even, who strove to put the idea out of my mind, as I was not able to stand the journey, I got myself inscribed, and I started with the pilgrimage. They carried me on a stretcher to the train, where I lay on a mattress completely doubled up—the car compartment being too narrow to let me stretch out.

"The journey was very hard; the pains in my intestines were horrible. I feared I should not reach Lourdes alive. The physician who stayed a long time in my car must have been astonished

to see me hold out. He asked if I expected to be cured, if I had faith, adding: 'All the sick have.' And I thought the Blessed Virgin would heal me, but I said: 'Let her hasten, for I am going.' During the whole journey I took nothing, not even a spoonful of tea."

Here follows the physician's diary:

Monday, May 26th. On train.—Girl of twenty-two, pale, emaciated, with drawn features, lying on her back, dressed in black. Her much swollen abdomen attracts attention. There is on the left side a more marked protuberance; there is a more resisting mass; no liquid, a dull sound.

The abdomen, it appears, contains hard masses separated by a more depressible part; it is the symptom of peritonitis in its last stages. These symptoms, the hereditary and personal antecedents, the diagnosis of such a competent surgeon as Dr. Goulioud, make me pronounce her affected with *tubercular peritonitis.* I could not reasonably make another diagnosis.

Pressing on the left side of the abdomen causes much pain; the breathing is rapid and broken; pulse 120, oedema (dropsy) of the legs. At certain moments her body stiffens, yet the patient is calm without any mystic exaltation.

Tuesday, May 27th. Lourdes.—At two o'clock the patient was taken from the train to the hospital Immaculate Conception ward. She is put to bed and made to rest till morning. The journey made her worse. Vomitings, much severer pains, quicker breathing, pulse 120.

Wednesday, May 28th.—The rest failed to help the patient. At her request she is put upon a stretcher, and carried to the grotto and bathing place; they don't bathe her, but merely sponge her chest and abdomen with cold water. At her return to the hospital at ten o'clock a.m., her condition is very critical. Pale, with drawn features, and very fast breathing. The heart very weak, its pulsations 150 a minute, the face slightly blue. Cafeine injection, hot cloths, ice on the abdomen.

May 28th, 1:15 P.M.—Very bad state. The patient can scarcely answer the questions put her. She raves. Abdomen very sore, very tight. Irregular pulse, low, scarcely countable, 160; broken breathing 90 a minute,[1] contracted face, very pale, and slightly purple. Nose, ears, extremities cold. Just now arrives Dr. Geoffray, of Rive-de-Gier; he looks at the patient, feels, strikes, and auscultates the heart and the lungs. He tells us that she is dying. As she can take nothing, and wants to return to the grotto, they carry her thither on a stretcher.

1:50 P.M.—The patient is at the bathing place, motionless, lying on her back, her head thrown backwards, discolored, with a purple hue on the cheek bones, breathing very fast; the protuberance of the abdomen is noticeable through the cover.

She enters the bath. Marie Bailly will now complete the doctor's diary: "In the extremity in which I was, everybody wondered that I wanted

1) 18 to 20 is the normal.

to be taken back to the bathing place. Yet I demanded it, and thanks to my nurse's devotedness, I at last got there, followed by a person who carried my shroud. The carriers thought of praying for my last moments. The doctor declared that moving me would hasten my death, and that after a few steps I should be a corpse.

"I could pray no longer, yet I thought of the loving Virgin, and I was convinced that I was dying while being carried out, but that I should returned healed. On arriving at the piscina, they would not put me in the water, but simply sponged me. At first I suffered horribly; the ladies insisted on stopping, but they proceeded however, as I begged them to continue. Just then I said interiorly to Our Lady of Lourdes, 'If you wish it, you can cure me just as well through the ablutions as through the bath.' "

They sponged her again upon the stretcher. They are afraid to move her; as the water touches her, she experiences unprecedented throes, then suddenly she is calm, she rises: "I am cured," she said. "She's losing her senses," interposed the nurse. Meanwhile her cheeks color up, her look becomes lively, and as they take her from the watering place, she chimes in the *Magnificat.*

2:20 P. M.—Here we resume the doctor's recital: Upon leaving the piscina they carry her before the grotto, the stretcher is set on the ground; few people as yet; the religious ceremonies have not begun. The sick girl is in the broad daylight; it is easy to examine her.

2:30 until 2:40 P. M.—The breathing slackens, and becomes more regular. The look of her face is changing; a very slight rosy hue is spreading over her countenance. She seems to feel better, and she smiles at the nurse bent over her.

2:55 P. M.—The profile of her body visible under the cover is changing, and the protuberance of the abdomen is lowering. A general improvement becomes evident.

3:10 P. M.—The hands, the ears, and the nose are warm. Her breathing has slackened to forty a minute; the heart is stronger, more regular, but fast at 140. She tells us that she is feeling better. They make her take some more milk, and there is no more vomiting.

3:20 P. M.—She rises and looks around her. The cover has sunk over the abdomen. Her limbs move, and she turns her body to the right side. Her face has become calm and rosy.

3:45 P. M.—The stretcher is brought close to Holy Rosary Church.

4:15 P. M.—The improvement is marked. The breathing is easy, and the face rosy. She tells us that she is feeling quite well, and that if she dared she could get up. Everybody can tell the change in her. They carry her to the Verification Bureau on a mattress. She leaves in a little cart. The doctor's statements are inscribed on our registers. Our report tallies with the impressions of our colleagues.

7:30 P. M.—Examined at the hospital. General aspect excellent; much emaciated face, but

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calm and rosy; very regular breathing. Her abdomen has now the soft, elastic and depressed wall of a healthy, but very thin girl of twenty. That extremely thin wall allows a very easy and clear exploration of the organs; the aorta beats under the finger; way down on the right side a hard mass going up to the loins. Between one's hands one can feel a very hard cake which is not sore, as big as the forearm, adhering solidly to the rear wall of the abdomen. That tumor does not move during the movements of breathing.

8:00 P. M.—The improvement continues; stronger voice; breathing 30, pulse 100, regular and full.

May 29th, 6:30 A. M.—General condition perfect. She gets up and eats; breathing 18; pulse 88; abdomen absolutely normal. The hard mass noticed in the region of the loins yesterday has well-nigh disappeared. There remains a little tumor which is not painful, deep seated, and very hard.

Friday, May 30th.—The patient has dressed and walks around. She can climb a staircase. Her strength is rapidly coming back. Almost unassisted she steps into the cars, and travels twenty-four hours seated on the bench of a third class compartment. She is very calm; no mystic excitement; she strives to hide herself from the gaze of the people who surround her. She reenters the Sainte-Foy Hospital.

After the Cure.

Wednesday, June 4th.—Marie Bailly looks like a healthy girl; good appetite; speedy increase in weight, almost a pound. Absolutely flexible abdomen; every tumor gone.

No sign of hysteria; no token of anaesthesia; no diminution of the visual field; no intellectual trouble. In the course of her illness, no symptoms of hysteria had been found anyway, no nervous crises, no depression, no excitement, sweet and calm character.

June 27th.—The last two weeks an increase in weight of twelve pounds; perfect health.

July.—During the second week of July there is no more swelling of the limbs. The sick girl is altogether cured. She gains two pounds a week. General condition perfect. She is modest, calm, fairly bright, very clear memory; speaks of her cure only when questioned; does not play the saint.

August 8th.—Leaves the hospital. Is accepted as novice by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. The doctors since that time took twice or three times a specimen of her blood to make the serodiagnosis of tuberculosis. That reaction has been positive; which proves that Marie Bailly had tuberculosis.

Practically she must be considered as cured. It is hard to conceive what that girl was on May 28th at 2:00 p.m. She was a corpse carried to the piscina. For several years people had watched the evolution of her tuberculosis on the lungs, the brain, and the peritoneum. It was not an acci-

dental consumption, but a hereditary one; her father and mother having died of that disease. Ever since she was thirteen, she had been fighting against the grip of that fell destroyer. Her system was broken down; all the springs were worn—she was dying. The doctors who were in Lourdes then have been pleased to record their impressions on our registers, and we read in our report:

May 28th, 7 P.M.—We have been deeply amazed to behold the girl who was so ill this morning, sitting on her bed, chatting with the nurses, smilingly answering our questions, and to see the enormous swelling of the abdomen completely gone. The tumors which troubled her melted under our eyes; the breathing and the heart had resumed their normal play. It is a sudden, a marvelous cure, a real resurrection.

Dr. Geoffray, of Rive de Gier, adds with his own hand:

"This medical report which I sign is the plain truth; such a serious trouble has never been cured in a few hours as they came to pass here." Dr. Geoffray.
Lourdes, May 29, 1902.

On the morrow of her cure, she took her first bath in thanksgiving. From that day a double guard of stretcher-carriers had to shield her, and she had to be put in a separate room at the hospital The crowd thronged around her, and followed her all over with enthuiastic acclamations.

Marie Bailly at the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

Marie Bailly has been at the novitiate Rue du Bac, Paris, since November, 1902. We saw her there in the middle of the following February. We should never have recognized our patient of the Lyons pilgrimage. Upon leaving Lourdes, she was cured, but she was still pale, weak and staggering. She wore on her countenance the trace of her long suffering. At Paris I found the girl completely transformed. She had gained thirty-six pounds; from seventy-eight pounds she had increased to one hundred and fourteen pounds. Everything in her looks, and her face breathed life and health. In her eyes one could read the brightness of her soul, the novitiate having added that touch of perfection which is the work of grace. With a very sweet voice she gave slow but clear cut answers, striving to overcome her bashfulness, very chary of details, she waited for my questions.

The story of her life is summed up in one word: suffering. She had been sick ever since she was thirteen. It is suffering undoubtedly that merited for her the exceptional grace with which she has been favored. Raised in the shadow of Our Lady of Fourvieres, she had a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the *Memorare* was her prayer of predilection.

She wonders how the thought of Lourdes came to her mind. It was always to our Lady of Fourvieres that she carried her prayers and supplica-

tions. At seventeen she entered the hospital; her condition seemed so bad that the doctors refused to operate on her; the miraculous medal was put around her neck. From the next day she was better, the operation was successful. This first crisis was over.

Later the Lourdes water stopped the course of tubercular meningitis, the issue of which looked fatal. Later again, during a night of horrible suffering, the thought of Lourdes came to her mind; despite the opposition of her family and of those around her, this girl hitherto so submissive and so resigned, displayed an astounding strength of will. She had herself enrolled among the pilgrims and started with the sick of Lyons.

She got well at Lourdes, and the thought of a religious vocation came to her mind and matured. She felt herself called to the Sisters St. Vincent de Paul, to the house where the Blessed Virgin appeared. She became the living witness of the supernatural manifestations which filled the last century; all the successive stages of that divine poem were marked in her cure, from the miraculous medal to the Lourdes bath; her vocation summoned her to the Chapel of Bac Street; the Immaculate Virgin seemed to seal her with the double mark of her apparitions.

Upon my asking her if she wanted to revisit Lourdes, she replied: "Yes, but I may not leave the novitiate." Yet that word Lourdes awakened an emotion which she could ill conceal; she remembered nothing but the grotto; she saw nothing else.

BOULOGNE PILGRIMS.

In the novitiate no notice is taken of her. The other novices are not aware of her having received such a favor; nothing distinguishes her from her companions, and her liveliest desire is to be forgotten. Through the suffering which filled her life; through her love of humility; her desire of remaining hidden, she continues the role of the Bernadettes, whom Our Lady is pleased to reproduce by causing some features of that faithful interpreter of hers to live again in some chosen souls.[1)]

Miss De Franssu.

"The Belgian Pilgrimage," says the *Courrier de l'Escaut*, "has been specially favored by the Blessed Virgin. Four cures have been obtained. The most remarkable is that of Miss Cecilia de Franssu, aged nineteen years, living at the Place de Lille, Tournay.

"Lourdes by dint of seeing thousands upon thousands of sick has its senses somewhat dulled to the extraordinary events which signalize almost daily the grotto of Massabielle. The case of Miss de Franssu, however, enthuses it, and though it occurred but a few hours ago, the cure of this girl is on everybody's lips.

"When thirteen years old, Cecilia de Franssu had a fall which caused a white tumor on the right knee; she came twice to Lourdes, and although markedly improved thereby, she had an operation performed upon herself. She recovered, but the

1) Sister Bailey is now at the Pau Orphanage, directed by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and her health remains perfect.

long rest she had to take developed the germs of a very severe illness, which the physicians thus qualified:

"1. 'Sept. 4, 1905: Cecilia de Franssu suffers since 1904 from tubercular peritonitis, with daily fever and intense pains, necessitating the continual application of ice; the sick girl, unable to leave her bed, can neither sit nor lie on her side; ever on her back, she scarcely takes any nourishment.'

"2. 'Sept. 15th: Chronic peritonitis, the beginning of which goes back eighteen months. This peritonitis offers ordinary symptoms; ice applied to the abdomen.'

"The sick girl traveled on the green train. She was taken from her home at the Tournay station in the portable chair of the police by night watchmen, as she could not be carried any other way. Between Tournay and Mons she fainted several times, and her state appeared so critical at a certain point, that her mother, her sister, and her brother, who accompanied her, almost decided to break off the pilgrimage. At the sufferer's request, however, they went on. It was a dreadful journey. Several times they thought she was dying. To revive her they used morphine.

"At Lourdes her condition grew worse. It was a pitiful sight to see her carried in a stretcher to the grotto, or in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

"On Monday she caught cold, and on Tuesday she could not be carried to the grotto. On Wednesday, with many precautions, they brought her to

the piscina, where she took her first bath. Hitherto, because of her condition, they had simply sponged her. No benefit came from the bath. On the contrary, at a certain hour, in fact, after she returned from the grotto, they believed her dead; the attendants formed a chain around her as though they carried a coffin. During the evening, a dirge was rung. All the pilgrims—ten thousand in number—who had seen the tragical cortege of the sick girl, believed it was her knell. Not at all. She was abed apparently lifeless. Thursday morning, she asked to be taken to the water. At the second bath, she gave a loud scream: 'I am cured.' She rose and stood without help, which she had not been able to do for several years. Led to the Verification Bureau, she was examined by several doctors, particularly by Dr. Boissarie, who noticed the symptoms described by her physicians had disappeared.

"In the afternoon she came in a carriage to the procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the midst of an immense crowd of pilgrims. She paid another visit to the Bureau. Since leaving Tournay, she had taken nothing but water. On Thursday, upon issuing from the bath, she took beef tea and bread. A normal digestion followed.

"She is cured, so a doctor testifies, and there is no way to account for an instantaneous cure of such a severe peritonitis as hers.

"She is now as genial and happy as possible. She stands and sits, which she has been unable to do for a long time. Still quite pale, she speaks

distinctly, her eyes are clear. Her passage from the grotto to the hotel was a triumphant march. Thousands of men and women cheered her singing the *Magnificat*, and shouting the praises of Mary Immaculate. I was with her in the carriage, and I could hardly believe my eyes. The horses of our vehicle galloped through everything over the rails and the horrible paved roads of Lourdes. The driver, wild with enthusiasm, shouted to the crowd: 'She is miraculously healed. Hurrah for Our Lady of Lourdes!' The multitude took up that cry. Handkerchiefs and hats were waving the air. Everybody shed tears.

"The girl smiled as she greeted with both hands those close to her; and she did not experience the least inconvenience from the fantastic rolling of her carriage.

"I saw her the day before, as I said, on a stretcher, her eyes closed, scarcely breathing, transported by carriers who looked like her pall-bearers.

"It is marvelous! This evening she took a full supper of four courses: broth, roast, fried sole, iced dessert. This time also her digestion was normal as this morning.

"Miss de Franssu will return to Tournay Saturday afternoon.

"Here is the most remarkable cure of the week.

"Glory to God! Praise to Mary!"

Accurate information is sent by Dr. Baltus of Lille on Miss de Franssu's cure. The eminent practitioner writes:

Lille, September 29, 1905.

My dear Dr. Boissarie:

I just saw at Tournay Miss de Franssu, who was suddenly cured at Lourdes, during the last Belgian pilgrimage, of a *chronic peritonitis of tubercular nature;* and I have the pleasure of informing you that she keeps on enjoying perfect health.

In his examination of her abdomen, Dr. Moreau, Jr., of Tournay, found no trace of the disease so evident before her pilgrimage.

Besides extreme sensitiveness of the abdomen, which required continual ice applications, there were dryness of the skin, clamminess, alternating spots of dull sound, and of relative percussion not indicating aglutination of the intestines and the presence of an interior hemorrhage. We must mention the keenest intestinal pains caused by the injection of liquid food reduced to a few spoons of vegetable decoctions, later of muscleine, fever of an average intensity, but persisting, gauged by the thermometer. Finally an atrophy of an undescribable character. The sick girl seemed hopelessly lost, and behold her back with us radically healed, and bearing no trace of her former illness. She follows the same diet as her folks, thoroughly digesting the heaviest food.

You may draw your own conclusions.

Dr. Baltus.

P.S.—You are doubtless aware that this girl had undergone some years ago the resection of the knee for white tumor. Her peritonitis was therefore certainly of tubercular nature.

La Riposte of Amiens, under date of October 1st, has the following on the same subject:

"Here are extracts of a letter written to a friend by Miss de Franssu on the very evening of her cure. She authorized us to publish these lines for the Blessed Virgin's glory, and for the conversion of unbelievers."

It is indeed a marvelous lesson of faith and of the supernatural:

"Monday evening at the procession the rain fell in torrents. I was drenched. I was con-

scious only a quarter of an hour between the moment I left the hotel and got back, that is during a space of two hours. Then they put me to bed without my noticing anything, and I remained unconscious, and without pulse for over a half hour. The physician, being scared, gave me a strong hypodermic of ether to make me come to. Everybody thought the end was near, and that I was about to die. I was screaming all day, suffering horribly, notwithstanding the ice applications.

"On Tuesday I did not leave the bed. People stopped my sister on the street inquiring if I was dead, as everybody feared. As to me, since March 25th, the day the Blessed Virgin made me think of going to Lourdes, I always prayed that I might die as soon as possible, if it were God's will. There again I ceaselessly asked to die; but if God did not want me now—well that the Blessed Virgin might heal me to enable me to do some good around me, particularly to convert unbelievers.

"Yesterday, Wednesday, the day was detestable. That day and Monday were days of intense suffering, past all expression. I begged to be put into the bath, despite the opposition of mamma, who could not bear the idea of it, and who was dying with fear. Six ladies let me down into the bath on a sheet. I felt as though I was dying; then I became unconscious the moment the icy water touched me. When I came to, a long time afterwards, I suffered frightfully. At the evening procession I was still worse, and when I got back to the hotel at dusk they were very much afraid.

"Now I am going to describe this grand and ever-memorable day. As I arose at 6 a.m. to go to Holy Communion, I had boundless confidence. I could not leave Lourdes without improvement that the Blessed Virgin could not allow.

"I cannot tell you how the French and the Belgian pilgrims prayed for my cure. How many Communions were offered for me here? There were Masses for me here every morning from five till six, which were attended by large crowds. At the hospital the sick and those miraculously cured were asked to pray for me; there also certain priests at times requested prayers for me while showing me to the crowd, and then it was most touching to see the people praying for me so fervently with their arms extended. One must have spent the last days here to have an idea of what it was.

"After I received Holy Communion at the grotto, they led me to the piscina. I was actually dying. They bathed me twice in succession. The first bath caused me horrible pain. Every bone in my body cracked. The second time I felt but a slight pain, which soon passed away; then I felt well, and I cried out: 'I'm healed. Thanks to Our Lady of Lourdes!' I got up in the water as in a coffin with my shroud. They were praying close to me: it was admirable. Mamma and M. L. were sobbing. I scrambled out of the tub alone, and I dressed myself standing. No more suffering. The enormous swelling of my abdomen was gone, as also the dropsy I had on both sides. They suggested to me to remain on the stretcher, and to

pretend to be asleep, in order not to arouse the enthusiasm of the multitude. No one needed be told what had happened. All could read it in our radiant faces. They saw that I no longer choked nor fainted. I looked well, though I was dying a while ago. The carriers wept with emotion. You can scarcely believe how those good men are moved, how they weep and pray. How touching and edifying!

"It was 9 a.m. when I was healed. On return-

ARLESIANS AT THE GROTTO.

ing to the hotel at 10:30 a.m. I was famished. For six days I had taken nothing but water of Lourdes. I relished beef broth and bread. No inconvenience followed.

"After breakfast, two Belgian doctors came and examined me very carefully, and found no trace of my illness. They could touch and rub my abdomen

without causing any pain. I went out at three o'clock, this time seated in a little carriage, free from all pain. I returned to bathe near the grotto, I undressed on a chair, took my bath unassisted; and needed no help to leave and enter the carriage.

"At the Bureau also at 3:30 p.m. three more physicians carefully examined me, and Dr. Boissarie made his inquiries. I answered all questions without fear and without fatigue, but most happy to proclaim Our Lady's power. As I left the hotel, there was an immense crowd shouting, weeping and singing. Twenty carriers warded off the throngs eager to touch me with their beads. I was constrained to take flight into the Holy Rosary Church, the doors of which were closed upon me. There we sang a thrilling *Magnificat.*

"At six o'clock I was escorted back to Dr. Boissarie. The crowd would hardly let me pass. There before a numerous assembly the history of my sickness and the certificates issued before and after my cure were read.

"As I left his office, Dr. Boissarie procured a two horse carriage to save me from the crowd which would have crushed me for joy. The people sang 'Magnificat.' 'Hurrah for Our Lady of Lourdes!'

"Shortly after I was cured, a sick Protestant gentleman to whose prayers they had recommended me, abjured his errors in the basilica, and offered his first Holy Communion for me on the morrow."

Chapter V.

Gargam, Mail Clerk, Crushed in Railway Accident.

The Accident.

On December 17, 1899, Gargam, traveling mail clerk, set out on his run in the flyer, leaving Bordeaux at 10:30 p.m. His car was the last but one of the train. Between Bordeaux and Angouléme the flyer had to slacken its speed, the engine being in bad condition. Notwithstanding his efforts, the engineer kept losing ground. At last at the upgrade of Livernant, a few kilometers from Angouléme, the train stopped. Impossible to go further.

Meanwhile, at ten minutes' interval, the express pulled out of Bordeaux, and was following the flyer closely. "We had scarcely stopped," says Gargam, "when we heard a dull, frightening noise, which was nearing us at lightning speed. It was the express coming at the rate of fifty miles an hour and bound to crush us.

"It was past midnight. A few seconds hardly elapsed when our cars were telescoped, and reduced to splinters. We were thrown upon the side of the track like bits of straw. I was pitched thirty feet to the bottom of a slope, and buried in the snow.

"One of my companions who was warming himself at the hot stove just then, for it was very cold, disappeared in the midst of the stove and of the coal. All my reminiscences stopped upon hearing the dreadful noise which approached us.

The shock was so violent as to deprive me of my senses; from that moment I was unconscious.

"We were four employees; one is dead, two others were, it appears, permanently injured; and I lay many hours buried in the snow. It was nearly 7 a.m. when they found me. I gave no signs of life. Towards ten o'clock I arrived at the depot of Angouléme with the other wounded.

"They took me straight to the hospital. In what plight? I was covered with bruises and wounds, and I could not move. I came to rather late in the afternoon. For thirteen days I could not take any nourishment; I sucked a few slices of oranges. That was all.

"On January 1st I ate an egg, and I began to take very little nourishment, just enough to keep from starving, but too little to regain strength. Soon they noticed that I was quite paralyzed from the waist to the feet. Besides I could not raise my head; the least movement caused me to vomit. I had a dull pain in the region of the kidneys. The intellect alone survived in me."

The Hospital.

Dr. Decressac, Angouléme hospital physician, daily visited the wounded man. After much hesitation he decided to try bathing him. The shock caused thereby made him worse; he could no longer swallow anything owing to the inflammatory constriction of the throat.

In August, eight months after the accident, he had to be fed by a tube. It was an incessantly

renewed suffering. The tube could be inserted but once a day, and the sick man took nothing for twenty-four hours. Towards the last he even succeeded in being spared the tube on Sundays. He tried on that day to swallow some mouthfuls of beaf tea and milk. He kept growing weaker and thinner. During the last four months wounds formed on both feet—ugly looking wounds—a kind of gangrene of the extremities.

Thus the dreadful shock, which was sufficient to kill him, had upset his whole system so that not one function could resume its play, and at his extremities, a kind of local death commenced invading his organism. The marrow and the tissues had undergone such an attrition that they seemed to disorganize themselves; and whereas a gradual improvement should have set in, as time wore on since the accident, the patient's condition daily grew worse.

Dr. Decressac concluded in his certificate that he had a disease of the marrow which would gradually bring about death; he gave up the notion of paralysis by compression of the marrow and of hysteria produced by wounds, that is nervous troubles caused by the accident. The doctors were divided between these three suppositions.

The patient felt a very keen pain on a level with the second lumbar vertebra of the loins, especially when one pressed on that point; and Dr. Tessier, second hospital physician, thought it was a compression of the marrow which entailed a contraction

of the legs. He proposed at the last moment the trepanation of the spine.

Finally several doctors thought there was no lesion, but one of those ill-defined nervous states which follow great injuries; at this point those nervous states constitute an illness for which there is no remedy, and which is generally fatal. "What matters the label," said a surgeon of the hospital, as he saw Gargam rise before us like a spectre, "in these conditions the injury is everywhere, and the system is unable to retrieve itself." At all events if the doctors fail to agree on the nature of the illness, they are unanimous in recognizing that the man is doomed to an incurable illness, and to approximate death.

More than ten doctors visited Gargam. Besides the hospital physicians, the Orleans Railway Company and the Postal administration delivered thoroughly studied reports before Angouléme and Bordeaux courts.

In the debates which followed each other, there was difference of opinion only regarding the amount of indemnity. Everybody acknowledged that Gargam's state was beyond the resources of medical art, and the Orleans Company had agreed to pay a very high pension—they had in fact offered 3,000 francs annuity—it was because, in all likelihood, Gargam could not survive long.

In the verdict rendered by the Bordeaux court, you must remember this paragraph: "This accident has reduced Gargam to the most pitiable state, and has made of him a real human wreck, in which the

intellect alone has not been extinguished. Stricken in his prime, Gargam sees his career broken, and his hopes of a bright future blasted. Henceforth he will need near him at least two persons of sufficient skill to give him day and night the very delicate care indispensable to his preservation."

Life was thus attacked in its vitals. Those frightful shocks produce such deep commotions that the whole system is disorganized.

Gargam has been now between eighteen and twenty months in the hospital. He grows weaker day by day. He cannot swallow; not only is his emaciation extreme, but the muscles of his legs have extremely wasted; he measures only eight inches in circumference at the level of the calves. Wounds have spontaneously formed at both feet, it is a sort of gangrene, or local asphyxia, it is approaching death which is gradually getting a hold on him.

In full possession of his intellect, Gargam witnessed that work of decomposition going on within him. He was thirty-one years old. All dream of the future was to be given up. He had made very thorough studies, having attended the higher postal school five years. He wanted to reach the top of the ladder; and lo! the horizon suddenly closed before him. He became disgusted with life.

Raised in a lyceum, he had not for fifteen years set foot in a church; not one religious sentiment survived in him. The hospital Sister Superior often knelt in prayer at the foot of his bed, but all that left him cold and rather bothered him.

The first weeks the Rev. hospital director called on him, but Gargam reiterated to the priest that he did not believe, and little by little the priest stopped his visits. People often spoke to him of Lourdes, but that name meant nothing to him. It was a superstition he scorned.

In August his illness reached a crisis. The foot wounds assumed a bad character. Dr. Tessier insisted that the trepanation of the spine be done; the only means, in his opinion, to loosen the marrow. Then to escape the operation, Gargam decided to leave the hospital, as Saintes, a cousin physician, advised him to do.

If he was to die, he wanted to see his family again, get out of that bed and of that ward, which recalled such bad days to his memory. Friends suggested to him a pilgrimage to Lourdes. He took his inscription. This was a means to get out of the hospital.

August 15th was almost at hand. He cannot make the preparatory novena. For three days they pray around him, and he tries to join in those prayers. He makes his confession and on the 16th receives the Blessed Sacrament with a very small particle of the Sacred Host, for he has the greatest trouble to swallow. He would have preferred to put off Holy Communion till after his arrival in Lourdes, as grace had not yet touched him, and everything was rather confused in his mind.

A MAN CURED OF AN EIGHT YEAR'S LAMENESS CAUSED BY A RUPTURE OF THE VERTEBRAL COLUMN.

The Pilgrimage—The Cure.

The journey bristled with difficulties. For twenty months Gargam has been bedfast, incapable of rising or making any movement. A stretcher is prepared of the size of a car-door, in order to take it on and off the train. Gargam is stretched on that board as on a bed. His nurse and three other persons go along, taking with them the tube to feed him. He thus reaches Lourdes with the national pilgrimage on August 20th at six o'clock a.m. They carry him straight to the grotto; still fasting, he receives a little particle of the Sacred Host; for swallowing remains quite painful. He feels a tingling in his legs which have been paralyzed so long—transient and incomplete symptom, which is not followed by any lasting improvement.

But a more important change has come over him. Yielding to his mother's wishes he undertook the pilgrimage, as stated above, to escape the hospital. Many prayers had been said for him: (his aunt is a religious of the Sacred Heart, and his cousin a Poor Clare of the Orthez Monastery.) Still he remained untouched by all that was done for him. On reaching Lourdes, his mother shows him a crucifix and bids him say a prayer. Gargam pretends not to hear her, and turns to the other side; his soul is still closed to grace.

But lo! After Holy Communion an unspeakable emotion thrills him. He wants to pray; but the words fail to reach his lips; his sobs choke him. What a vision has he been favored with? Instead

of the few vestiges of a very incomplete and long since forgotten Christian education, there is a full and complete intuition of Catholic truth. Faith takes possession of him and transports him. Oh! with what love he raises his eyes towards the Blessed Virgin!

From this moment dates his cure, more astonishing cure than that which will be made later in the body.

What spell clings to this blessed grotto? For nearly fifty years, the world kneels before it, and if we can count the sick who rose up under Mary's eyes who shall count the more numerous and loftier graces? The diseases of the soul, under their most various forms, find there the supreme remedy. It appears that from that rock fly off burning shafts which heal the wounded hearts, and awaken sleeping consciences.

Gargam has just been touched by that heavenly dart. His illness, his suffering, his twenty months' hospital sojourn, had taught him nothing. Now he is shaken to his innermost soul. Suddenly everything assumes another aspect. Unknown hopes color his future All the visions of beyond light up his mind. The impression he felt at the grotto dominates all the remembrances of his pilgrimage: his cure, the great scenes of the procession, the crowds who followed him everywhere, all that is wiped out by the unparalleled grace which then burst upon him in its fullness.

Yet he must tear himself from these emotions, and return to the hospital. He must still be nour-

ished by the tube, and be carried on a board; illness keeps him in its cruel grip; he is still a human wreck, in which the intellect alone abides unclouded.

About two o'clock p.m. they carry him to the piscina, and they lower him into the water on his plank; for he must be kept quite rigid. He experiences a great calm. He prays with fervor and with a loud voice. But there is no cure as yet.

At four o'clock he is lying by the roadside of the procession, paler and weaker. The fatigue of the journey and the emotions of the day have exhausted him. He scarcely gives any sign of life, and anon he loses consciousness; his features utterly change, he turns blue and cold. Some men take a hold of his stretcher to carry him away, but his nurse interferes: "If he die," said he, "I will cover his head, and no one will notice him." After all, how could they pierce that double row of thirty thousand people thronged around Rosary Church? Meanwhile Gargam opens his eyes and comes to. He thinks the procession is over, and he is overwhelmed with sadness. But soon he hears the acclamations; he tries to raise himself on his elbows but falls back; he strives to rise once more, but they stop him. "That will do for today," they tell him, "Tomorrow you'll be happier—you'll obtain your cure." But he, raising himself a third time, cried out: "Help me," to those around him. By and by he is standing and he walks a few steps behind the Blessed Sacrament, but he has neither clothes nor shoes; so they hold him back, and put him on the

stretcher. He is cured. The paralysis is gone; he has recovered freedom of movement. Henceforth he shall no longer need the tube to feed himself; he is no more that corpse which they wanted to hide a while ago. He is a man raised to life with a beaming face, who must be withdrawn from the ovations of the crowd.

He is cured, but he still keeps the visible marks of his illness, that mixture of light and shadow which will allow us to follow the cure in its rapid progress.

An English journalist, Hebrew correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, thus describes his cure at the passage of the Blessed Sacrament:

"The golden ostensorium glistened in the rays of the burning sun, when from the lips of a man stretched on a pallet an inarticulate cry broke forth, and from the mouth of a woman close to the litter an exclamation stifled by sobs: 'Holy Mother of God, I thank you!'

"The man stretched on the board took a hold of its sides with his hands, which looked like claws, so thin were they, and with a convulsive movement, he rose up and sat on his couch.

" 'Help me,' he sighed, while two big tears ran down his emaciated cheeks to his beard: 'I can walk; I feel it.' Eager hands helped him to his feet, and he stood there before us as one raised from the dead, without hat and without trousers, clad only in a night shirt and a bath-robe. 'Let me walk,' he cried out with a strange and hollow voice. 'Hear him, hear him,' sobbed the mother.

For the last twenty months he had not been able to speak aloud. And at the sight of the thousands of onlookers massed on either side of the procession, that human wreck whose legs were thin as the rollers of a pastry baker, and whose feet were but a mass of wounds, took five faltering steps on his gown, which they had removed from him, that he might use it as a carpet, and he fell back exhausted into arms that were ready to receive him.

"I followed him as he was carried to the hospital in the midst of the crowd.

"For many months he could speak only at rare intervals, and from the hips to the feet his body was quite rigid, insensible to the red hot iron which the physicians used on him at times.

"This morning the wounds of his feet, which were discharging yesterday, are almost entirely cured. There is some color in the face, and he speaks quite plain.

"Mr. Gargam told us at the Medical Bureau, where he was being examined, that his faith dated only from his cure."

Gargam's entry to the Verification Office is one of the most remarkable incidents we have witnessed. Sixty doctors surrounded us, hospital physicians, clinic professors, foreign men of medicine, many newspaper correspondents, some convinced, others unbelievers.

Gargam arrives on his stretcher, wrapped in a long bath robe, followed by his mother, his nurse, and several hospital attendants. He rose up before us, looking like a specter, only his big staring eyes

are alive in that emaciated, colorless face. He is bald, he is an old man, and yet he has not reached his thirty-second year. Around us excitement runs high, and questions cross each other in all directions. We are constrained to put off his examination to the following day. Throngs invade our office, and well-nigh break our doors.

The next day our Bureau cannot hold the crowd of doctors who pack it. They jump on benches, and on chairs; they nearly crush each other. Gargam enters, no longer on his stretcher, but dressed prim in a new suit, which has been bought for him. His Angouléme lawyer is with him. The wounds of his feet, which were still raw yesterday and discharging copiously, close under their eyes. He walks without much difficulty. He relates in a very clear manner all the details of his illness. He tells us that yesterday evening he could for the first time discard his tube and eat like other people. He passed an excellent night. He is extremely emaciated. He has no more muscle. He is a walking skeleton. In a few days his body will have regained over twenty pounds in weight, and his legs over four inches in circumference. But from the first hour he astonishes everybody by what he can stand. The crowd eager to see him, continually assails him, the reporters are ever at his side; the stretcher carriers act as sentinels around him to defend him against the curious, but their efforts prove powerless. Gargam answers everyone quite coolly and without ever tiring. Prof. Desplat, of Lille, questions him lengthily, and

dictates a very detailed report. He finds no lesion; he inclines to the hypothesis of a nervous commotion caused by the accident; but the wounds of his feet, which scar under peoples' eyes, form a material, visible and tangible lesion. To interpret well this cure one must have seen that wretch lying on his plank; he was in his agony, scarcely breathing. In a few seconds he passed from death to life. That sudden recovery is above the forces of nature, and upsets all scientific theories. With a sick man worn out by many months of suffering, all symptoms get mixed up in the convulsions of the end; one cannot find the initial lesion. Here the lesion was double. A violent shock had thrown back a lumbar vertebra which pressed the marrow, and caused the paralysis of the whole lower part of the body, the atrophy of the legs, and blood poison in the extremities. After the cure we still observed phenomena of the compression of the marrow. He could hardly walk; his limbs were emaciated. Through radiography one can determine exactly the degree of displacement of the lumbar vertebra. The illness seems to leave its signature. The second lesion, which was more extensive, came from the dreadful shock caused by the accident, and seemed to have overthrown all the organs, so as to deprive them of their functions. Not only the cure must astonish us, the manner it was wrought is still more astounding.

Gargam's homeward journey caused much excitement.

As soon as the news of his resurrection spread

in the stations of the Orleans division, his name flew from mouth to mouth; it was a real event for everybody, from the last employee to the station-master. An inspector who had shrugged his shoulders upon seeing him taken out of the train at Lourdes in such a pitiable plight, was amazed upon hearing of his cure.

To realize the sensation caused by that extraordinary event, we have but to read the reports sent from Lourdes to the papers. We find them reproduced in the *Annals* and in the *Journal of the Grotto of Lourdes* of September, 1906.

Gargam's cure was acknowledged by a physician whose judgment is above suspicion. The former wrote us: "There are in Paris a great many certificates of sworn physicians attesting my hopeless state. On the day after the miracle I wrote announcing my cure. To be fully informed, the goverment officials sent me back to their sworn physicians.

"The narration of my cure at Lourdes strongly biased him against me. True, he is one of the foremost of the Radical Socialist council of the city. He bade me resume my work at once, and place myself at the disposal of the administration. That was tantamount to declaring me healed. I knew it. I had already gained twenty-four pounds in the weight of my body, and over four inches in the circumference of my legs. But I wanted for personal motives to get my furlough prolonged, and come into contact with the department. I wished also, in the interest of truth, to explain

orally to the under-secretary of the post office the miracle wrought in my behalf.

"I went forthwith to Paris. I related to the vice-secretary of State how the paralysis of my body and the wounds of my feet vanished at Lourdes. I told him that I was like a skeleton, and that my recovery had been steady and permanent. He smiled, but he was quite pleasant. I asked him to find out through the filed records the lamentable state in which I had been for twenty months, to see how, up to a short time ago, I was doomed to an imminent death.

"The vice-secretary of State granted me all I asked; besides, my director and my inspectors have been very kind. I brought along from my journey the certainty that there are with the post office department many certificates which declare my hopeless condition. My death was looked for day by day at the offices of the Southwestern Line, and upon the arrival of every black-bordered letter, it was said: 'Gargam is dead.' "

That cure is one of the most remarkable we have ever observed. Over sixty physicians examined Gargam; all, believers or infidels, came to the same conclusion. Upon seeing that corpse rising before their eyes, they acknowledged that his instantaneous resurrection upset all the data of science.

The Jewish correspondent of the English *Daily Mail*, his colleagues of *La Croix*, the *Journal*, and the *Univers*, were unanimous in their expressions of surprise and admiration, nor could a free-thinker

repress a cry of amazement. Never have we come across such unanimity.

This fact was bound to produce a deep sensation. It drew more attention to the supernatural side of the cures of Lourdes. Along with Gargam not a few blind, consumptives, and cancer stricken were cured. The year 1901 opened with a pilgrimage of from 50,000 to 60,000 men, and closed with the magnificent feast of the consecration of Holy Rosary Church, with twenty-six bishops, patriarchs and cardinals in attendance. The Holy Father had by letters Apostolic invoked the whole world to those great solemnities; never is a Lourdes pilgrimage more numerous and more splendid; the procession of the Blessed Sacrament filled every inch of ground of the Rosary Church square, and extended beyond the crowned statue of Our Lady.

We counted 360 physicians at our Verification Office, the greatest number we have ever had. Under our eyes, unforeseen and long-wished for alliances were made. Among Catholic doctors there was no difference of opinion. The Catholic medical staff of Lille had sent us three hospital physicians to help us; its professors directed our debates, and dictated our reports.

The Paris St. Luke Society put the cures of Lourdes upon its order of the day, and Dr. Lafur read a very careful paper on that subject.

Chapter VI.

Coxalgies and Pott's Disease.

Sister Justinian, White Sister of Brittany, Cured of Coxalgia on September 15, 1904—Miss Clement, of Agen, Suffering from Coxalgia for Seventeen Years, Cured September 17, 1903—Miss Mary Teresa Noblet, Affected with Pott's disease, Cured August 31, 1905.

Sister Justinian.

Here follows the record made by the Sisters in the bulletin of their Order:

"We are all the happier over our dear Sister Justinian's cure, because while considering it, we looked beyond her person.

"In our days when duty is often harder to know than to fulfill, our beloved community is often in anguish. Is it in the line of Providence? Is God pleased with it, its efforts, its struggles, and its attitude? Does Mary smile upon its intentions?

"To know this we sent to Lourdes a poor little sheet of paper, very thin, very frail, our dear Sister Justinian; and we said, and she with us, 'Virgin of Lourdes, kindly answer. Tell us whether you are pleased with us.' And behold, this frail sheet comes back to us, bearing Mary's luminous approbation, signed by her power, covered with the initials of her goodness; and behold why we are moved, and why the *Magnificat* bursts from our quivering lips.

"Under that charming form, our venerated Father repeated a while ago the cry which rose up yesterday at the hallowed grotto, the moment when Mary's blessed hand laid upon our dear Sister

Justinian, restored her to life and health. How did that marvelous change take place? How did that motionless body, rigid with pain for the last three years, suddenly recover suppleness and vigor?

"'How did He open your eyes?' asked the skeptics of that time of the man born blind, whom Jesus had cured—'That man, called Jesus,

WHITE SISTERS OF BRITTANY.

rubbed my eyes, bade me go to wash my eyes in the fountain Siloe. I went, I washed myself, and I see.'

"'I went to Lourdes,' answers in her turn our happy miracle-crowned Sister. 'I bathed in that marvelous water, and I am cured.'

"And the *Magnificat* still continues, and the thrill of enthusiasm, of holy joy, and of loving gratitude keeps on shaking the White Family of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Virgin.

"In all our houses of Brittany, and abroad, resounds the cry heard at the grotto of Lourdes, 'Sister Justinian is healed! *Magnificat!*'

"Without pretending to fathom the secrets of Heaven, let us strive to satisfy the legitimate curiosity of our Sisters and of our friends. By relating the fact, as we gather it from the lips of the happy pilgrim, the object of Mary's tender love, we shall give glory to Our Lady, and perhaps we shall increase in some souls the piety, and the filial confidence towards her who never was invoked in vain."

When we think how those Sisters defended their schools at the peril of their lives, and called forth the admiration of the whole of France, it is touching to see them ask themselves whether they fulfilled their duty.

"It was to the month of November, 1901, almost to the morrow of her profession, that the illness of our dear sister Justinian goes back. A very severe pleurisy, which was overcome by intelligent and devoted care, left the patient in an alarming state of weakness. Very soon she felt a keen pain at the right hip, her leg became numb, and Dr. du Conquet urged that, as she was henceforth incapable of moving about, she should be transported to the mother-house as soon as possible.

"The journey was quite painful. Having reached the infirmary in January, 1902, Sister felt that she had to resign herself to lying perfectly still. Besides, while her pains increased, the affected limb soon became so deformed that the doctors

strove to remedy it by putting her foot in a plaster cast. Soon it became evident that this medical precaution was insufficient; the whole leg and even the hip had to be incased. While doing this the doctor stated that his object was to immobilize the articulation, and thus to dull the steadily increasing pain which tortured the poor patient.

"For nineteen months, she had worn that apparatus which could not be removed, even for a few moments without causing her very keen pain. Moreover, her limb became so strangely deformed that the unincased hip bent forward, the articulation of the knee produced a distention which did away with the projection of the knee-cap and her foot, bent back in the shape of a circle, brought the big toe close to the heel. In a word, there was a complete distortion of the bone-frame, and with that a steady decline of strength, the sick person being unable either to feed herself, or to digest the little nourishment she took.

"Our dear Sister was in that plight, when her aunt, a second mother, Mrs. Lenormant of Lannion, proposed to her to join the Lourdes' pilgrimage.

" 'It was not the first time that my aunt proposed to me to go to Lourdes,' so our healed Sister related to us, 'but up to this time I had always declined her offer, as I lacked confidence to obtain a miracle. This year I did not hesitate a moment. On the contrary, I said at once: "Yes, I'll go to Lourdes, and I shall be cured or I shall die there. For it is sure I shall not return thence in the condition I go there."'

"The approbation of our revered Mother having been secured, the physician, quite opposed at first to her undertaking the journey, but won by the winsome solicitations of his patient, thought of devising a means of transportation which would dull the shaking of the cars, and the fatigues of the journey. A sort of wicker basket was made. She was put into it, and on Monday, September 12th, the train which was to take her to Lourdes left St. Brieuc.

" 'Take care,' had said the Sister nurse, before the journey was decided on, for she knew to what tortures the dear sufferer was going to expose herself. 'Look out, for, once on our way, we shall not return on our steps, we shall go to Lourdes,' 'Sister Anna Philomena was quite right in telling me that,' says now the dear healed one, 'for carrying me from the mother-house to the station broke me all up, and the train had not yet reached the Rennes station when I felt like begging to be taken back to St. Brieuc.'

"We judge therefrom how painful was the trip between St. Brieuc and Lourdes. What tortures for the poor nun! What uneasiness and what anguish for those who escorted her. Upon arriving at Lourdes, notwithstanding her state of suffering, the patient asked to be carried at once to the piscina. A spoiled child of the Blessed Virgin, feeling to what length may go filial confidence in Mary, she had chosen the bathing place to be the scene of her cure, and in the bottom of her heart she felt that her prayer was heard. The two first

baths, however, only increased her pain. It was the trial through which Our Lady caused her client to pass, and the climax was put to this ordeal, when on Wednesday evening the dear sufferer was not allowed to enter the water. We must not blame the devoted guardians of the grotto. They saw her exhausted and writhing with pain after the previous immersions, and besides, as I just stated, the trial entered into the designs of the Immaculate Virgin. Pained, doubtless, but not discouraged, Sister Justinian re-entered the hospital of the Seven Sorrows. 'I shall be cured tomorrow,' she kept on repeating, 'Tomorrow at the bath you'll see.' Delighted with such confidence, the Sisters around her redoubled their supplications to the Blessed Virgin.

"On Thursday morning, on the octave of Our Lady's Nativity, a new effort was made to get the White Sister in her wicker basket admitted to the piscina. A heavy shower was falling, which, despite all precautions, drenched the white couch. But at Lourdes the rain does not trouble the sick any more than the other pilgrims; the prayers, the singing, the stations at the hallowed grotto, and at the bathing place are not affected by it. Thus Sister Justinian resigned herself to the shower, and patiently, pious and confident, she awaited her turn.

"I cannot say whether the good women who bathed the sick ladies were not tempted to look askance upon seeing the poor sufferer again, so much time and caution were required to plunge

that rigid and sensitive body into the miraculous water. Three persons on either side hardly sufficed. Nevertheless, with much graciousness, and pushed as it were by the blessed hand of the Immaculate Virgin, whose hour had come, they take hold of the sick nun, and, while repeating pious invocations, dip her into the sacred fountain. A strange pain then broke out in her right hip and on her leg. The patient feels herself growing weak. 'Replunge me into the water,' she cries out, 'I'm gone.' Suddenly her pain ceased. Without knowing how she managed it, the sick nun was seated. The miracle was wrought. Joy welled up in the hearts, and from the lips came the *Magnificat.* 'Sister dear, stretch yourself out on the couch, else it will be impossible to go through the crowd,' so advised the ladies, as they saw the healed nun carried away from them. 'But the more I endeavored to stretch out, the more that miraculous force which raised me in the bath, kept me upright,' said Sister Justinian, when relating her cure. Thus she could not help crossing in that position the serried ranks of the pilgrims who thronged around the piscina.

"Did any surmise the miracle? Did the happy nun's transfigured countenance suggest that she had been favored by Mary's goodness? At all events the word was uttered. Before the dear miracle-crowned was through with her prayer of thanksgiving at the grotto, her couch was besieged by large throngs which the sick carriers could scarcely ward off, to take her to the Verification

Bureau. The news of the White Sister's cure spread like lightning through the crowds of pilgrims and the whole town of Lourdes: '*The White Sister is cured*!' The other White Sisters were besieged, and a thousand blessings went up to Our Lady of Lourdes, and in a thousand ways was reiterated the charming word of our father director: 'The congregation of the White Sisters received at Lourdes a letter of approbation. Our Lady signed it: *Magnificat!*'

"Meanwhile, he, whom the people called 'Mary's doctor,' was carefully examining the sick nun. He sounded the immobile member and at length declared that Mary had done what she was asked to do. 'You can't walk,' he added, 'but after all it is not the Blessed Virgin's business to teach her sick how to walk.' 'You can't walk, Sister,' repeated in turn the two physicians of St. Brieuc, who, after having followed the course of the illness, followed with intense interest the progress of the cure, 'but it would be foolish to deny the supernatural in your cure.'

"Let us hasten to add that day by day, and, in fact, hour by hour, the progress of the cure is evident: the knee has resumed its normal form; the scab which had formed itself on the leg, in consequence of the long and perpetual contact with the cast, has almost wholly fallen; the color has returned to the skin, and, at last, at the moment at which I finish this narrative, all Sister Justinian needs to walk around her large sick room, is just a little help. And she re-enters, after three years,

the garden alleys, where she learns to walk like a child who feels his legs grow stronger day by day.

"The surgeon himself acknowledged that, supposing that there had been no hip-disease with stiffness of the joints, and deformity of the lower member (I am quoting the certificate handed Dr. Boissarie at Lourdes) the fact of having dwelt in a plaster cast for nineteen months, would long hinder the nimblest person from walking. True, it would not have cost the Immaculate Virgin more to work all at once the complete miracle; but if she chooses to let us taste her divine benefits leisurely and slowly, what have we to say? Is this not a new proof of her motherly tenderness towards us? Is it not an additional reason to redouble our love, our gratitude, and our confidence in her?

"Thus while men of science examine and discuss—they have the right and the duty to do so—are not the best ascertained miracles the most discussed? Our thanksgiving keeps mounting to thee, O Mary, Immaculate Virgin, who hast deigned to smile upon us, to cheer and console us. The *Magnificat*, that hymn of love and gratitude, which fell from thy blessed lips, was sung with the greatest enthusiasm, on the evening of that blessed day, September 15th, in the bright chapel of our mother-house upon the return of the happy miracle-crowned nun."

Sister St. A.———

St. Brieuc, September 20, 1904.

The sick certificate drawn up by the Sister's two doctors leaves no doubt regarding the nature of her illness.

Sister Justinian, of the Daughters of the Holy Ghost (White Sisters of Brittany), who was cured last year of a tubercular hip-disease, came back to Lourdes this year in thanksgiving. She gave us the following certificate signed by two physicians who treated her for many years:

Manifestly tubercular antecedents.—November, 1901: pleurisy with vomiting at Conquet (Finistére Department). During convalescence, pains at the level of the lumbar vertebræ, which caused the attending physician to fear an incipient caries. Then suddenly, the pain ceases in that region, and localizes itself in the hip at the level of the right coxo-femoral articulation. The patient, examined by two colleagues, is ordered to keep still (to avoid fatigue) because of an incipient coxalgia. Notwithstanding the prohibition, she walked a little with a stick, leaning on a chair. At this moment, the thigh turns around on the inside.

Sister Justinian arrives at St. Brieuc in September, 1902. Then the thigh presented the following characteristics: Flexion, adduction, outside rotation. The foot is thrown altogether inside; the knee likewise. The contraction is so strong that the two inferior members are to be separated by means of cotton cushions to avoid chafing. Walking is impossible. The movements very painful.

October, 1902, first plaster cast, enclosing first the foot, then, two weeks later, the knee.

February 14, 1903, Dr. Nimier called in consultation, confirms the diagnosis of hip-disease. They chloroform the sick nun, and put her in a new plaster cast. At this moment no more pain. All attempts to remove the cast were useless, the pains and the contraction necessitating its steady use. The Sister grows weak, the sick member becomes atrophied.

In this condition Sister Justinian set out for Lourdes in September, 1904, after nineteen months' confinement in a plaster cast. Being very light, she was stretched out in a wicker basket, and thus made the journey.

Upon her return from Lourdes she is examined. The pain at the level of the coxo-femoral joint is quite gone. All movements are free, and the sick joint seems as healthy as the other. Still

there remains a little stiffness at the knee and at the foot, and the Sister can not quite stretch out her leg. She weighs seventy pounds. She can sit down freely, and walk with a stick, the atrophied leg being without strength. I see the Sister now and then; her improvement continues; the atriculation of the leg is as free as formerly. She regains strength. She walks freely now, without pain, and can run even. She eats well, and weighs eighty-eight pounds. There is just a little stiffness left at the level of the knee. Everything points to a speedy, complete recovery.

Dr. Hery,
St. Brieuc, September 10, 1904. Dr. Nimier

At present Sister Justinian is altogether cured, and her general condition is excellent.

Miss Clement.

Suffering from Coxalgia for Seventeen Years.
Healed September 17, 1903.

Miss Clement, daughter of General Clement, has been for seventeen years ill of coxalgia with lesions of the bones. She came to Lourdes with the diocesan pilgrimage of Agen on September 15, 1903.

She thus describes her journey to us:

"The closer came the time of the Lourdes' pilgrimage, the worse I grew, as if God had wanted to try our faith, and especially that of my parents. As to myself, unshaken in my conviction, I had no desire but to submit to God's will.

"On the eve of my departure, my friends came to bid me goodbye, and the doctor examined my poor leg. I suffered much that day, and everybody thought I was somewhat crazy, so peculiar are a sick person's whims. On handing me his certificate, Dr. de Nazaris said: 'It is folly. Put off

your departure for a few days.' 'No,' said I, 'so much the better if it is folly, we shall see God's work all the better. I am going.' On Tuesday, September 15th, after a horrible night, my parents, feeling as blue as possible, had me taken to the train. All who saw me pass carried on the arms of two laborers said aloud: 'If that one comes back cured, I'll believe.' Do they believe? I am unaware.

"The journey was very painful. The nun and my friend, Miss L., had to hold me up on their arms, as every jar made me scream with pain. At five o'clock p.m. I arrived at Lourdes, broken down; I fainted the first time when they took me out of the cars, again on my litter, and the third time upon reaching the hotel. I suffered so much that they could not touch me before seven o'clock to put me to bed. Yet during the whole distance from the station to the hotel, my devoted carrier, the reverend parish priest, Roux, walked most carefully. At that time, I was a real human rag, without thought, and without desire. I knew I was in Lourdes, and yet scarcely a prayer came to my lips. The next morning three persons were required to carry me to a little carriage. Upon our arrival at the grotto, Mass was about to begin. As I received Holy Communion, the Life and the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ have really regenerated me; my legs shivered quite a while, but I had no pain. I was quite sure then that Jesus had just healed me. I felt new life within me, and

grew stronger every moment, but I could not yet walk.

"Just then, hundreds of leagues away from me, a relative of mine had a revelation of my cure. My uncle, Father Victor, a Norbertine, in exile at Dinant, Belgium, said Mass for me at eight o'clock. At the moment of the elevation he saw me walking, cured and restored to my family. After his Mass, he told Father Abbot what had happened to him; nor was anyone surprised at the Abbey at the telegram bringing the good news."

About 3:30 o'clock they came for her to take part in the procession; being one of the sick, she was placed in one of the last carriages on the right. The invocations went heavenwards:

"The Blessed Sacrament passed me. At that instance a force pushed me ahead, and I knelt on both knees, but I couldn't rise nor walk. The Blessed Sacrament passed; I was not cured. So, all seemed done for me. I obtained an improvement—nothing more. All at once, Manager Dubillard, Bishop of Quimpar, to whom I was a complete stranger, unexpectedly came back to me, and put the Blessed Sacrament on my head. Oh! then I felt that all my troubles were gone, that I was cured, and that Jesus had heard my prayer. I leaped from my carriage, unassisted, and took alone, without any support, about fifty steps. I, who had not set a foot on the ground for so many years.

"The crowd, thereupon, pressed upon me; those who were at Lourdes can recall its enthu-

siasm, its raptures. To get to the Verification Office, across the square, it took us at least forty minutes. In that throng I had lost my nun, my friend, and all my companions. I entered the Bureau alone, flurried. They had wrested the comb from my hair, broken my chain, and it was a relief for me to find myself at last in a closed room.

"I handed over my certificate, and, after removing my cast they proceeded to a thorough examination. All the physicians present, French and foreigners, leisurely examined me, pulling my leg in all directions. Surely they would have caused coxalgia in a healthy member, if the Blessed Virgin had not done things right. All, indeed, declared me cured.

"Despite long dispatches, my parents could not believe that I was healed. On my arrival at the depot Friday morning, my father thought he was dreaming when he saw me walking, and our old cook shook with emotion. But who can describe the feelings of my devoted surgeon, Dr. de Nazaris? He arrived at eleven o'clock, entered our dining-room, where I was relishing a good breakfast, he embraced me and said: 'I believe you are better, you walk, but I don't believe in a miracle. I want to examine you this evening.' As he went out, he met a lady, and repeated: 'I don't believe in a miracle.' Such was his opinion at eleven o'clock. At last, five o'clock came. I was somewhat anxious, for I said: 'If he is not sincere, all is lost.' They stretched me on my bed, and began

anew the irksome examination. His emotion kept pace with his conviction. 'But I'm not crazy,' quoth he, 'I know what was the condition of this hip joint.' There is no more trace of illness. He drew up his certificate after the examination. His opinion had so changed that he went to the lady he had met in the morning, to retract what he had told her.

"A week after my cure I walked a long distance to attend a Mass of thanksgiving. Since, time has rolled on, and lo! these eighteen months, I am walking more and better than many others, without limping, and had no more pain. As I felt I was cured, I said to myself, 'Our Lord just heard me. My life henceforth is to be an apostolate. I want to have Him loved and glorified.'

"These last years I have a deep faith in the Real Presence. I feel it in our churches—so touching, so thrilling. Jesus is there living, and most Christians treat Him as a dead God. When teaching catechism to the children, I always instinctively insist on the Real Presence.

"Yet, there was nothing in my present nor past state of soul to merit such a grace. I was more unworthy of it than anyone else. Perhaps He heard the unnumbered prayers offered for my intention, and He may have chosen to reward in me a long line of virtues and holiness, for, when going back in the course of ages, I find at every step down to our day, priests, religious of both sexes, monks, martyrs even, in my family. 'God looks with complacency on those who pay Him the tax

of their blood,' thus one day a saintly bishop spoke to me. Such then must have been my intercessors with God."

We took up Miss Clement's narration at the time she started for Lourdes. Had we followed her in that seventeen years' illness, we should have seen how God cleansed her soul by suffering, and made her worthy of the signal graces granted her.

"My certificate," says Miss Clement, "records my successive relapses, all the treatments I had to undergo, but what it can not tell are all my soul crises which accompanied my physical suffering.

"Taken ill when I was young, when life smiled upon me and I was eager to enjoy it, I spent years in suffering, and revolting against God's adorable will. I wanted to love the world; but to find myself nailed in a practically paralyzed condition, a burden to all, was to my ardent and overbearing nature an intolerable yoke. The moment I grew slightly better, I gave myself up unreservedly to all of which I had been deprived of, heedless of any advice. Meanwhile the crises became more numerous and more lasting. Coxalgia took a hold of me. My career was broken, and my future hopeless. Withal, through a kind of worldly pride, I resented being pitied, and I remained cheerful and smiling while a smarting wound kept gnawing me."

Here we stop the touching recital of that cure as the sick lady herself wrote it. What makes that fact most interesting from a medical view-point is that the organic character of the coxalgia is

beyond question. In a very accurate report drawn up by Dr. Goux, in the beginning of her illness, that physician observes that there are like troubles on the side of the spine, inflammatory abscesses in the groin. This last sign absolutely demonstrates that there were lesions in the bones of the joints and of the spine. There was a progressive disease settling in the hip. Since her cure, the whole town of Agen saw her move about, walk and kneel without any trouble. After seeing her for years propped up in her sick carriage with rubber wheels to prevent all shaking, they behold her today crossing the streets of Agen to visit the sick or teach catechism to the children. That is a decisive proof of her cure.

Her physician, Dr. de Nazaris, gives us all the details of her long sickness in the following certificate:

"I, the undersigned, medical doctor, former clinic head-surgeon, certify that I examined Miss Mary Angela Clement, on September 18, 1903, upon her return from Lourdes, and that I observed as follows:

"Before: The left coxo-femoral joint, which for seventeen years was very slightly movable in consequence of prolonged immobility, which the patient had to endure in the Bonnet casts, could not bend in any direction, not even with some manual effort. Doctors de Gaulejac and Goux placed her in a cast, and afterwards she was examined by Doctors Villemain, professor at Val-de-gras and Labat. Dr. Goux took care of her from the beginning of her trouble to the day he quit practicing. Towards the year 1892, I found the hip in that abnormal condition, the left lower member having become two inches shorter, whence the patient, to make up for that shortening of the leg, was obliged, while walking in her less painful hours, to rest on the ball of her foot, as her heel could not reach the ground.

"That stiffness of the hip was, during the last seventeen years,

an unsurmountable obstacle to her being seated in a normal way. The sick lady had to take certain precautions to sit down, and was compelled to leave her legs stretched out, which hindered her from leaning forward when she was seated.

"It was in that condition that I found Miss Clement, when very intense, sudden pains, which, by pressing, were plainly localized in the hip joint, compelled me to condemn that joint to complete rest.

"From April 18, 1902, to September 15, 1903, the counter-irritants, and the immobilizers were powerless to allay the keen pain the lady suffered at times. Seventeen months of immobility brought about no relief.

"On September 18, 1903, I was greatly amazed to see Miss Clement's hip joint capable of executing all the normal movements, and that in the maximum of ampleness, without causing any pain, no matter how violently those movements were made. It is impossible for the hand to feel any grating, any clashing of the joints in those movements. In spite of the muscular atrophy of the muscles of the whole left leg, atrophy marked by a decrease of nearly two inches in circumference at the thigh, Miss Clement can not only make all voluntary movements of the hip joint, but also walk while resting the whole plant of her foot on the ground and sit in a perfectly normal posture.

"For the sake of truth, I must say, notwithstanding the great reserve we are necessarily under in the presence of such sudden cures, in the particular circumstances where they took place, that an extraordinary abnormal change has occurred in that joint, stiffened by many years' immobility, a fact which runs counter to all clinical observations in such junctures.

"In testimony whereof I have delivered the present certificate."

Dr. de Nazaris.

September 21, 1903.

Miss Mary Teresa Noblet.

Suffering from Pott's Disease.
Cured August 31, 1905.

Miss Mary Teresa Noblet, of Epernay, aged 15 years, had some trouble in her back, since last January. Her pains had rapidly grown keener, and the physicians, having observed a dorso-

lumbar Pott's disease, the sick girl was transported in a sleeping car to Paris, where a first plaster corset was put on her.

One side of her body was then paralyzed, but of this she grew somewhat better after three weeks: her left arm resumed its functions, but the left leg remained deprived of feeling and movement. Some time afterwards, the right leg also became paralyzed. In April, at Epernay, the first plaster corset was changed for a larger one; but, notwithstanding all the means used, the pains never ceased, and it was impossible for her to walk from the beginning of her illness.

It was in that condition that Miss Noblet undertook the pilgrimage to Lourdes. That journey was very painful to the sick girl, who lay on a stretcher all the way from her home to the Pyrenees. Upon her arrival at Lourdes, her legs were stiff, and held in that stretched-out position for three weeks; there was absolutely no feeling in her legs, and her back ached more than ever.

They did not plunge her into the water because of her corset. On Thursday, August 31st, at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, her pains grew keener and keener until her return to the hospital, where they ceased all at once; the girl then cried out: "I am cured."

The next morning, Friday, September 1st, the corset was removed at the examination office, and Miss Noblet walked easily and painlessly. The examining physicians found a very pronounced hollow in her lower back, but no feeling upon

pressing her spine. We reproduce here the statement of Dr. Regnier, of Neufchatel-sur-Aisne:

"On this Friday, September 1st, I had a closer view of Miss Mary Teresa Noblet.

"In the course of the journey I had noticed her quite pale and resigned on her stretcher bed, first at Ars, on April 21st, as she arrived at the church, and then a few minutes later, at the Villefranche station, just when, with a thousand precautions, they took her down from the car, reserved to those critically ill.

"On the 30th, I saw her again at Fourviéres: then I knew hardly anything of her past illness, nor did I know more till I met her again at Lourdes at the medical observation office.

"As I entered, Miss Noblet, somewhat excited, greeted me with a smile, and her expression was quite natural; indeed the girl who stood before me was not laboring under hallucination; on the other hand, had I not been informed at the time of the diagnosis, the sight of the plaster completely imprisoning the girl's trunk from her neck to her hip-bones, would have cleared all doubts. The resident physician was busy cutting the rear part of her corset with an ordinary pocket knife, but the plaster was so heavy that a hammer was needed; then, with much trouble, we succeeded —I had also taken a hand in the job—in drawing the girl from her cast, not without spoiling the light jersey which served as a sort of lining thereto.

"At last, free, her stature bent out in the posture which the apparatus had given her, the

girl took a few steps, holding up her skirts. I observed that no pressure on her bare back, from the top to the bottom of her spine, caused the slightest pain; all we could see was a purple spot about the size of a fifty-cent piece, a little more to the left than the line of the curvature of the stature, but neither there nor lower on the whole surface of the back was there protuberance or pain, or trace of any collection of pus.

"It was only after that never to be forgotten scene, that I perused the lengthy medical certificate, delivered on the eve of her departure for Lourdes by our colleague of Epernay, who had treated the girl. Then I also leisurely examined the apparatus—true pattern of the kind made by him. I noticed then that special feature that a square hole had been made just at the dorso-lumbar region, and I was told that her attending physician has made that hole himself. The next day, September 2d, I found Miss Noblet again at the Examination Office, whither she had been brought, not on a stretcher, but in a push carr age. She got out of it alone, and walked before those present. Dr. Boissarie and I interrogated her, and she answered simply and without affection.

"On Sunday morning, September 3d, I perceived her again: it was on the broad walk which faces the grotto, and where it is customary on fair days to serve breakfast to the sick. Seated in her carriage, surrounded by some intimate friends, she was relishing her coffee, as I could see from afar.

"That afternoon I noticed her walking to the grotto, leaning on her uncle's arm.

"I was sorry to have missed the interesting discussion called forth on Monday morning, September 4th, by Mary Teresa's case, among the French and foreign members of the Neurology Congress. That was on the day she left. I saw her again on her way home.

"Three months after this astounding change in Miss Noblet's state of health, I found her the same, and as within that time I had become fully acquainted with the details of her case, I was quite convinced, and from that hour I had to admit her cure. Still more so when, just one year after our first interview, I saw Mary Teresa in the full bloom of health which she had enjoyed ever since.

How Mary Teresa was Taken Care of, and How She was Cured.

It was on March 1, 1905, that, under Dr. Chipault's directions, the first plaster corset was put on Miss Noblet. She wore it until the following April 12th. Till then the treatment had been strictly medical: hygiene, water cure, open-air living; whether on the sea coast or in the salubrious country. Such was the main thing of all previous prescriptions. After a few days' stay at the clinic, Mary Teresa was taken back to her family, where it was agreed to take her to Paris, in the month of June. Once at Epernay, she was placed under the care of Dr. Guinard. He at first advised to follow Dr. Chipault's directions;

day by day the poor girl dragged herself from her bed to her arm-chair, and vice versa, at the cost of much suffering.

"One day Dr. Guinard arrived, and upon finding her so ill: 'There is no sense,' he cried out, 'in causing a child to suffer that way.' They put her back to bed from which, the doctor says, she shall not budge again.

" 'Up till then,' says Mary Teresa, 'I had eaten fairly well,' but vomiting spells followed which took away all her appetite. 'Nourishment disgusted me,' she said. Thence followed such a loss of flesh that Dr. Guinard thought it well to remove her corset, which had become too large. This operation took place on April 12th. On the 16th, Dr. Gaube came from Rheims to see her, and, after careful examination, concluded it was necessary to put her in a new plaster as soon as possible.

"The doctor had consented that an opening be made in the corset just at the spot of the trouble, in order to watch for any developments."

On taking leave of the girl, his last word was, "We have done what lay in our power, the Blessed Virgin will do the rest." He had no idea how well he spoke.

Until now, however, Mary Teresa had been favored with the doctors' enlightened care, the devotedness of her relatives and the thousand and one precautions of her nurses; thanks to all that, a gradual improvement slowly manifested itself. But, the resolution of going to Lourdes, being

once taken, in what conditions can that journey be started on and performed? And first, two weeks ran by between the date of the certificate and the departure. Two long weeks, during which the sickness grew worse, and the suffering became unbearable; also it was with real anguish that Mary Teresa kept asking: "Shall I go, or shall I not go." But the day of her departure dawned: they clothed her in a long white dress; they put her on the stretcher, which she shall not leave for three days: then begins the paradox.

Behold a child, doomed to the most absolute quiet, who is about to take a 780 mile trip on the railroad, in a scorching heat! A child to whom the least jar means an increase of suffering, and whom they willingly expose to the shaking of the cars, and the jolts of the stops.

During the last night of the journey, just before reaching Cette, the state of the poor child suddenly grew worse; she was choking, and it was feared she would succumb to the crisis; when, at last, thanks to a heroic remedy, a relaxation set in, which reassured her friends. It was daylight quite a while when the train came to a last standstill, and the words, "Everybody get out," sent a quiver through our pilgrims.

Miss Noblet's situation upon her arrival at the Lourdes Hospital is well summed up in these words of her diary: "I suffered horribly." But the time had not yet come to let her take a much needed rest. Towards 2 o'clock p.m., they took her to the grotto. Here she was very thirsty;

soon, and during the whole procession, she felt a discomfort of a congestion; they wet her forehead and her temples. In a word, she had a high fever, and her features were drawn through suffering, when, with a thousand precautions, she was taken back to the hospital. On the threshhold of the door the Rev. Dieudonné, who constantly stayed with her, noticed two big tears coursing down her cheeks.

Just at this moment, when pain seemed to have reached its paroxysm, everything suddenly changed, and Mary Teresa, beaming with joy, cried out: "I am cured."

What had taken place?

"I don't know," said Miss Noblet later; "but it is true that I suffered horribly: suddenly all pains stopped; I was flooded with joy, and way down in my heart I heard a voice say: 'Get up, you can walk.' I wanted to get off the stretcher, and I moved my legs, a thing I had not done for over three weeks. . . . ."

That evening she was hungry, and ate well: then she slept without awakening from 7:30 p.m. till 5:00 a.m. "It was fabulous," she writes, "I, who deemed myself quite happy when I could sleep one hour in a whole night."

On Friday, September 1st, Miss Noblet was brought to the Verification Bureau We know the rest.

Miracle or Suggestion.

In Miss Noblet's cure, one may insist on the excellence of the treatment: neither the perfec-

tion of the means used, nor the simple play of the natural laws which preside at the evolution of diseases in general, and of Pott's disease in particular, suffice to explain the suddenness of the change which occurred in the state of our youthful patient, on August 31, 1905.

What hopes would not have weakened, and what illusions would not have fallen before Rev. Dieudonné's attitude? When the girl declared she was healed; that she could walk, the former rudely imposed silence in words which admitted no reply: "Keep still," said he, "you don't know what you say . . . it is not here that the Blessed Virgin works miracles . . . Keep still, I tell you!" And, in fact, she obeyed, and she waited until the evening of the next day to show herself to the doctors.

How can one admit, moreover, that suggestion would resist the fatigues of the homeward journey? Twenty-two hours on the train, without either stretcher or corset.

Since then, as I said, I watched Miss Noblet going and coming: I saw her three months later, and again after one year: my conviction became strengthened through the testimony of her perfect health during all that time, without any backset to spoil the work of Our Lady of Lourdes.

I'll sum up thus:

Miss Noblet really suffered from Pott's disease. Such a trouble heals slowly, and is linked to a tubercular disposition. The suddenness and the permanence of the cure show that this fact is al-

together removed from the laws of science; therefore it is to be classed among the facts that are fully and evidently supernatural. The Pott's disease had been diagnosed in Miss Noblet by several physicians, and first by Dr. Chipault, Paris hospital surgeon, who stated in his certificate that Miss Noblet was affected with a localized spinal trouble.

Chapter VII.

The Three Nuns.

Sister Maximilian, Sister of Divine Hope of the House of Marseilles, Cured May 20, 1901—Sister of the Watch, of the Montpellier Prison, Healed July 23, 1901—Sister Celeste, Oblate of the Assumption of Bordeaux, Cured August, 1904—Mrs. de la Doilliere, Cured of a Cancer August 21, 1900.

Sister Maximilian.

Hydatid Cyst of the Liver—Phlebitis (Grave Inflammation of the Veins).

On Monday, May 20th, towards noon, a poor nun, stretched on a mattress board, was taken off at the Lourdes station. She seemed to be one with that plank, which replaced her bed she had not left for five years. The day before, at 7 p.m., she had left Marseilles, and her departure had caused considerable excitement. To carry her to the station, the services of men picked from a large concourse of people had been enlisted.

The fire department of a neighboring station, who are very devoted to the Sisters, had come to take her down from her room, and put her in the

carriage waiting at the door. On St. Michael's square, several hundred people surrounded the hack, and came to bid the Sister goodbye. The station-master who had been warned, had opened a side door, and had workingmen ready to take the Sister into the car.

For the last five years that Sister had been bed-fast. She first took to bed at the close of 1896, in consequence of the inflammation of the veins it was impossible for her to make any movement. Her lower left limb, wholly wrapped in cotton, was turned over on the side, resting on pillows; it was much swollen, and bluish streaks pointed out the diseased veins; the skin was raised in spots, having blisters, filled with a reddish liquid.

Those troubles were the consequence of a long illness, the beginning of which dated back more than ten years; the Sister got her disease on her ordinary battlefield, while doing an act of charity. In 1890, while living at Angouléme, she was called to take care of a sick woman, an insane one, in the vicinity of Poitiers. One day, while walking along the bank of a creek, her charge jumped into the water and lay down in the mud.

The Sister leaped after her and exerted herself to pull her out; but hindered by her habit, and sinking in the mud, she struggled over ten minutes, and brought that unfortunate to the bank only by seizing her by the hair, when she was half asphyxiated.

Dwellings were far away, and no one witnessed the accident. The Sister was alone to revive the

sick woman, who slowly regained consciousness, and more than an hour elapsed before they found shelter and assistance.

The Sister was broken down with excitement and fatigue; but she kept on working with the same courage, until, several months later, a long repressed reaction broke out. A general jaundice was followed by repeated and aggravated liver troubles. Somewhat later peritonitis set in; at last, tumors or cysts were found at the level of the liver, tumors which became inflamed and broke, provoking plentiful vomitings.

Two doctors were called in consultation, and the necessity of an operation was discussed. "A double operation," said the surgeon, "will be necessary, to drain and empty those tumors, as well as to provoke adhesions, and to remove them later."

But, owing to the frequent crises of peritonitis, the matter was delayed. Months ran by, and thus came the end of 1896.

By that time a slow blood poison has taken hold of the Sister, caused by all those decayed matters which she vomited, or which stayed in her liver, and the poisoned blood caused an inflammation of the veins in the whole lower limb; clots resulted, the veins swelled, and for five years the contaminated body was powerless to get rid of those septic matters.

Sick people never give up hope. For three years the Sister hoped the doctors would cure her. But, as they spoke no more of operating, she re-

alized that she must place her confidence elsewhere. She had not waited till then to deposit her sufferings and her prayers at the grotto. Four years ago, she had promised to recite daily the office of the Immaculate Conception to obtain through Mary the grace of going to Lourdes.

"Those five years," said I to the Sister, "must have been very long, and you must have had very painful hours!" "At the infirmary," replied the Superior, "a little window opens into the chapel; the Sister followed all the exercises of the community, and could make an act of adoration every minute of the day. There she found her sweetest solace, and the days ran by quickly."

There is in the garden of the community a Lourdes' grotto, to which the Sisters often repair. They have tried to bring the Sister to it, but that displacement had been so painful that the attempt was not renewed.

How could they think of transporting her to Lourdes? The Mother General, when consulted over the matter, had refused. "I'll send the superior in her stead," was her answer. To new solicitations she had replied in an evasive manner. A first novena is made; a slight improvement appears, but the superior still refuses. The second novena is made, and on the last day of this novena, the long wished for permission arrives. It was about May 10th.

Leave having been granted, nothing henceforth seems impossible: the last preparations are made; the board is made, and the Sister bids goodbye to

all. Some of her companions tell her: "Come back at least on crutches," and the Sister rejoins: "The Blessed Virgin keeps the crutches. She doesn't give any."

For five years she wore neither dress nor shoes; she gets a pair of new shoes bought, which she takes along with her. She is certain of her cure. She leaves the morphine, which they gave her in acute crises, and all other remedies.

She is at Lourdes. The journey was not over-painful. She had to change cars but once, at Toulouse, and the workingmen transferred her most carefully on her plank. They carry her to the hospital. There is no one to take her to the grotto. She has to wait two long hours. How long these hours are, so close to the grotto! At last, at 3 o'clock, behold her lying at Mary's feet. She sees her; she speaks to her; she feels herself moved to the depths of her being.

At the piscina, the hospitality madames who escort her, eagerly surround her, lying there as nailed to her board. They lower her carefully, and at the first contact of the water, a dreadful pain shoots through her leg. It is like a lightning bolt. Her leg straightens itself out, and grows longer under the eyes of all around her; she gets up, dresses and takes a few steps; a perfect calm followed that violent shock. The cruel disease vanished like a dream. Her liver was considerably swollen; there is no more trace of a tumor; her waist measure decreased twelve inches, the swelling of the thigh is gone.

There remain some streaks on the lines of the veins. The Sister walks, but the plant of her feet is sensitive, like the palm of her hand, and it hurts her to touch the soil. This is the last vestige of her illness. The appetite, the sleep, all the functions have resumed their normal course.

On leaving the bath, the Sister returned to the grotto. "What prayer," I inquired, "did you say at that moment."

"No prayer could come to my lips. I was filled with gratitude. A sentiment of infinite sweetness. I was no longer on earth. I should have liked to stay forever at Mary's feet."

All week the Sister was an object of special curiosity with the numerous pilgrims who were at Lourdes.

A Spanish doctor related that cure to his fellow-countrymen. Several physicians questioned the Sister with the greatest interest. What is striking in her is her simplicity, her calmness; no mark is left on her countenance of that deep emotion which must have shaken her whole being.

The quickness of the cure is most remarkable: the Sister was bed-ridden five years, she started from Marseilles Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock; and on Monday, at 4 p. m., on entering the Lourdes bath, she recovers, without transition, without convalescence, her perfect health.

Her doctor, whom we consulted by wire, sends us a certificate which we shall copy, and which absolutely confirms our first impressions:

"Sister Maximilian kept the bed the last five years because of an abdominal trouble, cystic tumor of the liver—an enormous one—quite hard, occupying the whole peritoneal cavity. Her repeated vomits were of a plainly cystic nature.

"The question arose whether a new abscess was not forming, but the indications thereof were not plain enough to allow so certain a diagnosis as was made of the cystic tumor of the liver.

"This trouble was complicated with a vein-inflammation of the left leg which caused unbearable pain. This limb was greatly swollen, and hindered the sick nun from rising.

"Such is the information I can give concerning the sick nun, whom I always considered *incurable*."

DR. RAMPAL.

Marseilles, May 24, 1901.

Upon reaching Marseilles, the Sister met again the railway employees who had carried her to the train, but they failed to recognize her; at the depot all the Sisters' friends came to meet her. Their number was legion. The Sisters of Hope founded at Marseilles the Work of the Sick Poor. Along with five or six hundred ladies, they visit over fifteen hundred families; nor were the doctors less eager to see again the sick nun, of whose recovery they had despaired. The excitement which the Sister caused everywhere on her way was kept up for quite a while; and the Magnificats of Lourdes were re-echoed at Notre-Dame of the Guard.

The second certificate of Dr. Rampal, of Marseilles, leaves no doubt concerning the supernatural character of Sister Maximilian's cure obtained on May 21, 1901.

The physician begins with this proclamation of faith: "There are circumstances in life where the most incredulous are constrained to bow before

the evidence of the fact. This maxim is verified in the observations furnished us by Sister Maximilian's miraculous cure."

After entering into all the details of the nun's disease, the doctor relates her departure for Lourdes and her return:

"It was at this time that the Sister begged me to authorize her to be taken to Lourdes, and I could grant that permission only after her repeated insistence.

"She left on May 19th. She was carried to the depot on a stretcher, and those who escorted her told me that she suffered intensely during her trip from Marseilles to Lourdes; the least jolt of the train caused such intolerable pain as to make her scream.

"Omitting what occurred at Lourdes, I must speak of her return to Marseilles, on May 26th.

"Called to examine her on the 27th, I saw the Sister seated in an arm-chair in the parlor. As I stepped upon the threshold, the Sister got up alone and met me, shaking my hand, and thanking me. After a little chat, and brief interrogations, I expressed a desire of examining her fully, in order to observe the fact of her cure. The Sister thereupon lay on a bed, and I made the following observations:

"The abdomen is no longer swollen; no longer sore when pressed upon; the hollow sound has given place to a perfectly normal sound. It is quite flexible—in a word, all trace of tumor has disappeared. The circumference of her waist, having been slightly over forty-five inches, is now less than thirty-five inches. All the other symptoms also have given way to a perfect regularity of the functions, no more vomiting, nor constipation. Formerly, her stomach could scarcely bear milk, she now easily digests the most indigestible food. Her heart beats quite regularly.

"The sick leg has become supple; the swelling is gone. She can freely and painlessly go through any movements.

"From the foregoing facts I am bound to conclude, and to proclaim in a conscientious and unbiased manner that Sister Maximilian, bedridden for five years, suffering from a tumor on the liver, and from a vein-inflammation of the left leg, had to be deemed incurable, and that she came back from Lourdes on May 26, 1901, perfectly cured."

Dr. Rampal,
Rue de la Grande-Armée, 14.

Marseilles, May 29, 1901.

Dr. Poussel, Marseilles hospital physician, specifies the condition of the nun's incurableness by stating that an operation appeared to him to be the only means capable of bringing about a cure. Discharging liver tumors of five years standing, which wear out the organic resistance of the sick nun, and are complicated with a severe inflammation of the veins, can not disappear instantaneously without leaving any trace. Even with an operation, a very long time would be required for her convalescence.

Sister de la Garde (of the Watch), Nun of the Montpellier Prisons, Cured July 23, 1901.

During the Cette pilgrimage, we had occasion to see again one of our most interesting miraculously healed persons. Sister de la Garde, of the Congregation of the Mary-Joseph Sisters, who have charge of the girl prisoners.

Sister de la Garde, of the Solitude of Nazareth, of Montpellier, came to Lourdes in July, 1901, suffering from a chronic arthritis (inflammation) of the knee joint, of two years' standing. Ten girls accompanied her. Two of them were about to return to the world, and made the sacrifice of their liberty, and promised to stay their whole life in the community to obtain the recovery of their dear mistress. A third one, also, Mary Athanasia, aged nearly twenty-five years, had generously offered her life for the cure of Sister de la Garde. We have related in the journal of the grotto of November 17th, last, the admirable

and heroic struggle which took place between those two generous souls, the Sister declining to accept that sacrifice, and the girl refusing to yield.

Sister de la Garde was suddenly cured on Tuesday, July 23, 1901, during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. From the next day, Mary Athanasia felt the first attack of the disease, which was to entail her death. The young magnanimous victim died on October 16th, after repeating several times to Sister de la Garde, who stood at her bedside: "Don't weep, Sister; I am happy. I don't regret the sacrifice I made. I should gladly do it over again! My sacrifice is slowly drawing to an end. Soon it will be all over. Oh what a happiness! You, Sister, you must stay here. I'll ask God to bless your mission. You must bring souls to Him!"

Since then Sister de la Garde's health has kept on improving; also the good Sister, taking advantage of the Cette pilgrimage, has come these days in thanksgiving with her superior, and two of her companions, accompanied by thirteen girls. Among these was the sister of Mary Athanasia, who had so generously offered her life for the cure of Sister de la Garde. Upon her death bed, the heroic child had made her sister promise that she would go to Lourdes to thank the Blessed Virgin for having accepted her sacrifice. Faithful to her promise, the girl has come to fulfill her mission, to thank Our Lady of Lourdes for the favor granted to her family. While relating to us her sister's last hours, her recommendations, her adieus, and her tears

moistened her eyes, but through her tears, a light shone, a supernatural joy could be read in her eyes; a mixture of natural sorrow and bound less hope.

We congratulated Sister de la Garde and her companions over the transformations and the astonishing conversions they bring about in a great many souls, who, without them, would be lost irretrievably; the good Sister answered us, that with God's help, and the Blessed Virgin's visible protection, it was no wonder that they overcame the most rebellious natures, and the most degraded souls. In proof of this assertion, the humble Sisters of Mary-Joseph related to us the life and the conversion of a woman, who died a few years ago at their home of Montpellier, and who had played the first role in the bloody drama of the Commune.

The Assassination of the Archbishop of Paris, and of Father Olivaint.

This story, of which many details have never been published, deserves to be known; it will interest and charm the clients of Our Lady of Lourdes. Ever happy to admire the wonderful ways by which the Mother of God and of men secures the salvation of souls, they will experience a sweet joy at the thought that in the midst of the greatest dangers, the Immaculate Virgin surrounded with her maternal protection two priests whom she destined to be the guardians of her most loved sanctuary.

In order well to define the mission of the Sisters of Mary-Joseph, we can not do better than quote the following lines of Taine:

"At Paris," he says, "in the two halls of the police headquarters, where the girls, and particularly those girls caught stealing, remain one or two days in temporary custody, the religious of Mary-Joseph, condemned by their vows to live in that ever running gutter of human mire, feel at times their hearts give way; but a little chapel has been set apart for them; there they go to pray, and after a quarter of an hour, they have made up a new supply of courage and gentleness. Above natural pity, there is here the superadded weight which settles the unstable will and maintains the soul in self-denial."

Taine is right in judging that human strength is powerless to maintain those religious at the height of such a task.

At Montpellier, the Sisters of Mary-Joseph direct the central house, an orphanage, a workhouse, and a reform school; with them are ninety-eight Daughters of Mary. These are true religious by the spirit which animates them as well as by their absolute detachment. They are recruited partly from among the girls discharged from the central house or the reform school; girls or women touched by grace, who have recovered their faith, by coming in contact with the Sisters, wounded souls who take shelter in those asylums to escape the dangers of the world.

On the morrow of the Commune, two hundred

women were arrested and put in the central houses, where a few, at the expiration of their term of punishment, stayed among the Children of Mary and astonished their companions by their piety and their mortification. Such was the case with L. G. . . . whose conversion was recounted to by Sister de la Garde and her companions. This conversion was doubtless due to the love she had never ceased to show for the Blessed Virgin, even in the midst of her wanderings.

"L. G. . . . ." so spoke the good Sister, "was thirty-three years old at the time of the Commune. She was large, strong and energetic; her eyes, usually severe, twinkled at times with a peculiar light. After having trodden all the devious paths, she had thrown herself into the political movement; very intimate with Garribaldi, she held a high degree in free-masonry, and she lived last with a superior officer; it was there undoubtedly that she acquired her taste for fighting. Under the Commune, she wore the Captain's livery with a red sash. She was known as Captain Pigerre. She loitered with her company around the prisons, awaiting the moment of the executions. She had set a double guard around the Archbishop's house. Some women, of which she was sure, had to watch over the Federates, and prevent them from weakening. There were two hostages especially dear, who were destined to become both bishops of Tarbes: the Reverend Jourdan, vicar general, and the Reverend Schoepfer, special secretary to the Archbishop, scarcely twenty-seven years old.

One day Pigerre said to the Archbishop in his prison: "We are keeping your secretaries; they are well watched and will not escape us." And, in fact, when the Reverend Schoepfer was temporarily set free because of an irregularity of form, (his name was not on the jailer's list,) he had scarcely time to take shelter with friends. He was warned at once that they were on his tracks, and sought to rearrest him. He had to leave in the carriage of the house launderer, and traversed Paris, stopping at the door of every customer of his driver. One can not hear the recital of that lived history without experiencing a deep emotion. One admires the energy of that young priest, whom nothing disconcerts, and one sees clearly around him the action of a Providential hand which stays and guides him.

When his jailer told him, with balled fist, that they would decide his fate the next day, he replied coolly that nothing would happen him except what God wills. He goes through the streets of Paris in his cassock, when no one dares to go out, and later he goes from one barrier to another on the carriage which takes him away; he is arrested, released, and ever threatened; his courage never fails him; he always comes out safe from the most dangerous episodes of those sad days.

When Mgr. Darboy was led to the prison, no one was willing to search him, as was done with all the prisoners; the Archbishop thereupon put his hand into his pocket, and taking out a few coins, said: "This is all I have. Give it to the

poor priests who are here." There had to stop the respect they had for him. On May 24th, Captain Pigerre was with a lot of soldiers who shot Archbishop Darboy. After the third shot, as he still breathed, Pigerre drew near, knocked him down, and finished him with blows of the butt of her gun on his head. Then she trampled on his corpse.

Four or five days afterwards, when the Archbishop's remains were taken away, everybody was astonished to find his face swollen, bruised and unrecognizable, though not one bullet had hit his head; everyone had struck his heart or his chest. Those were the traces of the bruises made by Pigerre.

On May 26th, Pigerre ordered fire on Father Olivaint; she wanted to take the first shot at him. At that moment the priest, who kept perfectly cool, upon recognizing a woman in a captain's costume, addressed her saying: "Madam, that garb does not become you."

Later, when Mgr. Darboy's or Father Olivaint's names were pronounced in her presence, a violent contraction shook her whole body. She could not dissemble the painful impression she experienced. That wretched woman owned that she killed, by herself alone, thirteen priests. She hated the Jesuits especially, so that she would have liked to exterminate them all. Captured on the barricades with her weapons in her hand, she was sentenced to death. The Sister Superior of St. Lazare obtained a respite for her. This saved

her life. She was given quarters at St. Lazare. This proved her salvation. The superior besieged that stray sheep. "I want your soul," she said to her often, "and I'll have it."

After the expiration of her punishment, L. G. . . . remained with the Daughters of Mary. Then she began her life of mortification, of penance, and of sacrifices of all kinds, which lasted eighteen or twenty years, and which was to atone for her crimes.

She confessed to the Sisters the terrible struggles she had to endure. Her transformation was complete; her charity and her meekness were unalterable. She never complained or criticized; her greatest happiness was to wait upon the dying. In her hours of trial, her best remedy was to go to pray upon Father Olivaint's grave: "She was cured there," the Sisters say, "of a wound on he leg which caused her much pain."

During the retreat which decided her conversion the only book she had in her cell at St. Lazare, was a collection of sermons preached by Father Olivaint. This reading touched her so much that she said to her superior: "How is it possible that those saintly religious, whose names made me quiver with wrath, should have so much to do with my return to God?"

It was at Montpellier, at the Solitude of Nazareth, directed by the Sisters of Mary-Joseph, that L. G. . . . , the former Captain Pigerre, ended her last years. When asked upon her death bed if she had any fear regarding the past, she ans-

wered: "I have cast myself altogether upon God's mercy. What should I fear?"

If we seek to know the secret of her conversion, we must remember that she had always preserved a real devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and that she was charitable towards the afflicted.

During the first wanderings of her youth, as she crossed a street of Lyons, at the foot of the hill of Fourviéres, she heard a youth blaspheming the Blessed Virgin. She turned and slapped him in the face. It was about this time also that in 1858 she called on the pastor of Ars, and he, upon seeing her would have said to her: "You, your hour has not yet come. Woe to you! You will do much evil, but God in His goodness will have mercy on you; you will become converted, thanks to your devotion to His Holy Mother."

The foregoing information was given us by the Sisters of Mary-Joseph and by a companion of Mary Gimet, who shared her repentance, after having been confined several times in reform schools. When we see the Sisters of Mary-Joseph thus tame the most rebellious natures, and enlighten those souls fallen from the purest rays of grace, we realize the powerful influence which religious of both sexes can exert around them; we realize particularly their still more salutary influence upon souls which the breath of evil has never tainted, and which are open to the most generous inspirations.

We have said that the two hostages of the Archbishop were Fathers Jourdan and Schoepfer,

who were both to become bishops of Tarbes, the former after ten and the latter after thirty years. The Rev. Jourdan escaped from the burning prison attached to the Palais de Justice, as the Rev. Schoepfer got out of Paris, guarded by the Federates.

In the midst of the most violent convulsions of the revolution, Our Lady of Lourdes chose her most august representatives, covered them with her maternal protection, and continued tracing in the distant future the great lines of her favorite work. How could she have forsaken us in such extreme peril?

But those two hostages, especially dear to her, were to be witnesses of her constant solicitude; those two prelates of her choice were to demonstrate to us that her gracious look had never been turned from us. Great lessons, unperceived at first, but which stand out in high relief today among the worst days of our history.

We read in the life of Father Olivaint (Vie du P. O.) by Mrs. de Chatillon: "On October 2, 1871, near the open ditch of Haxo Street, a woman was kneeling, crushed under the weight of keenest sorrow; as I mentioned Father Olivaint's name, she interrupted me, and I thought she was going to throw herself upon me, then kneeling at my feet, she said: "Madam, please listen. I was present when they killed him. I was one of his murderers. . . . As I recognized Father Olivaint, I could not tell you the tortures I experienced. On perceiving him I was like one thunder struck:

fifteen years ago, he had wrested me from a guilty life, but I had relapsed into perdition. One of the leaders of that fatal insurrection had dragged me along. . . ."

"We are not aware whether that woman was Captain Pigerre. What is certain, is that during my stay with the Sisters of Mary-Joseph, Louise Pigerre often narrated the role she played in that sad drama. She opened fire upon Father Olivaint, and that saintly priest was felled by her revolver.

"We don't know whether she went to pray upon the spot of the massacre, but she did kneel several times upon his tomb in the Sévres Street chapel."

Sister Celeste,

Oblate of the Assumption of Bordeaux.

They had carried this nun in a wicker basket to Lourdes. She was so weak that she could not hold up her head. A doctor, called on the eve of her departure, declared that she could not stand the journey, and that she must first be operated on to prevent a new hemorrhage. On her return that same man of medicine refused to examine into her cure. Sister Mary Celeste suffered from a tumor which could not be removed on account of its adhesions. She was bedfast for a year and could not bear any solid food. During the last three months it took her twenty-four hours to take a cup of milk. When they made

her bed once a week, the effort to slide her onto another couch made her faint. Some weeks ago she received Extreme Unction, and, although she promised to send her to Lourdes, Sister Superior feared she should not live until then. Still they carried her on a stretcher. To cheer her, the Superior gave her a note bearing these words:

SISTER CELESTE.

"Cured, thanks be to God!" charging her to send that telegram when she would be healed.

Just as they started, she fainted, clasping in her hand the despatch which she always kept. She was so bad at the hospital that the Sisters did not leave her day or night. They carried her twice to the bath, whence they drew her choking, and looking like a corpse. On the third day, the octave of the Assumption, she was so bad at night

that, despite the carriers' insistence, she was refused admission to the bath. Then they took her to the grotto, where she besought the Blessed Virgin aloud. She was raving, it appears, for she said, though this was of no interest to anyone: "Mother asked me to carry the despatch myself, and lo! I am dying."

In fact, she had caught such a cold as to be deprived of all feeling from her heart down. At the same time a sudden desire to be plunged into the water seized her, so that she begged with tears to be carried to it.

"Quick! quick!"

A Bordeaux priest, who followed her, and who tirelessly protected her, overcame the carriers' reluctance to take her thither, though she had been refused admission twice. They met with a third refusal, but she ceased not imploring:

"Quick! quick!"

They called the director of the piscina, who ordered to have her bathed forthwith, before the numerous other sick who were waiting. She looked like one in her agony.

Mr. Piou, upon seeing her, said aloud:

"It's nonsense. She'll die in the bath."

Another spectator, of whose name we are unaware, but who had been seen almost constantly around her stretcher for the last three days, cried out:

"If she is cured, I'll believe."

She was scarcely in the water, which seemed warm to her, when her whole body was ice cold,

she felt a keen pain shooting through her body like an arrow, as quick as lightning, barely giving her time to say: "I'm dying."

This was followed by a feeling of unspeakable comfort, which turned the bath into an Eden, but they were already pulling her out.

"Wait," she said to the Little Sisters, "I can get up."

She walked up the steps unassisted, and went to the dressing room without leaning on anyone. She clothed herself alone, and said:

"Give me something to eat. I am so hungry!"

A chocolate lozenge was the only thing on hand, but they fetched her a large bowl of vermicelli, which she devoured. Then she left the bath room unaided, to repair to the grotto. As people saw that corpse standing and walking, they were amazed, enthused; they shouted, and they wept.

The crowd flung itself upon her to kiss her hands and her habit, so that the carriers and the priests took her away to the grotto, where she knelt a long time overwhelmed by the cries of admiration for the Blessed Virgin and the echoes of a thundering *Magnificat.* A pilgrim, drawing near to her, put a colossal candle into her hand, desirous of supplying her, who had nothing but her tears, with a means of showing her gratitude; despite its heavy weight, she could light it and put it on the candelabrum.

Then they came to lead her to the Verification Office. She walked to it, hemmed in by a fence of protectors, who shielded her against the en-

thusiastic crowd. There she was lengthily questioned by about twenty physicians, after which Dr. Boissarie gave her a private examination. He would have liked a more intimate examination, but she protested, saying:

"I would rather have died than submit to that operation, (they had not told her that she could not stand any operation,) I'll not consent to it now."

Without insisting he said:

"All right! but as I have to answer for your cure before the physicians and other unbelievers, I must be able to do so conscientiously. Let me make the auscultation anyhow."

He did so, kneading and hitting the intestines, squeezing them as though he wanted to pull them out or crush them in, then he said:

"Sister, I can vouch for your cure."

She whom no one could touch, and who could not bear a sheet without precaution had scarcely felt his manipulation.

After that every doctor leisurely questioned her, and read her certificates; and they declared it is one of the finest cures, one of the finest graces, of her who charmed Heaven, by choosing so to manifest her glory upon the Oblate of the Assumption on the octave of her feast. From there she was led back to the hospital, where the sick cried out to her from every bed with childlike simplicity:

"Sister, come and touch me, come and embrace me, and pray for us."

She went round to all those beds. Some of

the most touching scenes were witnessed there. Then Sister was very hungry. They served her beefsteak, which she ate with a ravenous appetite; next, she asked to leave the hospital, which she needed no longer. At 4 o'clock a.m., she came back here, where, notwithstanding that hour so unfavorable to manifestations, a big crowd, informed by the newspapers, was waiting to acclaim her, upon whom the Almighty's mercy had manifested itself.

Notwithstanding a whole night's railroad trip and previous fatigues, she could kneel throughout two Masses of thanksgiving, which were celebrated at Our Lady of Consolation. Since that day, she rises with the community, makes her own bed and arranges her cell, and eats four good meals a day, without needing any urging. At the recreation walks, the other Sisters get tired sooner than she, and, but for the paleness, which is liable to remain as a testimony to the marvel until she will have regained some blood, no one could guess that she had been sick.

With the grace of her cure, the Blessed Virgin gave Sister Celeste the spiritual aids necessary to carry such a favor; she granted her the simplicity and the humility so necessary in an event where we have no other part than our extreme want and our poverty.

Sister Angela,

Of the Oblates of the Assumption.

Mrs. de la Doiliere,

97 Grenelle Street, Paris, Cured of a Cancer.

Mrs. de la Doiliére had a cancer, diagnosed by several physicians, cancer in its last stage which revealed itself by outward signs. She was healed August 21st, upon her arrival, at her first bath in the piscina.

The cure of a cancer is always most interesting; for there is question of an incurable trouble which resists all the efforts of medicine, returns after operations, and, in its last stages, threatens soon to end life.

The history of the Doiliére family is a most eventful one. Natives of Anjou, they lived modestly on their estate, when, driven by ambition, and by the counsels of a friend, they decided to sell their property, to leave the country for Paris, and to trust their capital to financial societies which were to enrich them, but which soon swamped them.

They have lost, so they say, large sums in the *Union générale*, and whatever was left, soon followed. The next blow was the loss of their children. They had seven of them, of whom four are dead; an oldest daughter of seventeen, three sons, at fourteen, eleven and seven years. They had two more daughters, one aged nineteen years, teaching in Poland, and the other, turned thirteen, in a boarding school.

After ruin, sickness.

At last the mother was laid on the altar of

sacrifice. Four years ago, she had copious hemorrhages, which speedily reduced her to extreme weakness. Soon she could go out only to the Sunday Mass.

The whole family had recourse to Our Lady of Lourdes, and, after several novenas, the trouble apparently stopped.

That improvement, however, lasted but a short time. Towards the end of 1899, the pains became so violent that she had to remain bedfast almost steadily.

The doctor of the Good Works Office was called in; he pronounced the trouble an interior cancer. Two doctors agreed with him. An operation was decided upon, and she was urged to enter the hospital for that purpose, but refused. Mrs. de P. S. . . ., who was much interested in the sick lady, sent Dr. Bonamy, Gouin hospital head surgeon, her own physician, to her. He also agreed with his colleagues in a certificate which he delivered:

I, the undersigned, Gouin hospital surgeon, certify that Mrs. de la Doiliére, whom I examined, is affected with a uterine cancer—a chronic trouble, which altogether hinders her from working.

May 11, 1900. Dr. Bonamy.

We saw Dr. Bonamy recently in Paris. He made the following statement:

"The symptoms I observed bade me agree with my colleagues in confirming the diagnosis of cancer. I found the tissues hypertrophied (over large), hard, embossed, with ulcerations and symptomatic hemorrhages. There were violent

pains in the region of the peritoneum, with considerable swelling of the abdomen; in a word, her general condition was very bad, a true cachexy, so as to remove all doubt regarding the diagnosis."

Mrs. de la Doiliére had been bedfast many months when she started for Lourdes; she took only liquid food. Her bed sheets had to be kept up with hoops, as she could not bear the slightest pressure. The priest brought her Holy Communion every two weeks. The Charity Ladies, the neighbors, and some friends, visited her, but the greatest consolation came to her from a working girl, sent her by a Sister of St. Thomas, of Villeneuve. This girl had been cured of an albumin affection during a pilgrimage, and she spoke of Lourdes and its miracles with irresistible conviction. She had brought a picture of the grotto, and before this picture they made continual novenas.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin was with them an old family practice; the husband and his wife had been members of the Perpetual Rosary even before their marriage.

The Pilgrimage.

The Rev. Gardey often visited the sick lady. He eagerly endorsed her request to join the national pilgrimage:

"I take the liberty of recommending to the committee's benevolence, my parishioner, who is as deserving as she is seriously ill."

A SCOTCH PILGRIMAGE, LED BY BISHOPS OF EDINBURGH, DUNDEE AND ABERDEEN.

Mrs. de la Doiliére started on August 18th, by the white train.

The journey was very hard; ceaseless pains exhausted the poor woman who lay on a mattress, her head resting on two pillows. She arrived at Lourdes on the 21st, at 6 o'clock a.m. They carried her to the grotto in a drenching rain. She was fasting and received Holy Communion on her stretcher. She stayed well-nigh two hours before the grotto. Towards 8 o'clock they took her to the baths. In the water she felt the most intense pains throughout her body, but, the moment she got out, all pain vanished. The swelling which prevented her moving or stooping had completely disappeared. There is no more hemorrhage nor suppuration, whereas, during the trip, seven napkins were not enough to take up the pus of the wound. Her waist measured 49¼ inches then, and only 25½ inches now.

After her bath, Mrs. de la Doiliére walked from the grotto, leaning on two persons; she remained seated on a bench for over one hour, whereas, for the last six months, she could not even sit a few minutes in an arm-chair. At last, she discarded her stretcher, and returned to the hospital in a little carriage.

From this moment her cure seemed complete. She ate with appetite any food set before her. It was more than a year since she had eaten such a full meal. In the evening she followed the procession from the grotto to Holy Rosary Church, and the next morning she attended the midnight

Mass, received Holy Communion, and sat on the altar steps during most of the ceremony.

On August 22d, I saw Mrs. de la Doiliére in the Verification Office. I questioned her lengthily, utterly unbiased, as I did not know her. We had not had a chance to examine her before, as she had been taken directly from the train to the grotto, and had been cured at her first bath. Her lively face and speech showed that she had already regained a great deal of strength. The swelling and the pain had vanished; but we still found the hardness, the ulcerations, the little lumps on the organ: all those lesions which had pointed to the cancer.

A week later, when Dr. Bonamy saw the patient again, he was struck with the excellence of her general condition; but he observed, like ourselves, that the symptoms, still in evidence, remained an irrefutable testimony to the vanished disease.

In the certificate he drew up, he brought out that opposition between the lesions and the disease:

I, the undersigned, former hospital doctor, surgeon of the Gouin Hospital, certify that I visited today, Mrs. de la Doiliére, living at No. 97 Grenelle street, aged 44 years; and that I observed a great improvement in her general condition. Her completely lost strength has returned, *her abdominal pains have ceased altogether, as well as the uterine hemorrhages*, with which she was affected, but there is still an induration and an ulceration of the cervical mucous.

Paris, September 1, 1900. Dr. Bonamy.

When I saw Mrs. de la Doiliére in Paris, I found no more trace of those lesions. The organ

had resumed its volume, its consistency, and everything was in its normal condition. No one would ever have dreamed that she had been afflicted with such a serious disease, and that a cancer had developed in so healthy an organ.

The proof was superabundant; several doctors had diagnosed a cancer during her illness; after her cure, the lesions which remained a few days, allowed a justification of that diagnosis, whereas the speedy change of her condition would have led the same physicians to change their first opinion. The cure of a cancer is always above the efforts of nature, and the suddenness adds nothing to the character of the cure. On her way back from Lourdes, Mrs. de la Doiliére gave her mattress to a sick woman, and took her place among the healthiest.

Her home-coming to Grenelle Street was a real triumph. Upon leaving, she had been brought down in an arm-chair. She was dying.

All the neighbors were watching from their windows that poor woman who was not to come back alive. Now she walked up the steps buoyant and cheerful. People failed to recognize her. Anon the neighbors flocked to her to hear details.

I heard the echo of those various emotions. A grocer, living near by, who had carried her down in the arm-chair, was present; he enthusiastically narrated to me both the circumstances of that departure, which looked like a funeral train, and the joys of her return.

As I listened to that man, in the bloom of life,

describing with that accent of conviction and sincerity, the miraculous cure of that poor woman, I could not conceal my amazement.

"You have then a very strong faith," said I. He smiled.

"I am a member," quoth he, "of the Montmartre adoration. Once or twice a month, I spend the night before the Blessed Sacrament; when I have some leisure hours, it is a joy for me to take up my night watch."

"But have you any imitators around you?"

"We are many in this quarter," he replied. "There are scores in this quarter who join us, merchants like myself, as also a great many small employees of the railway, who take from their nights the time they are refused in day-time to fulfill their religious duties."

This revelation opened up a new world to me. Christian France is thus not spoiled in the root, and all these squalls of atheism, which give us such wrong impressions, are but the foam that comes to the surface, and hides the limpidity of the bottom, but which new currents must dispel and carry off.

France has been carved from too clear a crystal to permit the breath of a few bad days to tarnish her.

Mrs. de la Doiliére caused great sensation among all who had known her.

Mrs. de S. . . . wrote her:

"While reading *La Croix* last week, I was thrilled with joy upon seeing your name among

the miracle-favored; I paid the expenses of your journey 'and, while making the novena, I thought of you without knowing you. For a long time I have been sending a sick person to Lourdes every year; this is the first time my prayer is heard. If you will kindly give me some details about your family and your position, I'll read them with interest. Let us hope the Blessed Virgin will keep on protecting you."

A sick woman suffering from the same trouble as Mrs. de la Doiliére, asked her to escort her to Lourdes on the following December 8th. She gratefully accepted the offer. After this journey, she communicated to us the emotions she experienced when coming for the first time since her cure to kneel before the grotto.

"I can not tell you what I felt. I was transported with love and gratitude when thinking that three months ago they brought me on a couch to that spot in a dying condition; I could not say any prayer then. I looked at Our Lady of Lourdes, and strength failed me to ask her for anything, but on December 8th, what a joy to find my good Mother again who had cast upon me a glance of pity, and had restored me to health! We loved her much before; can we love her more? We had consecrated to her our seven children; they wore her livery (a blue dress) until they were seven years old. We lost five of them, thanks be to God and his Blessed Mother! God had His views, who knows if later they would have been good Christians."

Trial, far from lessening the faith of that family, seems to have increased it. They lost their fortune, their children; they tasted want in its extreme rigor; dire sickness chastened them; a cruel disease brought the mother to the brink of the grave; but a heavenly ray came to cheer her in the bath of Lourdes, and restored her to health. Then they forgot all their sorrows, and a hymn of genuine gratitude rose up from their hearts.

Still many cares came to darken their lives; they are growing old, and have nothing laid by. Who will give their children a home, a shelter, and their daily bread? They don't lose confidence.

"Mary," they say, "has never forsaken us in the midst of our trials, and they have been numerous. Oftentimes we were about to get discouraged, but Mary watched over us. Hereafter she will not forsake us either." In the midst of all the uncertainties of the future, their faith abides unshaken.

Two days before New Year, I saw the de la Doiliére family for the last time. As I knocked at the door, I heard peals of gladsome laughter, and I found between the father and the mother their youngest daughter, aged thirteen years, who had come to spend the vacation with her parents. This was the first time for years that disease was not seated at the hearth; the mother was standing, her face wreathed in smiles; the young girl yielded to all the movements of her blithe heart.

"Last year," said that dear child, "mamma was lying in bed; the least noise vexed her; today she is well. She can go out walking with me now." And the mother's gaze passed from her child to the Virgin of Lourdes, and seemed to say to her: "You have never forsaken us. With the fullest confidence we place into your hands our own and our children's future."

Chapter VIII.

The Water of the Grotto.

The Spring Water Only is Distributed at the Faucets and the Baths. Letter of the Missionaries' Superior—False Legends Spread by American Papers—Canal System.

The water which the sick drink, and which supplies the baths is free from all mixture.

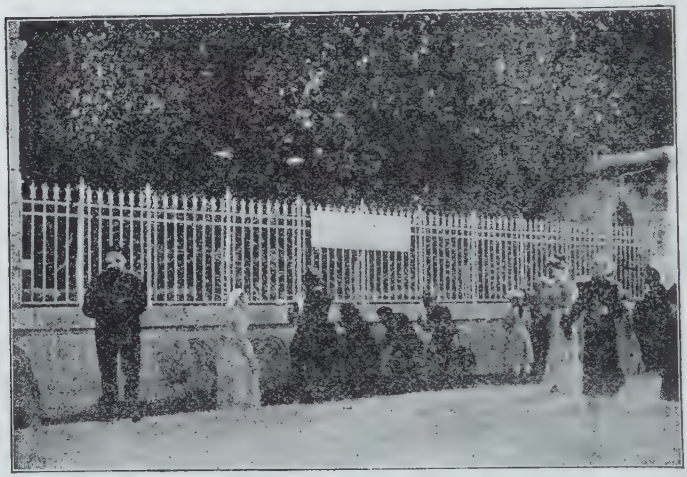
Anti-religious papers often attempted to throw discredit upon the pilgrimage by saying that the spring water was replaced by the water of the Gave. A sentence of a Paris court, in February, 1878, had condemned, for that lie, the *XIX Siécle* editors to a 3,000 francs indemnity, to all the expenses, and to insert the sentence in their paper, "considering," said the verdict, "that the bad faith of the editors is manifest."

The American newspapers have recently spread that old slander.

In 1902, Mr. Probst, who called himself an engineer, whereas he was an employee with a cloth

and calico merchant in the little town of Oloron (Lower Pyrenees), and whom the papers represented as a good Catholic, whereas he was a Lutheran, asserted that he had thrown coloring matter in the spring, and that the water came out of the faucet quite clear, proof, said he, that the water of the faucets does not come from the spring.

He had done this in a moment of despair,



CROWD AT THE FOUNTAIN.

said an American paper, after his wife died in the Lourdes bath.

His wife was quite well at that time, and is still so at Oloron.

The reply of the father superior of the missionaries of Lourdes will edify us:

"Mr. Probst:—

"You assert that the water sold to the pilgrims does not come from the grotto but from the Gave. . . . that the so-called miraculous source does not exist . . . that there is only a slight

oozing from the rock . . . that the water which runs to the cans and the faucets has been brought there by the Fathers through skilful piping. . . .

"You assert that the metallic cloth which is to be found at the bottom of the grotto has been placed there only to hide the absence of water. You claim that you broke that screen, and that you cast through that hole, enough fluoride to color about 2500 gallons of water, and that the water issued to the cans just as clear as before your experiment. Irrefragable proof, you say, that the water which flows to the faucets does not come from the grotto and that there is no spring either under the screen or in the grotto!

"My reply will be categorical. I ask you to renew your experiment, not before two anonymous witnesses, but before several thousands.

"Set a date. Have it announced through your papers (*le Progres des Basses-Pyrenees, la Frontiere du Sud-Ouest, le Siecle, l'Aurore*, etc.), that on such a day, and at such an hour, an experiment made in daylight will disclose a *gigantic swindling of the black robed; . . . it will be shown that the Fathers deceive their customers in the quality of their merchandise, and that the water sold to the believers does not come from the spring.*

"I also will give out an announcement of the matter.

"On the day and hour agreed upon, we shall enter the grotto. I will open the locked screen, and you will plunge your arm into the hole, and the crowd of witnesses will see if your arm comes out dry or wet. Bring along fluoride, or rather I'll procure a large amount of it. Before your own and the spectators' eyes, I will put it under the screen; or if you like it, you will throw it in yourself. . . . We will go then to see if the water which flows to the three cans in front of the grotto is clear or colored. . . . After having looked at it well, we shall turn that device-wheel of which you speak, the water shall no longer run to the three cans, but to the basin which is located above the twelve faucets. When the colored water will have had time to reach that basin, we shall open those twelve faucets one after the other, and we shall see if the water issuing therefrom is clear or colored. Thence we shall go to the baths; we shall open the twelve faucets one after the other, and we shall see if the liquid comes out clear or colored. Can you wish for any better proof? Do you accept my proposition which is made in all sincerity?

"I will go further, and offer to supply a counter proof.

"As a hydraulic engineer you have made very conscientious researches, you have satisfied yourself that the water of the Gave is brought to the grotto by subterranean pipes, and that the water is tapped from the river at the Fathers' press-room! . . .

"You are so strong in hydroscopy anyhow, that you can follow the canalizations no matter how deep they are, and that, just as though you saw them! ! !

"Well, Mr. Probst, go to the Fathers' press-room, and throw into the water taken there hundreds of pounds of fluoride. Then go to the various faucets of which we have spoken, and watch for the coloring process. I suggest that you bring along a good supply of patience before the experiment, for you will have to wait a long time. . . .

"Do you accept, hydraulic engineer?

"You see that I am not trying to hide myself. And that all may know what we are about, I will send this letter to several newspapers.

"Should these experiments turn to my confusion, I will publish the result in the *Journal de la grotte*, and in the *Annales de Notre-Dame de Lourdes*. I will advertise it in large type notices (and that for six months), either at the grotto or at the piscina.

"Should the experiments turn against you, you shall publish the issue in all the papers which have reproduced your articles; to this you pledge yourself upon your honor, and I believe that you will not break your word.

"Is it accepted, Mr. Probst?

"You made quite a fuss about betting 40,000 francs.

"Do you mean it? . . . Even if you could, which is very unlikely, deposit 40,000 francs, you know very well that no result would come from that. Such wagers are not legal, and, even after having proven you guilty of error and defamation, there would be no way to compel you to pay me that sum. Else I'd hasten to accept your bet.

"I stop here for today, and I hope that, after having talked so much, and challenged me so often to reply, you will not quail at my proposition."

POINTIS.

Superior of the Missionaries of Lourdes.

Lourdes, August 22, 1902.

EXTRACT FROM THE CHICAGO CHRONICLE.

This article made the tour of America. By it we can judge to what lengths of aberration papers may go:

"An Old Sanctuary Dismantled—Canalization Used to Feed the Grotto—Miraculous Spring Insufficient to Supply Demand—Discovery Made by Devout Engineer Whose Wife Died in the Grotto.

"[*By Special Cable.*]

"Paris, August 16, 1902.—Louis Probst, government engineer, asserts that most of the water supplied to the Lourdes' pilgrims, does not come from the grotto, where it is said the Blessed Virgin appeared, but that it is brought from a neighboring river by subterranean canalization, secretly devised by monks many years ago.

"Mr. Probst holds a high position, and is a fervent Roman Catholic.

"A year ago, hoping to obtain by a miracle, the cure of his wife, suffering from diseases declared incurable by the doctors, Mr. Probst brought his wife to Lourdes, but he had scarcely plunged her into the water when she died. While they were making preparations for his poor wife's funeral, the engineer spent a few days taking observations, and discovered meanwhile that the water used for bottling had not the same taste as that of the grotto, and the thought struck him that the enormous quantity of water consumed could not be furnished by the tiny spring of the grotto.

"Afterwards Mr. Probst was ordered by the government to proceed to an investigation, and he has just made a report which he published with the plan of the underground canals, analysis which shows different chemical elements in the water under consideration.

"Last year about three million pilgrims went to Lourdes, and the monks who direct the pilgrimage have sent 250,000 francs of St. Peter's pence, not to speak of their purchases of houses and real estate.

"Fifteen years ago, Lourdes was an obscure hamlet. Today it is a splendid city of 80,000 inhabitants."

Behold a well-informed paper, which also must possess fantastic pipes in order to serve its readers so well! No need of being an engineer, a hydroscopist or a hydraulist to be convinced of it. J. E.

THE SPRING.

Its Sale—Its Canalizations—Its Reservoirs.

Upon its issue from the Massabielle rock, in which the grotto is hewn, the water of the miraculous spring runs first in the open air about four feet in a cement trench, nearly ten inches deep.

An iron wire lattice, fastened with a padlock, hinders the water which runs through that trench from being soiled by insects of all kinds; and any one can see that the miraculous water, far from being brought by artificial devices, really and naturally issues from the grotto.

From the trench the water runs through a leaden pipe, protected by a cement cover. This pipe skirts the base of the rock on a level with the cement walk, and ends outside the grotto in a riveted, sheet-iron, bell-shaped tank, which has a large faucet whence water issues in two directions. According, as the faucet is turned one way or the other, the water of the spring escapes by three small pipes, which flow freely—pipes situated in front of the grotto sacristy—or the water is directed according to the natural slope into a first reservoir, gauging 12,500 gallons, placed between the candle store and the piscina, above the twelve automatic faucets, from which the pilgrims generally take water.

It is also there that the employees of the missionaries come several times a day to fill the small cistern-carriage, (well known to the frequent grotto visitors,) in which they carry to the bottling

room, under the arcades of the steps south of Rosary Church, the water which the grotto headquarters send all over the world. The overflow of this first reservoir runs into the baths.

But as the grotto spring supply, although it reaches over 30,500 gallons every twenty-four hours, would, on days of large pilgrimages, have been far from sufficient for the baths, the pilgrims' cans, and the bottling, had they let it go to waste, the missionaries have had the foresight to establish a large reserve by building, under Rosary Church, a second reservoir of 112,500 gallons' capacity.

Neither into the water of the piscina, nor into that which is drunk at the faucets, or sent off bottled, does the smallest quantity of Gave water enter.

Louis Bans,

The canalization plan has been made by the Lourdes' city architect. We request that this plan be posted up at the baths.

What proves that the water of the spring is not mixed with the Gave water is that it remains clear all the time, whereas the Gave water becomes roily after storms, and after the snow melts.

The spring water has often been analyzed, especially by Prof. Filhol, who states that it has all the qualities of drinking water without possessing any active substance capable of giving it any healing property. All the details of the analysis have, in fact, been published everywhere.

Chapter IX.

A Protestant Physician's Conversion.[1)]

Some years ago a young American doctor received his first Communion at Holy Rosary Church. The Bishop of Nimes confirmed him in the Missionaries' chapel. I had the honor of acting as sponsor for that dear colleague who was to become my faithful friend. Ever since, our intercourse has been unbroken. I saw him every year in Paris. I became more intimate with him, and I watched the working of grace in his soul, particularly his zeal for the conversion of his stray brethren. The merciful way by which God brought him to the true faith deeply interested me. In the conversion of Protestants, the same means, as a rule, come into play: prayer, the reading of the Bible, of controversial works, and calm discussion. It is rather by study and meditation that men accustomed to thinking are reached. They resist outside influences.

Dr. Bull's history seems admirably to resume the working of those various means. There were three different stages in his conversion: Bible reading convinced him of our Lord's divinity; Cardinal Newman's sermons made him realize that faith is a gift of God; and at last, through prayer he became convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith.

It took him three years to go through these various stages. Gradually, according as the light

1) See Dr. Bull's pamphlet: Pourquoi je suis devenu catholique, (Why I Became a Catholic) Lecoffre, 1906.

came to his mind, he went from one conclusion to another. American or English temperaments do not take kindly to friendly pressure: every man wants to reason out his own convictions.

The method followed by Dr. Bull may serve as a pattern to his countrymen. The Blessed Virgin's hand is clearly traceable in the disposition of the last events; study was not sufficient, grace was required, and this the Virgin of the Grotto supplied.

Dr. Bull, the Protestant.

"I was born," says the doctor, "at Hamilton, Canada, of Protestant parents, zealous for their religion. My male relatives were Orangemen, who swore they would never have anything to do with priests; my grandfather edited in Dublin an Irish paper, entitled *The Catholic Antidote*. We were thirteen children, only seven are left. I am the oldest. I studied medicine at McGill University, Montreal. In 1873, I was practicing in Massachusetts, when I noticed the first symptoms of a chest disease. After vainly struggling against it for several years, I had to resort to the Colorado Rocky Mountains to recruit my fast declining health. Somewhat recuperated by my stay in the mountains, I settled in New York in 1883, and I devoted myself exclusively to the treatment of eye diseases.

"There I became acquainted with a Jew, named Felix Adler, who directed a sect whose principles rested on morality alone; according to

them all religion was useless. I even became secretary of that society.

"At that time I had no more faith. I had given up Protestantism, and had been affiliated with the Masonic lodge, but without much enthusiasm. In 1886, I came to Paris for the first time with a view of following the clinics of eye diseases, and to buy books and instruments.

"Prof. Javal received me quite well, and urged me to stay with him.

"I refused at first, as it seemed impossible, but upon the doctor's insistence, I decided to settle in Paris.

"I had a very hard beginning. I could not practice without diploma, and I spoke poor French. I struggled with a tenacity of which, perhaps, only Americans are capable. I passed all my examinations to obtain a French doctor's diploma, and I was awarded a prize at the Sorbonne. At last, I could begin practicing medicine. The recollections of those first years' efforts still make me shiver. My health caused me serious uneasiness, and I had no religious sentiments to brace me, being an absolute sceptic. In the love of study, and of my profession, I found the only consolation capable of sustaining me in a life without horizon.

"How did I become a Catholic? I had come in contact especially with Protestants and Jews and in my youth I had read very bad books against the Catholics. Thus I was proof against any influence from that side.

"But I had treated with much kindness, many Catholic poor, who had prayed for me a great deal; I respected all convictions, and I always had the priest called to dying Catholics. Also I baptized several children in danger of death; at last, during my stay in France, people have prayed much for me at Notre Dame des Victoires (Our Lady of Victories).

CONVERSION.

"An American lady, of Washington, a Protestant, has been the means chosen by Providence to bring me to the true faith. She had been sent by one of my friends to receive treatment; for several weeks she followed my directions, and by that time she became much interested in my situation.

"Although a Protestant, she recited daily a prayer which had been given her by a Catholic priest, *viz.*, the Veni Sancte Spiritus (Come Holy Ghost). She asked me to say it also every day. No, said I, I don't believe in prayer, and to pray is to lower one's self, to ask like a beggar. Still, upon reading that prayer, I found it very beautiful, and from that day I never failed to say it night and morning.

Soon that prayer had a marked influence on the course of my thoughts. It seemed to raise me above my habitual preoccupations. In December, 1889, when I had been saying it for scarcely a month, I was invited to a meeting. I thought it was for some charity festival; for I had long since quit taking any active part in the practices

of the Protestant religion. The minister read to us an Epistle of St. Paul, which struck me very much. I bought a Bible, and I perused some pages of it every day. An altogether new order of thoughts rose up before me.

Ere long I became convinced of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by a chain of thoughts I admitted the existence of a Church, which had to be one and unchangeable. But where shall I find that Church? Protestants were too much divided among themselves. And I was too much biased against Catholics to look for truth with them. I abode for two years in that state of indecision, saying my prayer all the while.

In December, 1891, a New York lawyer, also a Protestant, gave me Cardinal Newman's sermons, written before his conversion. There I took one step forward. I understood that reason alone can not lead to faith, that faith is a gift of the Holy Ghost, granted to such as humbly ask for it. While looking through Newman's works, I came across a supplication to the Holy Ghost, which he composed when still a Protestant, "Lead Kindly Light." I said that prayer with much fervor, and, though unaware of it, I followed the same road as the Cardinal to arrive at faith. A fixed idea soon got hold of my mind: the idea that I had to look for truth in the Catholic Church. This was my last stage, and yet, eight months had to run by before my conversion.

"I had confided my state of soul to a lady friend, who gave me a Westminster catechism.

I read it with much interest, without being stopped by any difficulty; at the same time Father Matthew, Irish Passionist, of Hoche Avenue, made me read controversial works written by converted Protestant ministers. In December, 1891, I heard Mass for the first time in the chapel of the Assumption Fathers, (rue Francois 1,) but I did not understand the first thing of it. A lady led me then to the Sisters of Lubeck Street The recollection of the gathering deeply impressed me. Never had I seen people praying so fervently.

"In May, 1892, I experienced my first attraction to practice devotion to the Blessed Virgin—spontaneous devotion, gratuitous gift of grace; for nothing, either in my readings or in the other circumstances of my life, inclined me that way, at least, not more at that time than at any other. But from that day on I advanced more rapidly on the way to my conversion; I no longer piloted myself, but followed the current which floated me. Sickness came to put an end to my wavering, and set me on the way to Lourdes, where I was to find the double cure of my soul and of my body. In July I became seriously ill. I had a continual fever, and my former chest pains returned. Justly anxious about my state, I craved for baptism. In my last conversations with Father Matthew, I listened to him without discussing; nothing stopped me, I found no more difficulties. On July 25, 1892, I made my abjuration, and I

was baptized at the Passionists' Church in the Blessed Virgin's chapel.

"A few days later I started for Arcachon. My fever was still 100°. I remained thus for a month without any noticeable improvement; meanwhile baptism had transformed me, when I awoke during the night, I said: 'I am a Catholic,' and forthwith everything cleared up before me.

"Ere making my abjuration, I had asked leave of my father and mother, both Protestants. My mother gave me permission, but my father did not answer, but from that day he quit blaspheming the Catholic religion.

"Reaching Lourdes at the end of August, I attended the Mass of the Alsace-Lorraine pilgrims, and I saw the Brittany pilgrimage arrive, and on September 1st, Father Burosse gave me first Communion at Holy Rosary Church, and the next day I was confirmed by the Bishop of Nimes in the Missionary Fathers' Chapel Such is the story of my conversion.'

I escorted this dear colleague to the altar, acting as his sponsor; and the emotions of that day are still fresh in my mind. His lively faith edified us.

The Holy Ghost, whom he had invoked for three years, seemed to flood his mind with supernatural light, and to give him full knowledge of the Catholic truths. He was still burning with fever, but he had no doubt as to his recovery. He stayed some time with us, and when he returned to Paris at the close of September, he was almost well.

From that day Dr. Bull has displayed bound-

less zeal for the conversion of his separated brethren: "I suffered so much," he said, "these last days yet, from being deprived of the true faith. I so thoroughly realized the danger those are in who are deprived of it, that I should be most happy to secure for all men the boon I have received."

He converted many Protestants, and even Jews. Americans and Englishmen have their own means to compass their end. No matter how much time or how long the discussion, their patience never tires. They take point after point, leaving no room for doubt.

The light has to enter through the mind with them, though seconded by constant prayer. We are more accessible to exterior emotions; and our hearts oftentimes guide our minds. Every race has its temperament and must be led according to its peculiar genius.

The way in which devotion to the Blessed Virgin sprouted in the doctor's mind is interesting. That unknown Virgin, whom he had not found in his researches, came herself to take in hand the work of his conversion. Through sickness she triumphed over his waverings; sickness put him on the way to Lourdes, whence he came back a perfect Christian, well prepared to begin the apostolate which thenceforth was the object of his life. A restrained energy which knows no weakness is the bottom of his character. That energy was bound to assure him of success in his medical career; it enabled him to overcome all obstacles

besetting his path; it keeps burning in his heart the fire of an apostle, who never finds fuel enough for his zeal.

In Dr. Bull's conversion there are consoling lessons for doctors.

Who among us has not called a priest to the bedside of the dying? Who has not baptized, or caused to be baptized a child in danger of death,

PUTTING THE SICK ON THE TRAIN.

or at least who has not devotedly cared for the poor? Those acts of charity which enter our professional duties always receive their reward. Also, in the great appeals heard for a half a century around the grotto, there is not one profession which has been so favored as ours, which has come longer distances, and which has given our pilgrimages a more enthusiastic support.

Chapter X.

Cures of the Blind.

Kersbilck, Papillary Atrophy, Pilgrimage of the North—Marie Marché, Neuro-Retinite, Pilgrimage of Poitiers—Juliette Bénoit, of Belleville—Charles Auguste, Opaqueness of the Cornea —Mrs. Courcel, Street Singer, Pilgrimage of Beauvais —National Pilgrimage of 1906.

Kersbilck.

Papillary Atrophy

On September 22d, last, the Cambrai diocese pilgrims reached the Lille depot. Over one thousand workingmen, mostly Socialists, awaited at the exit, their comrade Kersbilck, whose cure had been reported. The arriving pilgrims were greeted by various cries, but the evidence was irresistible: Kersbilck, who had left completely blind and had to be led by the hand, came back perfectly cured. He went from row to row shaking hands with his old friends, and relating the details of his cure.

Kersbilck had, for the last three or four years, been begging on the streets of Lille with the inscription "Blind" on his breast. One of his children, aged eight years, led him. Upon arriving at Lourdes on September 16th last, he brought us two certificates, one of Dr. Desjardins, professor at the Lille Catholic University, the other of Dr. de Lapersonne, professor at the University of Paris. On both certificates, we read: "Total and incurable blindness, caused by papillary

atrophy." No one questioned his blindness, and his neighbors gave us the most formal testimonies.

When first so stricken, the unfortunate man, having ventured to go out alone, knocked against a horse which was resting in his traces during the driver's absence: he violently fell to the ground. Ever since, he was exceedingly careful, and never went out alone. His son was his faithful com-

CURES OF THE BLIND.

panion; but after some time was less so, and more than once he forgot his father when meeting a playmate. Then, Kersbilck, afraid of walking on alone, stayed on the same spot for hours, rain or shine, in the cold and in the snow. One day he was waiting thus for a long time on a square of Lille, leaning against a wall, when a comrade recognized and called him and led him home.

The Sister who directs the beneficence bureau of Fenelon street gave him bread every week, and always saw that poor blind man led by the right hand, and stretching out the left to feel obstacles; once in a while she unexpectedly stepped into his garret. But his attitude never suggested to her the least doubt as to his utter blindness.

Kersbilck was thus quite blind, suffering, according to Dr. Thillier, from a kind of atrophy which he called family atrophy, several members of his family having been affected with the same trouble; his mother died blind, two of his sisters nearly lost their sight; one of the children of his second sister, hardly fourteen years old, suffers from papillary atrophy. Dr. Bouchaud, professor at the Lille University, examined Kersbilck with regard to nervous affections, and found no symptom of hysteria.

This poor blind man arrived at Lourdes with Sister Pascal of the Most Holy Saviour, who had traveled with him, and constantly led him by the hand.

On September 17th, he took two baths at the piscina, the second being followed by a violent headache. A little later, a doctor of the pilgrimage of the North washed his eyes, when suddenly the blind man distinguished the red cross of the doctor's arm-bandage; gripping his arm in a lively way, he cried out, "A cross!" Leaving the piscina, he went alone to the grotto and mixed with the pilgrims. The Sister who awaited him at the exit of the baths met him in the middle of

the walk in front of Rosary Church; she cried out with astonishment upon finding her sick man, and he, recognizing her by her voice, said: "Ah! 'tis you Sister. I see you now." He came with her to the Verification Office. We made him read the large type of a paper, which he did without trouble.

His cure awakened considerable emotion with the pilgrims. The news spread rapidly to Lille, and that is why about one thousand laborers were awaiting at the depot the return of their former comrade. Sentiments were divided in that crowd. Those who did not know Kersbilck, or who did not know him well, said that he had been paid to play the blind; but those who saw him daily, his relatives and his neighbors, spoke altogether differently. On one of the Lille public squares, situated in the Socialists' quarter, a song, composed with an anti-religious aim, was sung for quite a while on the cure of the blind man. The doctors saw Kersbilck again, and carefully watched the gradual improvement in his eyes. On the morrow of his cure, as well as during the following month, the symptoms of papillary atrophy were plainly visible, the visual acuity being still very weak, one-fiftieth or even one-hundreth; he could see fingers only at six feet, which was, nevertheless, a great improvement.

But what is more astonishing is that this trouble, naturally incurable, kept steadily growing better, so that the daily improvement could be observed.

The Medical Findings.

In the course of last May, I called Kersbilck to Paris, and took him to Dr. Bull, oculist. This last examination was to be decisive, and was to inform us on the results obtained. Kersbilck had, upon arriving at Lourdes, serious disorders in both eyes. The bottom of the eye was white, like pearl, the atrophy of the papilla had been acknowledged by all the doctors; the vessels, arteries and veins were considerably altered. The doctors declare that he was completely and incurably blind. Dr. Lapersonne's first certificate was dated June 17, 1898.

When Kersbilck was back from Lourdes, Dr. Painblanc, chief physician of Dr. Lapersonne's clinic, observed that there was still more or less atrophy of the papilla, but that the vessels leading therefrom were quite visible, and did not appear altered. The visual acuity still very limited, one-fiftieth or even one-hundredth could be measured anyhow.

Dr. Thillier, in charge of the St. Raphael dispensary, examined the sick man on October 5, 1901, and came to the same conclusion. Dr. Desjardins observed, on the left side, a white and pearly pupil; on the right side the pupil was better, but the vision very limited. There was no complete cure, but a very notable improvement. Between the blind man of yesterday, who was to be led by the hand, and that man who walks unhesitatingly through the crowds, and who re-

sumes his labor in the workshop, the difference is capital.

On May 22d, Dr. Bull examined him thoroughly. The appearance of both eyes was almost normal; there was no more trace of papillary atrophy. The visual acuity, always slow in coming back with atrophied persons, improved day by day. From a 1-100 and a 1-50 it became at least a 1-20, and it got better since. Glasses had no influence on his sight. Dr. Bull was so astonished that he asked whether this was really Dr. Lapersonne's blind man. His identity was to be established. "In the state of the eyes of the sick man of yesterday and the man you bring me," quoth the oculist, "there is nothing in common."

When Kersbilck came to Lourdes, he hardly knew why he came. His faith was well nigh dormant; he was classed among the indifferent. People were astonished at Lille that he should have been favored by the Blessed Virgin, while there were so many others more deserving.

Since his cure, however, he has completely changed his life. He goes to Mass every Sunday, surrounded by his children. When twitted by his former companions, he gives no answer and bears everything patiently. He secured employment with a Christian master, and does his work well. He had in the pilgrimage of the North, a blind comrade, aged forty years, full of health and vigor, who just died suddenly. The latter had come to ask of the Blessed Virgin to be healed or to die; and his folks think his prayer has been heard.

Another companion in suffering could not believe that Kersbilck was cured. He had met him one day in the office of an American oculist, who told him that nothing could be done for him, and that he would be blind for life.

The certificates of many physicians who have examined that blind man establish that he had a papillary atrophy.

On his return from Lourdes that atrophy could still be seen, but some months later the eye had recovered its normal state. When setting out on the pilgrimage, he saw no light at all; at his return, the visual acuity was of 1-100, then 1-50, finally 1-20 and improved right along. That cure of a generally incurable disease is very interesting.

We sought to corroborate the physicians' testimony by inquiring of his relatives, neighbors and associates: everything confirms our first statements. One of our Lille friends writes us: "No one ever questioned Kersbilck's good faith. It might have been otherwise had his revenue been large: at first his receipts were pretty fair (8 to 10 francs a week), but, after a year or two, he suffered misery; his former comrades, instead of giving him alms, treated him to drinks. He of course accepted, and as a result often came home drunk. His conduct had turned his ordinary benefactors against him. His scanty fare consisted of the leavings gathered at a neighboring saloon."

The workingmen's club director remarked: "Kersblick was a type of the Lille laborer, by no

means a pattern of virtue or of faith. He seldom came to the club to ask alms of his comrades. No one doubted his being quite blind, and no one questions his miraculous cure which has been much talked of."

Mrs. Marie Marché.

Neuro-Retinite.

Marie Marché arrived at Lourdes on September 2d, incapable of telling day from night: her husband led her by the hand. Owing to her total blindness, she was frightened at the noise around her, and hardly dared to move.

On the third day of her pilgrimage, September 4th, at ten o'clock a. m., she instantaneously recovered her sight, and could find her way alone in the midst of the crowd, and follow all the exercises of the pilgrimage. There was no more trace of her cruel disease.

Before coming to Lourdes, Marie Marché had been taking steady treatment from her two home physicians, but her trouble kept growing worse. One of the most distinguished oculists of Paris saw her several times, specified the nature of her trouble, and mentioned the gravity thereof to his colleagues. Since her return from Lourdes, the counter-proof was made. A well known oculist who examined her declared that her eyes were in a normal state, her visual acuity perfect, and that no vestige of her former affliction was left.

On September 4th that woman was still totally

blind after taking her fifth bath, when, as can be proved by unimpeachable testimony, at 10 o'clock on that same day, she suddenly recovered her sight, and recognized every object held before her.

All her life a plain hard-working woman, Marie Marché, having turned forty-three years, noticed in May or June, 1901, that her sight was growing weaker; first in the left eye, and on that side she could distinguish objects only in a confused manner. The disease grew worse despite her physician's treatment. Towards the end of the following March, her right eye became affected. Then upon her doctor's advice she repaired to Fontenay to consult a famous Parisian oculist. She saw him in May, June and August. The oculist examined the bottom of her eye with his magnifying glass, and noticed a very marked trouble in the region of the optic nerve, pronouncing it neuro-retinite

The general condition of this woman was very bad: she had continual headaches; sleep fled from her as well as appetite; she dragged herself painfully along, unable to do her home work. The Paris doctor, upon seeing her pale and bloated, suspected at first that she had impoverishment of the blood, and he recommended a test for albumen in the urine, which might be the starting point of her disease.

The analysis showing nothing, he was to look elsewhere. Then the physician suggested to his colleagues that there must be a tumor in her brain which pressed upon the nerves of the eye, and that

at all events the disease was very serious. Accordingly he prescribed a very energetic treatment.

On June 8, 1902, he thus summed up his impressions in a letter to her home physician: "Marie Marché has on either side, especially on the left, a neuro-retinite. Look first for albumen, and if you don't find any, think of some lesion in the brain; at all events hers is a serious trouble which must be watched."

One of her physicians, like the Paris oculist, diagnosed neuro-retinite, and prescribed accordingly. On August 3d, the Paris oculist seeing her trouble growing worse, prescribed iodure in large doses, two or three grams a day.

We have in our possession the doctors' letters and prescriptions.

After reading Marie Marché's symptoms in our diary, Dr. Dethier, oculist of Namur, wrote at the end: "The Paris oculist who found a neuro-retinite, caused by a brain tumor, must have seen at the bottom of the eye a swollen and congested papilla with some blood stains upon the retina. It must be admitted that this trouble could not disappear suddenly by any medical treatment."

But let us not anticipate. On August 3d, at the last examination by the Paris doctor, not only the left eye was gone, but day by day she saw fewer specks of light with the right eye.

Here follows what her relations and neighbors say:

"Everybody around her noticed the deep change which had come over her. She was no

longer the same person; all her features spelled suffering. Often her children suddenly brought various objects close to her eyes without making her wink her eyelids; later the burning light of the summer sun did not affect her; she bumped her head against any obstacle she met. Two days before starting for Lourdes, on August 24th, at 4 p.m., while drawing water not far from her dwelling, she hurt herself at the spout of the pump. The shock was so violent that she fainted, and her children had to come to raise her up.

The Pilgrimage.

On September 1st she set out; during the journey her headaches became doubly violent. A bandage had to be put on her forehead. She had to be helped to enter and leave the cars, seeing absolutely nothing. On Tuesday, at 5 o'clock a. m., she arrived on the white train of Poitiers. At 8 o'clock, she went to the grotto and to the piscina; in the afternoon she took a second bath; then they led her to the passage of the Blessed Sacrament; she noticed no change in her condition. Every morning she received Holy Communion with her husband. On Wednesday evening her headaches abated; during the procession she believed she could see a vague light, but it was only a momentary sensation. Poor woman, lost in the midst of the pilgrims, and swept about by the pressing throngs as a wrecked ship, incapable of steering itself! What a strange

emotion she must have felt at the noise of those invocations and those hymns!

We are on the third day of the pilgrimage, on the eve of its departure. Marie Marché has just taken her fifth bath at the piscina, still without improvement. She re-enters the hospital on her husband's arm. It is nearly 10 o'clock a.m.

The pilgrims compassionate her as they see her go by; if she shall not be cured, what a deception! A large crowd stops her in front of the Verification Office.

The Bishop of Poitiers is there. We are expecting him. "Go, ask his blessing. It will cure you," says the pastor of St. Vincent. Mr. and Mrs. Marché draw near to his lordship. They kneel at his feet, and he, recognizing that poor woman, said to her: "If you are not healed, I'll not let you go back with us!" Then he blesses her.

That very moment a dazzling lightning passes before her eyes, tearing the impenetrable veil which covered them. She perceived the Bishop in a golden cloud. A cry escapes her: "Ah, Monsignor, I see you! I see you! I'm healed!" She snatches his arm, gets up, and comes to the Verification Office.

We shall never forget the deep impression we experienced on seeing her: those fixed, wide-open eyes of hers seemed to drink in the light. Lifting her arms towards Heaven, and shaking all over, she was pale with an undefinable emotion; a confused and broken cry burst from her: "I see! I see!"

She saw indeed. She could not read, but she counted the letters of each word, and distinguished the figures perfectly; she could tell the time on the watch, and name all the objects we held before her; she recognized herds on the mountains far away. Her cure was complete.

On leaving the Bureau the pilgrims escorted her first to the grotto, and next to the hospital. Nothing makes such an impression as the cures of the blind: the results are instantaneous, within everybody's ken; technical terms and scientific explanations do not trouble the crowd.

That woman was blind; she sees! . . . They ask for no explanations, inquiries must come later. Upon her home-coming, Marie Marché was an object of general curiosity; she saw everything, and noticed everything. To alight from the cars or get into them was play for her; it was her turn now to watch over her husband. Everybody in her town was deeply impressed by that event.

But as specialists had observed her disease, so they did her cure. I called her to Paris in mid-November to take her to Dr. Bull, the oculist. He examined her for over an hour, and came to the conclusion that her eyes were in a normal state, that her visual acuity was perfect, that no trace of neuro-retinite could be found and that all her former lesions had vanished. She was absolutely cured.

Upon seeing Marie Marché again, I was struck at the change wrought in her, at her general recuperation. Her countenance was still as calm

as before; her clear and wide-open eyes were surrounded with a large black circle, the last vestige of her late suffering.

Marie Marché is a Vendean of pure race, hailing from Gatine; transplanted into the Melle district, she has ever remained faithful to her Christian duties, bent on communicating to her children her own faith and piety. She rises above the vulgar. In her straight features one reads the calmness and the limpidity of her soul. One guesses her sound moral judgment.

The breath of the world has neither stained nor touched her; the world has been a stranger to her. She got no schooling and can not read. Ever since she was eight or nine years old she herded her neighbor's flocks for a slice of bread, living among the peasants, those privileged people, who have but to raise their eyes to see God, His omnipotence and His goodness. At the time of her first Communion, her pastor consoled her, saying: "You needn't bother about books, you can say your beads." She has been telling her beads all her life. Of her one could say what has been said about Bernadette: "That she took the Hail Mary out walking all day under the blue sky, repeating it everlastingly, while breathing that air of primeval faith with which this country is impregnated."

She has a natural piety; at her home, family worship is practiced, and all the children wear the scapular. In Vendee religious practices are kept up at many firesides.

In Mrs. Marché's district there are quite a number of Protestants, and very indifferent or even downright bad Catholics. What was their attitude before that inexplicable cure? To know their objections, we have but to peruse the magnificent chapter of St. John, which narrates the cure of the man born blind.

The state of soul of the unbelievers of our days is the same as that of the Pharisees in the face of our Lord's miracles.

The human mind, left to its own resources, turns in a very narrow circle of ideas. The investigation conducted by the Pharisees is the perfect type of that carried on daily by infidels against God's supernatural intervention in the world.

First, they deny the facts. . . "That woman was not blind when she went to Lourdes." Some add: "She has been paid to play that role!" The neighbors are questioned: a scared neighbor declares she does not recognize Mrs. Marché; so did the parents of the man born blind, when frightened by the Jews, answer: "Ask our son. He is of age. He can speak for himself. We don't know how he got healed or who has opened his eyes."

The cure of the man born blind occurred before a multitude; Mrs. Marché's cure likewise had two thousand witnesses, and, of course, caused a great sensation.

It is undeniable. It must be explained: "How can natural water cure a blind person? Only nervous diseases are cured at Lourdes!" Still, that

woman's testimony is embarrassing. They don't come near her or they keep silence when around. Just so the Pharisees drove from their presence the healed blind man by saying to him: "Thou wert born in sin, and wilt thou teach us?" There is not one feature in St. John's story which can not be applied to the cure of Mrs. Marché.

This parallel could lead us to the highest considerations. Supernatural manifestations have always met believers whose faith is strengthened, and unbelievers who grow louder in their denials. A unanimous consent will never be found.

His lordship the Bishop of Tarbes, when presiding at our meetings, often commented on that magnificent page of St. John, showing us how all the objections we hear around us have already been foreseen and solved, thus showing us the harmony, which, in our sacred writings, links the present to the past. While the human mind ever follows the same bent and the same errors, the truth preserved in the Gospel is applicable at all times, and dispels all doubts. Thus, in the Verification Bureau, all sciences sustain each other: medicine, history and theology as interpreted by the highest authorities.

Cures of blind people have been more numerous in the course of the last years and more interesting as they have been studied by noted specialists. Finally, they have given rise to the loftiest thoughts, by establishing a parallel between them and the cures of the blind in the Gospel. They make up one of the most important chapters of the medical history of Lourdes.

Juliette Benoit.

Blind from Childhood, Cured August 20, 1900.

In Paris I came across many of the miracle-favored of Lourdes in the Mouffetard quarter, once the field of St. Rosalie's apostolate; at Grenelle, in those workingmen's cities, where all human miseries live mixed up; and in the American quarter, on the Belleville heights. I met with them, as missionaries meet with miracle-favored individuals among pagans and savages; I was struck by the contrast which cures of people in such surroundings awakened in my mind. It is especially in the poorest homes that our Lady of Lourdes is pleased to choose her favorites. There she loves to lavish her mercies.

If you climb Belleville height, in that burg where at every step you come across traces of violence committed in our revolutions, you find at the lower end, St. Joseph's Church pillaged and sacked by the anarchists; towards the summit, Haxo street, of sinister memory, with the wall where were shot over fifty hostages. Take St. Gervais street. It leads you close to the fortifications; houses grow scarcer. At No. 37, near the end of an alley, you enter by an ever open door, and, going up to the third story, you find in one room, topsy-turvy, working tools, household goods, beds and wardrobe; everything compressed within a narrow space—a laborer's household, patterned after all the neighboring households, especially from the moral view point.

The Bénoit have had twelve children, they have five daughters left. Four have not been baptized; the two oldest were married before the court. First Communion had not been mentioned. The third and fourth daughters received civil baptism: a very wicked uncle paid the expenses of a big dinner; they drank to the children's health, and gave them pagan names. Nothing was wanting to the program; not one child escaped those pernicious influences. Yet that man's face is good: it has not that rough aspect which strikes you at every step among people in rebellion against society. His speech is soft, and if you look into his past, you will find a trace of a Christian education. In his childhood, he was in an orphanage kept by Sisters at Briey in Lorraine. At seventeen, he came as an apprentice to Paris; a soldier during the war, he kept the faith. It was later only, when about thirty, that everything grew dark with him. He remained thirteen years as porter at St. Ouen. "I had," he said, "twenty-seven house-renters to wait on, of whom scarcely five or six led regular lives." Free thought and freemasonry were in full swing, and immorality rampant.

Bad influences had upon him all the more sway, as he was less prepared to meet them; like those ill-acclimated temperaments, which, in epidemics, are stricken first and worst. Then the way to church was forgotten: no more baptisms, no more first Communions, no more religious marriages. The coarsest materialism.

How could Our Lady of Lourdes cast one of her purest rays in such an atmosphere? There it is that her mercy shines, and thus we learn the price of a soul.

Juliette, the third of the five daughters, was almost blind from her tenderest childhood. She was scarcely one year old, when, rolling under the table at meal time, she upset the soup bowl, the scalding liquid running over her face, and burning her eye-lids. They carried the child to the neighboring hospital, but her eye-lids swelled so much that it was impossible to open them to see her eyes. Her eyes were continually veiled and bathed in pus. Chronic inflammation of the eye-lids always brings about lesions, especially when it lasts, as in the present case, fourteen to fifteen years.

During those long years of suffering, specialists were consulted, and, during the last two or three years, they took her to the clinic of the Quinze-Vingts, where she underwent all possible operations: cauterizations, excisions, etc.

No avail. The child could not go out alone. She could hardly see to walk. Thus, she was a burden to her family; also, as soon as she could do so, the mother sent her to a school kept by one of her young sisters; but as she could not learn to read or write, Juliette distracted her class-mates, and the teachers requested the parents to keep her out of school.

Juliette had to stay home. Thus she grew up deprived of the light of day, but still more of the

light of faith; she was ignorant of everything, even of the name of God.

Her grandmother, while spending a few days with her daughter, was struck by the girl's ignorance, and made her promise to recite daily this prayer: "My God, give me the grace of spending a good day and a good night." That prayer was soon rewarded.

A young girl whom she met at times on the street took her one day to her Sunday school in charge of the Ladies of the Montmartre Cenacle. Those ladies, touched with pity for that poor blind girl, came to see her at her parent's, and got her father's consent to have her baptized. The child profited by that permission to take along with her her two youngest sisters, and, on July 24, 1898, all three were christened. Four days later Juliette received first Holy Communion; she was fourteen.

Since then her parents let her go to Sunday school. She regularly takes her sisters along, and when the children get home, they relate what they have learned, father and mother are happy over their daughters' joy, and oftentimes they read the books which the children happen to leave on the table. Meanwhile Juliette's eyes kept troubling her. Her sight was very weak, her short-sightedness extreme; she could read only by holding her book close to her eyelids. A last operation was performed in vain; her eyes remained swollen and half closed. One of her friends, seeing her always suffering, asked her why she should not go to Lourdes. "I am afraid to

speak of it," replied the girl; still, a few days later, they had her enrolled, and Juliette brought a certificate of the Quinze-Vingts doctor, as follows:

I, the undersigned, doctor of the national ophthalmological clinic, certify that Juliette Bénoit, aged sixteen, suffers from chronic blepharite, with decrease of the visual acuity, and that it is impossible for her to work in order to support herself. D. V.

Paris, June 6, 1900.

Juliette started on the white train, and was cured on August 20th, in the bath. She felt a very keen pain. "It seemed to me," she said, "that they crushed my eyes with stones." A great deal of liquid flowed from her eye-lids. Forthwith she distinguished everything clearly. Since her return, she sews all day, and sometimes to a late hour at night, and her eyes stand the steady strain without fatigue.

I took Juliette to Dr. Bull, oculist, *rue de la Paix*. He found her visual acuity almost normal. There was no more lesion at the bottom of theeye nor strain on the cornea. The excessive short-sightedness had vanished. Finally, there was scarcely a trace on the eye-lids of that chronic inflammation, which, for fourteen years, had resisted all treatment.

The sudden cure of all these disorders is naturally inexplicable. An inflammation of the eye-lids of long standing, rebellious to all treatments, aggravated by the child's temperament, is hardly ever quite healed. Short-sightedness depends on the structure of the eye, and can not be modified at pleasure; finally, the weakness of the visual

acuity, with eyes nearly always closed, can disappear only by a slow and gradual application, provided there is no deeper lesion. The instantaneous cure of this blind girl at the Lourdes' piscina is one of the most remarkable facts that can be observed.

When back from her pilgrimage, Juliette's only desire was to bring her family to the practice of their religion. Everything speedily changed around her. Her oldest sister, married six years before, at the court, had her union blessed in the Church; the second one, twenty-four years old, received first Communion at Christmas; father and mother went to their duty; and lastly, family prayers are said daily. It is a completely renewed household. When I questioned the father about his past life, he hesitated, and Juliette said: "He is ashamed now of his wanderings, and is afraid to own them." Juliette goes every week to her Sunday school of the hostages. She desired that I should visit it myself.

On that ground, soaked with the blood of the martyrs, have been built a chapel, a row of structures, school yards and catechism class-rooms. There is still a balcony where fifty hostages were sentenced in a summary way, the wall where they were shot, and the cellar where they were buried pell-mell. A sense of sadness steals over one; a scene of cannibals or of wild beasts let loose comes to the mind.

Lea Courtout, of Grenelle, who was cured at Lourdes in 1895, said to us: "I was baptized when

eight years old with the older children of my family. A little later, my father changed his mind, and, beginning with my brother who is fifteen now, he objected to having the children christened; also two of my brothers died unregenerated. I was brought up in a public school, and had no idea of religion. I was seventeen when I received first Communion, and I should not have been thus favored but for the influence of a very pious and a very devoted girl, who drew me to her home and taught me catechism."

Aurelia Huprelle lives in a town of seven hundred souls in the vicinity of Beauvais; in that borough religious practices are almost wholly abandoned; some women come to church, but not one man darkens the church door.

In Aurelia's family there was not only indifference, but hostility, and the girl said to us: "I got many a slap for going to Mass."

Since these girls were healed, religion has again been adopted in their homes. Everything became transformed around them; Christian hearths were built on the piled-up ruins of all the scourges that desolate our country.

Those sudden conversions make those cures most interesting. Suggestive influences do not bring back the wretched, strayed in the slough of free thought, and lost in secret societies. A heavenly ray is required to enlighten their intellects and to touch their hearts. Thus devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes is not the privilege of a few chosen souls, but a most widespread and a most

popular devotion. It penetrates everywhere, and it adapts itself marvelously to all countries, to all cities, and to everybody's wants.

Thus thousands of Christian homes are spread throughout the world; a movement of religious revival is set on foot among all classes of society, both among the high as among the low, and among Protestants, numerous conversions occur daily around us.

Mr. Charles Auguste.

Opaqueness of the Cornea, Healed in August, 1904.

Mr. Charles Auguste, better known as Mr. Charles, is forty-eight years old. He is a very distinguished artist, though excessively modest. He was born in Paris, rue Neuve-Popincourt. Blindness was almost his birthmark. He was eight months old, when, owing to a bad nurse, he contracted an eye disease and almost completely lost his sight.

He could see just a little with the right eye, but so little that it was hardly any use to him. Charles Auguste stayed at the Young Blind Institute from January 3, 1868, to August 12, 1876. There his musical talent so developed that he obtained a series of annual rewards, which were crowned by a harmony prize in 1876. The jury which awarded it was made up, among others, of Fissot, Félicien David and Caesar Franck. The theme of the competition was composed by the last named musician.

The premium was handed him by Parvy, the

great music editor of several celebrities, among others, of Gounod. Parvy befriended and advised Mr. Charles, and introduced him to the great composer Planquette, whose happy co-laborer he was to become. In fact, one of Planquette's works which has gone round the world, and brought him most fame, is wholly or well nigh wholly the work of Charles Auguste. In 1887, the latter became organist at the preparatory seminary of St. Lucien, near Beauvais. He remained there nine years. Thence he came to Creil, where, for the last eight years, connoisseurs have the pleasure of enjoying the fruit of his remarkable talent.

Though he set to music Beauvais' hymn to Our Lady of Lourdes, Charles Auguste had no idea at first of joining our August-September, 1904, pilgrimage. The suggestion came from myself, and was soon promoted by the Countess de Bryas. I hastened to communicate the glad tidings to him, expecting him to leap for joy at the offer. How surprised was I at his coldly declining my proposition.

He objected that he felt a scruple to ask his cure at Lourdes, because Providence, who had afflicted him, had given him in exchange for his lost sight a talent which he otherwise might not have possessed. Therefore, he deemed it an abuse to ask for the restitution of a sense for the loss of which he felt himself amply compensated. So uppermost was this thought in his mind, that, when afterwards, the Blessed Virgin had restored his sight, he was alarmed for forty-eight hours,

wondering whether the miracle performed in his favor would not be offset by the loss of his musical ability. He was reassured only on the morrow of his return. That day he came to us triumphant: "How happy I am," he exclaimed, "I see, and the inspiration has not been taken from me. This morning I tried to compose, and the ideas came as abundantly and as felicitously as before." But I am anticipating my story.

The only way I succeeded in overcoming Charles' determination was by arguing the impoliteness he would be guilty of in declining Madame de Bryas' gracious offer.

The next day he came to me, led as ever by his wife, and, although not withdrawing his objections of the day before, he stated his readiness to accept in order to avoid rudeness. He added that this consideration alone had decided him. He would not ask his cure.

He kept his word, and at no time did he beseech Mary to free him from his infirmity.

Nothing extraordinary marked the first day of his sojourn at Lourdes, except that he was very much impressed by what he heard at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Touching the Monstrance added nothing to his emotion, which was already extreme.

It was so great, in fact, that he did not wait for the end of the ceremony, but had himself led back to the hotel, whither we had gone.

The next day we could not persuade him to go out. He stayed at the hotel, playing the piano.

The last day had come, and it looked as though he would not go out any more, when Mr. Maurice de May, of Creil, succeeded that afternoon in dragging him to the procession, and then to the grotto.

He was moved again at the procession, but not so much as the first time. At the grotto, Mr. de May washed his eyes. For a moment Charles believed he could see a little, but none of us noticed it.

That evening, he refused to prolong, as he had done before, our meeting at the parlor, and he retired early to our common room.

I joined him there about one hour later. It seemed to me that he was sleeping. I did not disturb him that I might say my office, which I had been compelled to put off. My Breviary kept me busy until about midnight.[1] Charles was resting quietly. Fully under the impression that he was sleeping, I did not make the least noise.

As we had to rise quite early the next morning, I resolved, for fear of being caught, to stay up, and I began to read. That day I had received very interesting manuscripts, and I commenced perusing them

It was perhaps about one o'clock. I was absorbed in my reading, which was captivating, when all at once, I heard Charles move in his bed, and then speak. I thought he was dreaming, and at first paid no attention to his words. I even grew im-

1) The night of September 1st to 2d, 1904.

patient upon hearing him go on, for what I was reading was passionately interesting. Yet he kept on talking.

"*Monsieur le curé* (Rev. Father), I am hesitating for half an hour to tell you I don't know what is going on within me."

I had raised my head. He continued:

"Father, oh! how beautiful is the light!" I believed the incident over. He resumed:

"Oh! the beautiful light! Say, Father, did you bring a lamp along?"

I murmured in a very low voice against him, whom I believed to be merely a troublesome dreamer.

"No, or rather yes, if you wish, I added to the light of my candle, which was too dim, that of another candle."

I trusted then that I should be left in peace to finish my very attractive reading. But I was disappointed on hearing my room-mate resume his speech. Decidedly he tried my patience.

This time, however, I noticed that his voice sounded strange. I put my manuscript aside and got up. Then Charles cried out: "Father! Father! I see you. . . You are rising. You are stretching out your arm. . . You are coming towards me. . . Ah! how happy I am. I see! I see!"

It was really true. My companion was not dreaming. What I took for a dream was a reality. The miracle was under my eyes. That light which he declared so beautiful was the light of

my two miserable candles. What was he going to say anon when he would see daylight, and that other light, so rich and so plentiful, which the sun pours upon us! Suddenly he pointed his finger in one direction: "What is there in that corner? Do you see?" And he seemed scared as he said that to me.

A large black shadow, in fact, had risen from the top to the bottom of the wall, caused by the way the candle light struck the objects around. Like children, unaccustomed to fantastic shadows, Charles was frightened.

Shall I tell you my emotion, my tremor, my tears, and my sobs upon realizing the miracle? You can guess them. I lived there in that hotel room, where the Immaculate Virgin's hand had just intervened under my eyes, unspeakable minutes, emotions beyond words.

And Charles was still more overwhelmed with emotion. At first he had been able to speak; now he could do so no longer. His words seemed to choke him. "Charles," quoth I, "let us say the Rosary. First to thank God and the Blessed Virgin, then to beseech them to perfect their work."

And I began saying the beads, but Charles could not answer. However hard it was for myself to speak, I had to recite the first five decades alone.

Just then Charles felt a shock, and exclaimed: "Ah! I see more!" A new veil had just been torn

from his eyes by the liberating hand which had a while ago freed him from the first.

We spent the remainder of the night in prayer. Could we do better? Besides, our hearts, so big that they felt like bursting, must needs pour themselves out in gratitude and love.

We were still praying when three o'clock struck. It was the hour set for the last visit to the basilica and the grotto. I said Mass there, and Charles received Holy Communion, and, after saying our last prayers at the grotto, I washed Charles' eyes and we left

Charles' raptures kept pace with the growing day at the display of the spectacle.

Oh! that sudden revelation of the thousand beauties of creation to the eyes of a blind man who has never seen them!

Crushed, dazzled, Charles remained dumbfounded, and in his emotion stammered but few words. He could scarcely believe his dead eye restored to life. For the prodigy was confined to one eye, and even this one eye did not see quite clearly and distinctly.

Still his sight ranged far. He saw the azure sky, and the clouds; he perceived the hills and the woods, the buildings and their projections. But while his eye took in the whole scene, it did not penetrate details. Thus, in a plain, he saw the woods which closed the horizon; the fair fields covered with straw, and dotted with harvests here and there; but he failed to distinguish the animals working or browsing in the country, the

men and women passing on the roads, and the other scenes less in evidence.

On our homeward journey, Charles went alone to the Lourdes station; he attended to his business alone, going and coming unassisted. He got around the columns, the porters' wheel-barrows, the piled-up boxes, without making one false step in his walk.

At Poitiers I wanted to make an experiment. I placed myself about ten feet ahead of Charles, and invited him to follow me. We walked along the pilgrimage train from one end to the other. The walk was so obstructed that we had to step aside continually. Charles never missed the right way. Thus we got to Creil. Charles Auguste was in rapture, but the unusual exercise to which his optic nerve was subjected had somewhat tired him. His head ached. This pain lasted several days, especially mornings.

On Monday, the second day after our return, Charles Auguste called on me. He had come alone from Creil to Nogent, without needing any one's assistance, except to open a railroad barrier, the mechanism of which he did not understand.

Meanwhile, uppermost in Charles' mind was one desire, which he expressed several times, even on the way home from Lourdes. With childlike eagerness he longed to see the stars. On Christmas he came to me looking happier than usually. He saw the stars, and counted four of the brightest.

On September 11, 1904, Charles Auguste paid me his weekly visit. I had with me the chronicler

appointed to write an account of the pilgrimage for the *Bulletin Religieux*, namely, the Rev. Riou, who had known Charles Auguste for years at the St. Lucian Seminary. This priest was amazed at the marvel.

With my friend, the chronicler of the Beauvais diocese *Bulletin Religieux*, I will thus wind up my recital: "Of such as will not admit the intervention of a supernatural cause, we ask the explanation of this fact."

BOUDIN,
Parish Priest of Nogent-les-Vierges.

MRS. COURCEL.

This cure has been effected against the expectations, and even somewhat against the wish of the sick person. There can thus certainly be no question of religious self-suggestion:

SUDDEN CURE OF AN UNBELIEVING BLIND WOMAN, DURING THE NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE OF 1906.

The person in question is Mrs. Courcel, of Paris, aged forty-six years. Taken, or rather carried, to the Verification Bureau by an enthusiastic crowd, she gave, in most picturesque suburban language, the story of her life and her cure. "First," she cried out, "I was street and yard singer. Oh! but that was not always my profession. When I had my sight, I was a laundress."

Then, stopping a moment to look around: "Oh, how strange it is here!" and pointing to the little red and purple cross, which distinguishes the

doctors, "So you are all decorated here? It is great, how many are decorated in this country!"

Drs. Boissarie and Cox strove in vain to bring her back to her tale. "You'll know everything," she said, "but first let me look around a little. I've not seen the sun for so long a time." We gave her a moment's respite, all the more willingly as the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was passing by.

"Who was that there, that gentleman dressed in gold under the big white umbrella?"

"That was the priest who carried our Lord."

"So, our Lord walks around here that way every day. Ah! that's why I am cured!"

After that exclamation, which arouses the curiosity of the crowd more and more, she continues as follows:

"That you may not be astonished, I'll confess that I don't know much about religion. I was baptized three months ago, and before that I did not know whether God existed or not.

"I am the oldest of a family of nineteen children. My folks could not afford to send me either to church or to school. When I was scarcely seven years old, I had to take care of my brothers and sisters. When I was a little older, they sent me to the laundry. I became a laundress. When nineteen, I left my parents to go housekeeping. I got married before the court only.

"The following year, I got sore eyes. I saw less and less; my customers left me, because I could no longer wash their linen well. Still I saw

a little; my left eye especially got bad. My husband, seeing I could work no more, put a placard on me. . . Behold I was alone. I went to the hospitals, but they didn't cure me. My sight grew weaker and weaker; a friend took me to the police headquarters to apply for a permit to sing on the streets. On the certificate of a physician of the Quinze-Vingts, stating that I was nearly blind, I was granted it. Thus I became a street singer. I married again, but this time at the court and at the church, to a good workingman, who played the guitar. He accompanied my singing, and did the cooking in the evening.

"We were rather happy; but one day when passing over the bridge of the Archbishopric, I felt a terrible pain in my left eye. It hurt so that I yelled like a beast. A city sergeant accosted me, inquiring what was the matter. 'Take me right away to a druggist,' I said, 'My eyes are sore!' The Hotel-Dieu (hospital) being near, he took me to it.

"There was only a surgeon there at the time, and, not being an oculist, he refused to treat me. As I insisted, he examined my eye, and dressed it; but my right eye then got affected also. I did not see any more. I was told, however, that my right eye was not lost. Two years ago I was assured that nothing more could be done, and that my sight was quite gone.

"Some time since, my husband spoke to me about religion. I didn't care for it, but, as he was a good man, I listened to him anyhow to please

him. Three months ago, he had me baptized. He told me I'd do well to go to Lourdes. I was ashamed to go to church. I said, that was not for me; besides, I must own it, I had but a vague notion of God and the Blessed Virgin. I believed the miracles of Lourdes were just bragging.

"'Go there anyhow,' said my husband, If you don't get cured you will at least learn to pray.'

"Thus I was put on a pilgrimage train. I never thought for a moment that I could be healed. During the journey I got quite vexed. They sang songs I didn't know. Ah! had they sung *Etoile d'amour* (Star of Love) or *Manon, voici le soleil* (Manon, behold the sun), I could have amused myself by singing also, but my companions sang partly French and partly I don't know what language.

"At Lourdes, same thing. It was exasperating. I wanted to get away, but no one would take me to the depot. Some ladies of the hospital, where they had placed me, offered to take me to the grotto, and to have me bathed. At first I refused, being under the impression that I'd have to pay for the bath; but soon, after learning that it was free, I let them lead me thither. At the spring, one of the girls who was along, took my handkerchief and dipped it in the water. 'Wash your eyes,' she said. I answered: 'I'd like to see this country. They say its very fine, but I don't believe, and then I didn't come here to get healed.'

"As the girl insisted, I put the wet handkerchief to my eyes. Forthwith I screamed: 'Oh! how cold it is. This is a bad blow I gave myself. My eyes will rot. They had recommended I should wash them only in warm water.' I felt a keen pain in my head, and in my eyes; then I saw in a blurred way. I saw red lines.

"Soon I saw distinctly. There were before me decorated women. They wore strange hats. I had never seen that. They were Spaniards.

"I sang Spanish songs while my husband picked his guitar. Perhaps you know this one: *A Barcelone, un soir de'été*. . . (At Barcelona on a summer's evening.) There is no harm in that."

Peals of laughter shook the audience. Mrs. Courcel did not mind it. She proceeded:

"And then, I saw men. There were some who were quite good-looking. I saw the grotto, the fountain, the Blessed Virgin, and the mountains. I saw everything, and I see quite well. No more doubt, I am cured. Ah! how good that water is."

The physicians present noticed that the blind woman could tell colors quite well. One of them held his watch before her asking the time. The good woman who was no more accustomed to tell the time, put one finger on the little hand, and another on the large, and counts one, two, three, four. "Half past five," she said.

Mrs. Courcel had the following certificate of Dr. Valude, of the national hospice of the Quinze-Vingts:

I, the undersigned, certify that Mrs. Courcel is affected with old trachom, total double staphylom of the left eye, and lucomas (white spots in the eye) of the right cornea, with considerable diminution of the visual acuity. At the examination the doctors observe that if some lucomas still exists, the cornea is clear nearly all over the right eye.

Behold a cure which it would be hard to attribute to self-suggestion. In fact, the blind woman followed the procession unwillingly, and even, as a doctor remarked, escaped the involuntary and physical suggestion of the sight.

I saw Mrs. Courcel at the grotto this morning. She prayed fervently. "I am happy, happy that I can see now," she said, "but I am still happier that I can pray. I love the Blessed Virgin so now that people may kill me for her."

After her prayer, Mrs. Courcel went again to the Verification Bureau. She was examined again. The numerous doctors who have come to our office satisfy themselves that the sight of her right eye is perfect, the lucomas having disappeared, and the left eye remaining as before.

That cure is important because of its instantaneousness; secondly, because of its permanence, and thirdly, because of the simultaneous complete transformation wrought in the woman's soul, so that the worldly, irreligious and ignorant person of yesterday has been a sincere, devout, fervent and enlightened Christian ever since.

Chapter XI.

The Lupus of Metz, Mrs. Rouchel.

Report on the Cure of Mrs. Rouchel Discussed Before the Medical Society of Metz, and Submitted to the Appreciation of Two Professors of Paris.

The subject of this chapter came to Lourdes with the Metz pilgrimage on September 4, 1903. For the last nine or ten years, she had a lupus in her face, which steadily spread its ravages. All

THE PILGRIMAGE OF MANS.

remedies used had been powerless to stop its progress. Her aspect was pitiful. The nose, the upper lip, the right cheek, the inside of the mouth, the veil of the palate; everything was in-

vaded, deformed and gnawed. All those parts were covered with an abundant and fetid pus.

Besides, there were two perforations: the one in the right cheek, about one and one-quarter inch from the angle of the mouth; the other at the junction of the soft and solid parts of the palate. These two perforations were of about two years' standing. The hole in the cheek necessitated strong plugging to prevent the liquids which the woman tried to drink from running out.

The perforation of the palate was one-quarter inch wide and seven-eighths of an inch long. All around the mucous membrane was swollen. Her mouth, gnawed all over, was covered with a blackish vegetation and a fetid pus. In order to stop the development of the trouble, doctors had in vain pulled all her teeth, and cauterized the inside of her mouth with a red hot iron; everything proved unavailable.

Dr. Ernst, who took care of this woman for the last nine years at the Charity office, had carefully examined her eleven days before her departure for Lourdes, and detailed all the lesions we have just mentioned: the two perforations, the ulcerated upper lip, so swollen as to obstruct the nostrils completely. Her speech was unintelligible.

The woman's illness and cure rightly kept our Metz colleagues busy. In four sessions of their society, that cure was put on the order of the day, on March 9th, 23d, 25th and April 19th. In the

first session Dr. Ernst introduced the sick woman, and read a report on her.

The physicians present, Dr. Ernst included, declared that the woman was not cured.

It was settled at the same time that the improvements acknowledged by Dr. Ernst could be explained by natural agencies.

WIDOW AFFECTED WITH LUPUS.

At last it was decided that the report of the continued illness and the natural improvement should be written and given to the papers. This was done on March 25th.

That decision, absolute in its conclusions, was nowise substantiated. Nor did it satisfy public

opinion. The press polemics, far from quieting down, grew hotter in German, French, Catholic and Protestant papers. We saw over thirty contradictory articles on the subject.

A deputy of the Reichsrath (Parliament) said in the *Vienna Vaterland* of September 8, 1904: "The Metz doctors have shifted the question instead of solving it; they have left out the wounds, the perforations, and have spoken only of the lupus of which they still found traces in the scars; but we must not lose sight of this one interesting fact: Mrs. Rouchel was, on September 5, 1903, cured in a few moments of two deep wounds, whereas all treatments had proved useless up to that time. There is the knot of the problem.

"If the Metz doctors believe they can account in a natural way for that instantaneous change which occurred on September 5, 1903, I summon them to do so in the interest of science. So far, however, despite public challenges, a natural explanation of that cure has not been set forth."

On our part, we wrote under date of September 9, 1905: "Mrs. Rouchel has been cured of perforations both of the palate veil and of the cheek through which one could pass a finger into the mouth; in a very short time those perforations have been closed by a solid, lasting scar. That nine years' suppuration has vanished without leaving any trace. There is the fact which beats all theories, and defies all explanations; and that fact is supported by testimonies taken day by day, and hour by hour."

When we follow in order, the various testimonies we have gathered, we can establish that up to September 5th, 4:30 o'clock p.m., no change had occurred in Mrs. Rouchel's state; her lupus was discharging freely, and at 5 o'clock p.m., all her wounds were dried up and her perforations closed.

SAME WIDOW CURED.

We have first Dr. Ernst certificate, which is partly reproduced above. In the reunion of April 10th last, that doctor gave more details: "I saw," said he to us, "Mrs. Rouchel the day before she started for Lourdes, and I noticed that the water she wanted to drink ran out by her nose."

The same physician states in his certificate:

I met Mrs. Rouchel the first time at the Charity Office, and I saw that she had a lupus in her face, affecting especially her nose and her upper lip. All remedies used (iodure of potassium, etc.,) have been powerless to stay the trouble. The same holds good of the treatment of a specialist, Dr. Bender, to whom I had directed her, such as scraping and cauterizing, but it was all no use, and in the course of 1899 her palate became perforated and in 1901 her right cheek.

Eleven days before her departure for Lourdes, in August, 1903, she was a pitiful sight, on account of the disfigurement, and the ravages at the nose in and outside: inside and outside, at the upper lip, the right cheek, and at the palate. A perforation existed at the junction of the soft and hard parts of the palate, as also at the right cheek at about one and one-quarter inch from the angle of the mouth. The nose and the upper lip were very much eaten, and covered with fetid pus.

I saw Mrs. Rouchel again five days after her return from Lourdes, and there was a complete change in her. The redness had almost disappeared, the perforations of the palate and of the cheek

were closed; at the outside of the perforations of the cheek, there was scarcely a red spot of the size of a bean. The lip on which there had been most ulceration was covered with a nice looking scab; the swelling was two-thirds gone, and there remained scarcely any trace of the ulceration. Around the former inflammation were some scarred nodules.

That prodigious improvement, one might say that cure, has continued to this day. My colleague, Dr. Muller, a Jew, skin disease specialist, was, like myself, constrained to qualify as extraordinary the improvement wrought after the continuous inroads of the disease up to her departure for Lourdes.

It is impossible to *explain naturally* the change which has come over her in so short a time. Dr. Ernst.

Metz, December 22, 1903.

Here follow testimonies of various witnesses—

The pastor of St. Maximin, visited Mrs. Rouchel on Sunday, the eve of her departure:

A deep compassion, a kind of fright, has come over me on seeing that poor woman who tried to hide under her bandage her horribly disfigured mouth, her swollen lips, and her face full of sores.

Sister Sophia, of the Maternal Charity, of Metz, says:

1. Upon my soul and my conscience, I declare before God that I escorted and treated Mrs. Rouchel during the pilgrimage, from August 31st to September 12th.

2. From August 31st to Saptember 5th, her face was hideous. On the right cheek, one and one-quarter inch from the mouth, there was a hole of three-quarters of an inch, through which the liquids ran out when she tried to drink.

3. Until September 5th, I had to dress her wounds five or six times a day, which enabled me carefully to examine her condition.

4. During the trip from Metz to Lourdes, and at Lourdes, I had not observed the least improvement in her condition; on Saturday, September 5th, towards 8 o'clock a.m., I saw her and dressed her for the last time before her cure. At that time, I still noticed in her right cheek a hole as large as the thickness of my little finger. I put into it, from the *inside of her mouth*, a wadding plug (the hole being larger on the inside).

5. I examined Mrs. Rouchel's mouth on the inside during the journey. It was even a more horrible sight than the outside. There was at the palate a hole five-eighths of an inch long, and one-quarter of an inch wide. It was bordered by a sort of pad of suppurating flesh. The palate was knotted like the stem of certain rose bushes.

I saw several times, not only the hole of the cheek, but, the rubber plug which closed it at her departure from Metz having been lost on the way, I made a plug of wadding and inserted it myself, when I dressed the wounds, to prevent the liquids from running out that way.

Mrs. Lacroix, of Metz, deposes:

I saw at Lourdes on Saturday morning, September 5th, Mrs. Rouchel bathing her face; I noticed the horror of that mouth, the upper lip touching her nostrils; on the right side a hole, discharging pus: it was dreadful. I still see that wretched woman, washing herself, and rinsing her sponge. The water had turned an undescribable color.

The Count d'Autan, writes:

Being at the grotto on September 5th, at 10 o'clock a. m., I saw Mrs. Rouchel enter the grotto. Her head bandage was soaked with pus. Though I did not go near her, I was much impressed with the fetid odor that came from her wound, and by that alone I distinguished her from the other sick then at Lourdes. When I heard that she was healed, I looked for her, and I perceived her on the morning of the 6th, on the right bench at the grotto, within the space reserved for the sick, her face altogether scarred over, and, of course, without bandage. All trace of suppuration had disappeared, the odor was gone, and I had no doubt of her cure.

The Sister in charge of the hospital room which Mrs. Rouchel occupied perfectly described to us the state in which she was before the procession:

I had to busy myself with Mrs. Rouchel during the Metz pilgrimage at Lourdes, in September, 1903. Aware of the fact that she would incommode the other sick, I isolated her in a corner near the window. I dressed her wounds several times, the last time being on *Saturday, September 5th, about 1:30 p.m.*, when there was absolutely no change in her condition. Then her nose, her lips, her cheeks were but one wound whence came an unbearable odor.

I noticed again the hole in her cheek as big as the thickness of my little finger. When she drank, a portion of the liquid flowed out by that hole. This happened yet on September 5th, at her noon meal; an abundant puss oozed right along from her wounds and from the hole in her cheek. Mrs. Rouchel took only liquids. She had trouble to swallow.

When dressing her wounds on Saturday at 1:30 p.m., I had again to insert a strong plug in the hole of her cheek to close the opening.

SISTER MECHTILDE,
Nun of the Lourdes' Hospital.

Testimony of the Superior of the Tarbes Seminary:

On September 5, 1903, about 4:15 p. m., I was seated before the door of the crypt, saying my breviary, and awaiting the pilgrims, who at times come to confession during the Blessed Sacrament procession. A woman passed before me, walking slowly and heavily, apparently shunning the crowd. "Where are you going," said I. "Ah! if you knew, Rev. Father, what is my condition." Thereupon, as she lifted the bandage, which covered her face, I saw a horrible wound. "Do you see that hole," quoth she to me, "when I drink, everything runs out that way." I saw indeed a hole through her cheek down into her mouth from which ran a fetid suppuration. The woman replaced her bandage, and proceeded by the tower stair case into the Church of the Rosary.

The Superior adds:

The sight of that horrible wound left a painful impression upon me. That awful stench followed me everywhere. The same evening, I told my colleagues, notably Father Collin, director of the Metz pilgrimage, how I felt at the sight of that woman.

THE MUTE WITNESS—THE BANDAGE.

Mrs. Rouchel had objected to being placed among the other sick during the procession. On the train, at the hospital, and at the baths, everybody got out of her way; all around her were inconvenienced by the odor of her wounds; she

had sought a corner in Rosary Church in a side chapel of the sanctuary. Just as Mgr. de Saint Die passed by her, carrying back the Blessed Sacrament, her bandage became loose, and dropped on her open prayer book, leaving upon it a deep stain of blood and pus. Three hours before, the nurses had put on the bandage, which, by this time, was drenched with the liquids draining from her wounds. Without taking notice of anything, Mrs. Rouchel arranged her bandage and returned to the hospital.

Thus all testimonies agree, on Thursday, September 5th, until 4:30 p.m., Mrs. Rouchel still had her wounds, from which the pus ran just as freely. Nothing was changed in her condition; just then an instantaneous cicatrization occurred.

At the hospital Mrs. Rouchel found Sister Sophia, and upbraided her for not having put on her last bandage tight enough. "I did not put on that last bandage," replied Sister Sophia. Thereupon the latter, on removing the bandage noticed the change wrought which she describes as follows: "There were no more wounds in her face; a new skin had formed, and the inside of her mouth was completely healed; there were no more holes, either in her palate or in her cheek. Who can tell that poor woman's joy? I satisfied myself that there was no more trace of suppuration in her mouth. Her upper lip had regained its normal shape; her nose was freed from the flesh-mass which had disfigured it for years, and her mouth was quite healed. She ate meat and vege-

tables without any trouble, a thing she had not been able to do for a long time."

Her traveling companions, Misses Risse, also attest the cure: "After the procession," they said, "we found Mrs. Rouchel looking at her face in a little mirror; there was no hole in her cheek, no pus, no wound, but a new skin, still red, as of a recently closed wound. An English lady, who was in the hall, looked at the inside of her mouth, and witnessed, with all those present, that there was no hole in the palate, and that her mouth was perfectly healed."

By collating all these testimonies, it seems to us a settled fact that Mrs. Rouchel, had, on September 5th, at 4:30 in the afternoon, the two perforations we described; her lupus betrayed its presence until 4:30 p.m., by sanies and the same flow of pus; at 5 o'clock she re-entered the hospital, and people noticed that the perforations were closed, and her wounds scarred.

The next day we examined Mrs. Rouchel at the Verification Office with a great many Belgian and French doctors and two Lille hospital physicians. The hole in the cheek was replaced by a solid scab; there was scarcely a red trace of the size of a bean; the palate was rebuilt; there was no trace of suppuration.

Such instantaneous wound-healing is altogether unknown in medicine.

Charcot explicitly states this in relating the history of Miss Coirin, healed by suggestion of a wound in the chest. He called our attention to

the fact that the cicatrization was complete only after a few days. "For," he added, "cicatrization requires several days. It was only after eighteen days that the skin of that organ had become smooth and free from all ulceration." He resumed: "In cures qualified as sudden, the physical laws always require a sufficient time for the cicatrization of the wounds. Religious suggestion is limited to the power which the mind possesses over the body, and no possible intervention can break that limit. No instantaneous reconstruction of destroyed tissues has ever been observed."

In Mrs. Rouchel's cure two old wounds have been closed without any treatment within a quarter of an hour or a half hour. Twenty witnesses satisfied themselves of this fact at the hospital and at the Lourdes Medical office; lastly, the sick woman's physician witnessed that cure between the two examinations.

Discussion of Mrs. Rouchel's Cure before the Metz Medical Society, April 10, 1905.

Mrs. Rouchel's cure caused a sensation throughout Lorraine. As I was at Metz to give a lecture there the first days of April, 1905, the doctors of that city had invited me to come to study that cure with them. I had accepted their invitation. On April 10th, I attended an extraordinary session of the Medical Society convoked for that purpose. The meeting took place in a reserved hall of the Bürgerbrau brewery; it opened at 5:10 p.m., under Dr. Lentz's presidency, he being public

health doctor. Twenty members were present. In opening the session, Dr. Lentz briefly stated the object. "Dr. Ernst," said he, "some time ago gave out a certificate, stating that Mrs. Rouchel, of Metz, whom he had treated, had been miraculously cured at Lourdes. The Metz Medical Society, having demanded proofs, found that Mrs. Rouchel's lupus had not been cured. Dr. Ernst practically retracted his certificate. Light must needs be thrown upon this case by discussing it with Dr. Boissarie. Drs. Amon and Mayer will kindly translate into French the observations which will be made in German.

Dr. Bossarie.—I thank the Society for having invited me to the session. We shall remain upon absolutely scientific grounds. There will be no question of miracles. We shall speak of Mrs. Rouchel as of a hospital or a clinical case. You know what was her condition. I will not say whether Mrs. Rouchel had in her the germ of another disease besides lupus. Do you think that she had only a tubercular lupus or a complication of diseases?

Dr. Lentz.—We are agreed that she had something besides lupus.

Dr. Muller, skin disease specialist.—The lupus was undoubtedly complicated with another trouble. But whatever the cause, it would be astonishing that fistules of the kind observed on Mrs. Rouchel should be healed instantaneously. Therefore, I ask Dr. Boissarie whether he had himself visited Mrs. Rouchel on the day of her cure,

shortly before it. Did he see the fistula that morning? If not, we can not busy ourselves with that cure. Lay people can never take the place of physicians as witnesses. If no doctor has visited Mrs. Rouchel immediately before her cure, we can not attach any value to other witnesses, not even to Sister Sophia, although she is accustomed to take care of the sick, for she must also be classed with lay people, uninitiated to science. We can not at all depend upon such testimonies. Thus, I ask again, did Dr. Boissarie visit that woman, or did another physician examine her?

Drs. Amos and Cristel translate Dr. Muller's words.

Dr. Boissarie.—I shall arrive at the question. The certificate delivered by her doctor ten days before her cure shows that Mrs. Rouchel had, at that time, a perforation of the cheek and of the palate veil. We have, after that, testimonies of very honorable people, by which we know that her condition remained the same during her journey. The fact in question is within the ken of the common people, and anybody can vouch for the existence of those holes, after having seen and touched them. The testimonies are connected. They have been taken day by day, hour by hour. Besides we have a mute but irrefragable witness: at the time of the procession, the bandage fell, making a large stain of pus on the prayer book, which she held in her hand. Before the procession that woman was unable to drink: everything ran

out by her nose and her cheek. After the procession, she could eat and drink like anybody.

We must admit therefore that we have a series of testimonies, which give us absolute certainty. I don't believe any doctor can say that such a perforation can heal without treatment in one or ten days, and much less in one day, in one hour.

Dr. Muller.—We heard from Dr. Boissarie that he did not see Mrs. Rouchel before her cure. In those conditions that sudden cure does not exist, or is considered as non-existing for a man of science. Dr. Boissarie asks if a fistula of that nature can heal even in ten days. That is not only possible, but we see it daily.

Dr. Boissarie.—Do you admit that the sick woman had the veil of her palate perforated before she started for Lourdes?

Dr. Muller.—Yes, I believe it, but I did not see it.

Dr. Boissarie.—Thus outside of doctors, you do not admit any other testimony. That is dangerous. There is question here of an observation of a vulgar order, and not of a scientific one. All those who had a close look at Mrs. Rouchel can tell whether she had a hole in her cheek, especially if one could put one's finger through that hole, and if the liquid she drank flowed out thereby. The witnesses tell us that Mrs. Rouchel had a plug put into that hole from the inside of her mouth—which plug came out through her cheek. That testimony must not be neglected. It has the same value as a scientific testimony.

Dr. Muller, heedless of the witnesses' testimonies, adds: "The cure in ten days of a perforation of the kind which occupies us is by no means a rare thing. Strong doses of iode given by a quack would cause the holes to close. None of you are aware whether the sick woman was given iode. It is certain that such perforations heal rapidly. That the sick woman has been cured in ten days is, therefore, a matter of course."

Dr. Ernst, the woman's physician, protests thus: "I saw Mrs. Rouchel before she left for Lourdes, and I noticed that the water she attempted to drink came out by her nose. I used large doses of iode and mercury. During ten months before she set out for Lourdes, I obtained no result at all.

"The supposition of the quack is absolutely gratuitous, as Mrs. Rouchel has taken no remedy at all for the last six months."

Dr. Muller keeps on insisting that the cure of such perforations can easily be effected by an intensive treatment within the space of ten or twelve days.

Dr. Boissarie rejoins that Mrs. Rouchel's doctor did use that intensive treatment in vain, but that Mrs. Rouchel took no remedy at all within the last six months.

He adds that Mrs. Rouchel has been cured, not in ten days, but instantaneously on September 5th, at 4:30 o'clock p.m.

Dr. Zammert.—A professor of Paris told me that a perforation of that kind can be cured in a week.

Dr. Boissarie.—Who is that professor?

Dr. Zammert.—Dr. Tenneson.

Dr. Boissarie.—I saw Dr. Tenneson two days ago, and spoke lengthily of Mrs. Rouchel's case, and he told me the contrary: a cure within such a short time is inexplicable. (See his declaration below.)

In those conditions our discussion could not come to an end. I propose to submit the question to arbitration.

The President, Dr. Lentz.—Dr. Boissarie proposes to submit your conclusions and his to a doctor of St. Louis hospital of Paris, who shall be our unanimous choice.

Dr. Muller.—Agreed. But I request that the German authority, Prof. Wolff, of Strasburg, be likewise consulted in the matter. As foreign authority, I will propose Dr. Fournier, of Paris.

Dr. Boissarie.—You choose your umpire at Strasburg, and you choose mine at Paris; don't you give me the privilege of selecting one?

Finally the assembly decides that each part shall designate an expert; these two arbitrators will, if desirable, select a third one, and all agree upon Prof. Fournier, of Paris, and Mr. Besnier, of the Parisian St. Louis hospital.

The meeting closed at 6:30 o'clock.

The whole discussion had hinged on a point of inquiry. Dr. Muller holds that as ten or twelve days elapsed between the doctor's examination, that delay is more than sufficient to bring about the closing of the wound by using an intensive

treatment. He repudiates all embarrassing witnesses, and introduces an imaginary quack. His whole thesis rests upon those two data, which are equally false. The testimonies we quoted evince that Mrs. Rouchel still had her wounds on September 5th, at 4:30 o'clock p.m., a quarter of an hour before her cure. Dr. Zammert invoked the testimony of Dr. Tenneson of the St. Louis Hospital, who kindly gave me a very detailed note on that cure.

His letter runs thus:

You introduced Mrs. Rouchel to me, and you ask my opinion of her. She has some scars which cover healed ulcerations. One of those scars is on the palate of the mouth, on the right cheek is the other one which covers a late perforation through the mouth.

This cicatrix is scarcely noticeable. Two such perforations are extremely rare in a lupus. But what is altogether extraordinary is that the findings of the investigators show that the two perforations, as well as the discharging and ulcerous lesions of the mouth were healed at Lourdes in a few hours.

I hold that no medical science, no doctoring, can effect this, and that the fact, if accurate, is beyond the medical order.

To establish the exactness of the fact, we must rely on the diary of the sick woman, and of those who took care of her. Doctors are guided by such data right along in their practice. Of course they take such information only under certain reserves, and the sifting thereof must be left exclusively to physicians. This procedure holds good for the sick of Lourdes as well as any others.

Dr. Tenneson,
Paris, July 10, 1905. Physician, St. Louis Hospital.

The doctor added:

"Perforations of the palate of the mouth and of the cheek so wide and of such long standing do not disappear spontaneously.

"Besides, an old, copious and fetid suppuration flowed from her mouth. It could arise either from an ulcerated lupus of the mouth-cavity, or from secondary causes. But no matter. The complete cure in a few hours of a extensive discharging lesion of the mouth-cavity *is a thing which I never saw hitherto.*"

Behold thus everything well stated.

Dr. du Castel, member of the Academy of Medicine, physician of the St. Louis Hospital, gave us a little statement.

Dr. Lebec wrote: "The fact is very interesting, and whatever be the nature of the disease, the cure was instantaneous. This is the capital point; altogether against nature."

Dr. Gueniot, former president of the Academy of Medicine, wrote in the same strain: "The report of our colleague Boissarie interested me very much," etc.

Our Paris arbiters: Prof. Fournier and Dr. Bessnier.

Dr. Gouraud, former Charity Hospice doctor, was kind enough to escort me to these umpires, and to second me by his authority.

On July 8, 1905, we introduced Mrs. Rouchel to Prof. Fournier and to Dr. Besnier. After a lengthy and detailed examination of the woman we had to answer the stock objections:

1. We haven't seen that sick woman before, and we can not vouch for the changes which may have occurred at Lourdes.

2. We must not mix science and religion for the sake of religion.

3. It would have been just as easy for the Blessed Virgin to complete her work by effacing all trace of the lupus.

4. The lupus is not healed. There remain ulcerations.

5. Whatever decision we come to, polemics

will not cease. Everybody will stick to his own opinion. Of what use then will be our decision: we decline that arbitration, as we are not sufficiently informed. We should need three months' study and observation to warrant a verdict.

Under such conditions our two umpires have declined, and in the letter I received the next day, Dr. Besnier said:

Dear Colleague:

We have decided to decline the function of experts, and, furthermore, to drop the matter.

I don't find, in an extemporaneous and clinical examination, the necessary elements to pronounce an arbitrating sentence in *so complex a case*, where a sufficiently long observation would be indispensable. Yours truly,

Monday, July 9, 1905. Ernest Besnier.

Our arbiters had remained on scientific ground, without taking up the investigation upon which hinges the whole debate. They describe well Mrs. Rouchel's present state, but would not descant on her past troubles, on the perforations healed at Lourdes; they understood perfectly that an instantaneous cicatrization is beyond the medical art, but before admitting this fact, the whole investigation would have to be made over again, the witnesses would have to be heard, they would have to resort to Lourdes perhaps to gather on the spot all the details of the cure: they had neither the time nor the inclination.

More even than our Metz colleagues, our Parisian doctors had shirked the question. Our Metz colleagues, intent upon brushing aside the supernatural, falsified the data of the inquiry by

suppressing the witnesses who embarrassed them, by supposing the intervention of an imaginary doctor, and absolutely ignoring the observations of the sick woman's physician.

The Paris professors did not want to leave the scientific ground and enter upon an investigation, a question of fact which entailed their incompetency, and I could say to our arbiters: "It is impossible to *explain naturally* the change effected in so short a time."

That woman had two perforations: whether from a lupus or from an accident; perforation by a stroke of a knife, a revolver bullet, no matter. There is a loss of substance, and nature repairs its breaches only gradually. Zola acknowledged to me: "There would be as much supernatural in the instantaneous cicatrization of a scratch as of that of a deep wound." There was but a scratch left with Mrs. Rouchel.

When that woman started for Lourdes, pus flowed copiously from her mouth—an object of horror to all; she could not eat, and she swallowed the pus which poisoned her. Her speech was unintelligible, and her breathing embarrassed. Thoughts of suicide haunted her in her moments of despair. How can you compare that woman to the one who now exposes to all the scar of which she is proud, and whose face beams with strength and health? Were it possible for us to place on the same canvas, Mrs. Rouchel before and after the pilgrimage, we could dispense with judge and witnesses, as the evidence would take their place.

Mrs. Rouchel's cure bears on the laws of wound-cicatrization, or rather upsets those laws. Its proper character must be insisted upon. It would not do to bring it within the limits of skin diseases.

A St. Louis hospital physician wrote us:

"The scarring of ulcers requires at least several weeks. If the ulcerating process has caused perforation, there is no more question of cicatrization, but of obliteration which requires more time. And if the hole is the size of the finger, I doubt whether obliteration is possible. Such a case never came under my observation."

We conclude therefore that all those results are beyond the power of medicine.

We could not apply here the principles laid down by Charcot, quoting wounds healed in fifteen or eighteen days. Charcot was too serious to attempt miracles.

I took all the testimonies: it is enough to have eyes to see a perforation through which a finger can be passed. I hold, therefore, that Mrs. Rouchel's cure transcends the medical order. As I wind up this case, I beg to thank my Metz colleagues. They swung the doors of their society wide open to me. Though separated from me by nationality, language and religion, they received me most kindly. This is perhaps the first time that science lowers all bars for the study of such great questions.

They are Protestant doctors who called us to study with them those difficult problems, and the president, Dr. Lentz, writes us:

"I fear that no matter what will be your decision, you will never succeed in convincing unbelievers."

I agree with him, but those very questions preoccupy the public mind: a great many doctors and professors have taken their stand; as years roll on, more and more practitioners side with us; we have to make known, even for the sake of science, the exceptional facts of which we are witnesses. I am under deep obligations also to Profs. Fournier and Besnier for having kindly examined Mrs. Rouchel. By declining the arbitration, they indirectly rendered homage to the cause we defend; they acknowledged that they were confronted by difficult problems which called for long conscientious researches. Had they followed the details of the investigation, they would have owned that there was an instantaneous healing of a deep wound, and that this fact passes all medical experience.

GROUP OF VILLEPINTE CONSUMPTIVES CURED AT THE NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE

Chapter XII.

Consumptives at Lourdes.

A Sick Woman of Villepinte Healed Before a Grotto of the Home —Esther Brackmann Cured at the 1896 National Pilgrimage —Miss Carina de Benevel, of Palermo, Cured September 1, 1906.

The Sick of Villepinte.

Tubercular troubles occupy the first rank in our statistics as to number, and the most interesting cures were found among the sick of Villepinte. The Villepinte Home, reserved exclusively to consumptives, has been sending its sick with the national pilgrimages since 1896. During the three years—1896, 1897 and 1898—we received fifty-four of its inmates, consumptives of various kinds, and of different stages, but all seriously affected.

Among those fifty-four sick we observed twenty-four cures or improvements, which, with few exceptions, had no relapse, whereas the thirty odd unimproved sick have all died since. Taken altogether, these results set forth a lesson which must needs be heeded. The twenty-four cases healed were just as sick as those who died: no picking had been done.

Moreover, the cures were wrought instantaneously or very speedily. The healed girls did not even return to Villepinte; they took up their places and positions in the world, and a few became nuns.

Since 1898, the cures have been less numerous among the Villepinte inmates. There were but

five or six cases in recent years. If these cures were merely due to suggestion, why that variation? Why should not the same causes produce the same effects? It is ever the same problem that confronts us, and which shows that the program of these cures was not written by a human hand.

The healed sick were just as seriously sick as the others. They had to meet with the same fate.

Their cure was wrought during the three days of the pilgrimage; in a few moments lungs with deep cavities were healed; people saw health returning to those emaciated bodies, and, to our certain knowledge, some gained in a few days or a few months, ten, twenty or thirty pounds. Those instantaneous cures are thorough and lasting. We have not so far observed cures of a whole group. We never had such a high average in the cures of consumptives. Nearly one-half of those girls, doomed to a certain and speedy death, were cured. When coming to Lourdes, all those sick bring their diaries. Before leaving their hospitals they are weighed, their bacilli are looked for, the extent of their lesions is determined. Upon their return the doctor examines them, closely observes them, and compares results. Thus science consecrates facts plainly observable even by laymen, but here everything combines to tear the veils, and the most rebellious wills must bow before a demonstration which precludes doubt and criticism; suggestion can not heal a lung cavity.

Since 1898 there have been no cures of groups of six and eight at a time, but only of isolated

cases. Of the latter category we shall quote the cure of Louise Perrotin, which happened before a Lourdes' grotto, erected in the chapel of Villepinte. Let us listen to the hospice Sisters' own story:

A Lourdes Grotto at the Villepinte Hospice.
A First Cure there August 15, 1902.

Louise Perrotin, whose cure we shall relate, has been since 1897 in the houses of the Sisters of Mary Help. In June, 1901, Louise returned to Maubeuge street, hoping to resume her work, but soon she had to quit. In September a *tubercular peritonitis* declared itself, and on October 1st she was taken to Villepinte in a critical condition.

In January, 1902, the sickness took a different turn: it was tubercular meningitis which robbed Miss Perrotin both of her reason and of her speech. This was a great deal, but it was not all: to a softening of the brain, and of the marrow of the spine was coupled a general suffering in all her bones; the poor woman had unbearable pains as soon as they rubbed her ever so little with a piece of wadding. Since then it became impossible for her to use her limbs; her condition required the assiduous care which is lavished on the smallest children. She scarcely gave any signs of intelligence, and could speak only words of one syllable, or broken words, which she often could not finish. In fact, she could not remember the most familiar terms, and had to resort to signs to make herself understood. If she wanted milk, for instance, she

would point to the sheet, to tell white; to speak of the Blessed Virgin, to whom she always had a great devotion, she looked heavenwards, raising towards the ceiling her eyes which were deprived of all expression. From January to August she had several sharp crises of meningitis, and her state became more and more critical; her life was a true martyrdom; we wondered how she could stand so much suffering. Yet she never complained; in her short lucid moments, she at times expressed to the Blessed Virgin her desire of being cured, but oftener that of going to her in Heaven. Still Miss Perrotin was most eager to go to Lourdes. This, however, was deemed impossible. First, it was feared she would die on the way, and besides, as she was helpless, two persons would have had to go along to wait upon her. When informed of this decision, she grieved much, but not long. "Ah!" quoth she in her broken speech, "I know. Good Mother . . . cure me . . . here. . . ." She wanted to say that the Blessed Virgin would heal her at Villepinte, without her going to Lourdes. I must say that for several years there exists at Villepinte in the vestibule of the pavilion of those critically ill, a representation of the Lourdes grotto with a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The hospice inmates love to pray in that oratory, as it recalls to them the favors granted to many sick of Villepinte by their heavenly Mother; and they come there right along to pray and make novenas. The Blessed Virgin undoubtedly wanted to show her

pleasure at those homages by consecrating that spot through a miraculous cure.

The infirmary Mothers proposed to Louise that she join in making a preparatory novena for the feast of the Assumption. The beads were to be said every day. As Miss Perrotin could not articulate the Mail Hary, they made her say on the beads of her Rosary: "Good Mother, cure me!" And she invariably added, "Or take me!" Every day also the sick girl drank some mouthfuls of the water of Lourdes. Her confidence increased day by day; pointing to the lower story, where stands the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes: "Yes—I . . . get down. . . . I . . . cured. . . ."

During the novena Louise had another sharp crisis, which weakened her mind to the last degree. In the midst of her sufferings she still repeated: "Good Mother . . . cure me . . . or Heaven . . quickly. . . ."

On the eve of the Assumption she reiterated her request to be taken to the grotto: "I . . . tomorrow . . . cured . . . down there. . . ." It seemed impossible to gratify her, as they could not move her without hurting her very much. Also, when she recommenced her petition the next day, "I . . . get down . . . I cured . . . below . . ." the Mother, believing she had to refuse, strove to reason with her, but in vain. The poor girl's insistence appeared all the stronger, as during the course of her long illness she had been so submissive that she seemed to have no more will of her own. As she could not persuade her, the Mother decided

to satisfy her. Assisted by a hired girl, she set Louise on a chair, and both holding up her relaxed head, as best they could, they carried her to the lower floor, and put her before the grotto where they began to pray.

But lo! all at once Louise cried out: "Oh! how I suffer! how I suffer!" In fact, an untold agony could be read in her contracted and haggard face. The Mother understood a decisive crisis was at hand. "She is dying, or she will be cured." And, filling a glass with Lourdes water, she handed it to the sick girl, who gulped it down.

Miss Perrotin had scarcely quaffed the water, when, by an unaccountable movement, escaping from the arms that held her, she flung herself upon her knees at the foot of Mary's statue, and she cried with a strong and intelligible voice: "I'm cured! cured! Oh! my good Mother, thank you! Kneel! Kneel! I am cured!" Then rising and gazing around her: "Oh! Mother Mary H . . . is it you? I recognize you! But the park is full of flowers! Are we then no longer in winter?" Overwhelmed with emotion, the Mother at first could not answer. "Of course, we are no more in the winter; we are in August. To-day is the beautiful feast of the Assumption!"

After fervent thanksgiving they had to go back upstairs. Louise wanted to do so unassisted. Sister Teresa was amazed and overcome with emotion at seeing the stupid dying girl of a little while ago standing, and walking alone, her face radiant, and her eyes beaming with intelligence,

Tears flowed with cries of admiration and gratitude towards the Blessed Virgin. Louise ceased not telling her joy, and asking all to join her in thanking her good Mother.

A strange thing! Miss Perrotin went straight to the bed she occupied before she lost her senses. They had changed her place since, but she remembered nothing about it. They questioned her: she could not recall anything of what happened during her illness; her sufferings of so many months, the visits she had received, even the recent incidents of the morning, her solicitations to be brought down to the grotto, her last crisis at the foot of Our Lady's statue, everything had vanished from her memory; whereas, on the contrary, she had vivid and definite recollections of everything that preceded her first crisis of meningitis. Louise had regained her senses only when she saw herself kneeling at the foot of the Blessed Virgin's statue. "At that moment," she said, "I felt something extraordinary happen in me, like a dislocation of all my members; my bones seemed to grow empty, and then I believed I was coming out of a long dream."

During the remainder of the day the happy miracle-crowned girl received a number of visitors. To all she spoke of her deep gratitude to Our Lady of Lourdes.

The next morning the happy girl attended the 7 o'clock Mass, looking like a walking skeleton in her extreme emaciation. She knelt at the Consecration and at the Communion; then,

with a rather steady step, she went to receive Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

From that day she had no relapse. In full possession of all her faculties, she is still at Villepinte, as the nuns are keeping her until she will have grown strong enough to do hard work.

Dr. Lefebvre, hospice physician, gave to this happy, privileged child of the Immaculate Virgin, the following certificate:

> I, the undersigned, doctor of medicine, certify that Miss Louise Perrotin, having cerebro-spinal trouble, characterized by stupidity, loss of voice, and various attacks of paralysis, is now quite cured of all those disorders, as a result of devotions at the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes in Villepinte. (The cure dates from August 15th.)
>
> Dr. Lefebvre.
>
> Villepinte, October 4, 1902.

The name of Dr. Lefebvre, whose prudence and reserve are well known, gives special authority to that certificate. For several years he has watched carefully the numerous cures of Villepinte people, which occurred at Lourdes, but he always avoided pronouncing himself. This is the first time that he frankly comes forward, indicating on the one hand the nature of the disease, and on the other the date and the place of the cure.

That certificate is above reproach. The doctor avoids entering upon a field which is not ours in solving the question of the supernatural, but he reproduces well Ambrose Paré's motto:

I dressed his wounds; God cured him.

Esther Brackmann.

Cured at Lourdes in 1896.

Esther Brackmann's cure, though quite interesting, has not been published.

Dr. Lefebvre, Villepinte Home physician, unhesitatingly admits that this young lady, suffering from tubercular peritonitis, has remained perfectly healed ever since her return from Lourdes, August 24, 1896. Her certificate is dated July 8, 1897.

On June 4, 1901, the hospital superior told us that this girl feels as though she had never been sick. She adds: "Esther is a tall, slender girl, so changed that one can not recognize in her the child of sixteen, who started for Lourdes in 1896, small, anemic and in the throes of tubercular peritonitis, baffling all the resources of medicine. Always good and pious, she successfully passed her examinations, and is now working for the first grade diploma. When she comes to Villepinte she communicates to all the sick the desire of going to draw from the same source the health which shines in her eyes. Before entering the Villepinte institute, this girl had stayed a long time in the Charity Hospital under Dr. Gouraud's care and at the Hotel Dieu (God's Hotel) with Prof. Duplay. The latter had opened and drained the peritoneum, but had not been able to stop the progress of the disease. Dr. Gouraud had made several punctures, but the dropsy continually returned. Dr. Gouraud acknowledged her cure some months after her return from Lourdes. He had believed her dead for a long time."

We publish the girl's own story:

"Stricken at the age of thirteen with bleeding tubercular peritonitis, I was examined by the Charity Hospital physician, Dr. Gouraud, who began treating me at once; he tapped me forthwith, again the following month, and the third time a little later. Each time he drew from me three to four gallons of liquid, which gushed out more rapidly at each successive puncture.

"Then several doctors examined me, and decided on an operation which was performed at the end of June, 1895, by Prof. Duplay. The following July I entered Villepinte, where the Sisters gave me the best and the most assiduous care; nevertheless, instead of regaining strength, I grew constantly weaker; still I had no more of those copious flows, which before the operation necessitated frequent tapping, but that was the crisis: violent pains, which almost paralyzed me, fever, vomiting, etc. The application of plasters and hot irons gave but momentary relief, also my state grew worse right along.

"Dr. Lefebvre, hospice physician, having declared that I could live but a few months, my godfather secured my admission to the 1896 national pilgrimage. For a long time I had been preparing myself for this by offering to God all my sufferings and sacrifices, and, full of faith, ardor and confidence, I set out for Lourdes on the white train with fifteen of my companions, five of whom were very ill.

"The journey was long and painful. At

Poitiers they were quite uneasy about me, and at Bordeaux, one of the priests, fearing that I should not reach Lourdes, offered to give me a last absolution, but I protested. Before leaving Villepinte, my companions and I agreed to make a sacrifice of our lives, and to pray for one another; notwithstanding this, I was convinced that I should be cured. The end of the trip was excruciating; at every stop of the train I fainted; my weakness was extreme, having been unable to take anything but a little lemonade since I started.

"Having arrived at Lourdes, I was put on a stretcher, and carried to the grotto, where I received the Holy Viaticum. Somewhat later I became unconscious. What happened during that time, I don't know; but I found myself again at the piscina, without having noticed that they had carried me thither. As the dear Sisters let me down into the water on sheets I lost consciousness again; they pulled me out, but, realizing that I was not cured, I besought them to bathe me again, decided, as I was, not to leave the piscina until I should be cured. They did as I requested and redipped me. At that very moment I experienced a shock, and great interior heat. Straightway I could get up alone, and I noticed that the swelling of the abdomen, quite considerable heretofore, had suddenly disappeared.

"They helped me to dress, and feeling myself quite strong I refused to go on my stretcher again, and started for the grotto, leaning only on a companion's arm.

"What were my impressions then? Words fail to tell, but they were doubtless those of every one healed miraculously: calm, deep joy, slightly manifested, and peace so absolute that I seemed to be no longer of earth; also, I confess, I looked upon that excitement of the crowd around me as altogether extraordianry. Towards 11 o'clock as I was literally starved, our director took me to the restaurant, where, as it was Friday, I ate hard eggs and potatoes with oil, a rather heavy diet for a sick person, who for the last six months lived on liquids alone. The digestion caused me neither pain nor fatigue; and the whole afternoon I could follow the exercises of the pilgrimage; the next day I did the same, and I made the stations of the cross at the Calvary with my companion, Marguerite Menaud, healed that morning of an ulcer of the stomach.

"Only on Sunday morning was I examined at the Verification Bureau by several doctors, who still found some indurations on the left side of my abdomen. I got back from the pilgrimage without any trouble, and, after some days spent with my family, I returned to Villepinte as a convalescent, unable to satisfy my hunger, gaining flesh, so that people could see me growing fat, and running and leaping through the house like a girl of fifteen.

"Dr. Lefebvre did not believe that I was cured, and wanted to watch me for a year. This last twelvemonth spent at Villepinte ran by without my being sick a single day, and without any particular incident; for life in that hallowed home,

far from the turmoil of the world, is calm, recollected, uniform, and peaceful. Cared for in the most tender and motherly way, those very ill prepare for the passage to eternity with a joyous resignation, and die as beseems the predestined.

"Back from the great pilgrimage of 1897, I left Villepinte to re-enter the world: since then, faithful to Our Lady of Lourdes, I return every year with the beloved sick of the white train to pray at the holy grotto, and thank the Blessed Virgin for so many graces received, and to ask of her a new and increasing faith in order to live as a true Christian." E. B.

Miss Carina de Benevel,

Palermo (Sicily), Healed September 1, 1906.

Among the many cures of consumptives, one of the most interesting is certainly that of a young Sicilian, cured on the above date.

On August 31st, at 3 p.m., I found Miss Benevel on a bed at the hospital, breathing painfully, spitting blood, with a burning fever, and hardly able to speak. She handed me a letter of her doctor, which I reproduce literally:

My dear Colleague:

I send you one of my clients of Luchon, the Countess de Benevel, a Sicilian by birth, aged twenty-eight years, and affected with hereditary tuberculosis. Her mother died of this disease at forty, and her young sister is ill. She has been very sick for the last two years; several doctors treated her, among them Prof. Grancher.

They have so overfed her that upon arriving here, her stomach could no longer bear sufficient nourishment. She has a cough which fatigues her very much, and at times there are strings of blood

in her sputa. Her fever is 103° at night, when she has profuse sweats, which I strove in vain to remedy, besides some glandular inflammation on the neck, and under the arms, as also a knee swollen with liquid.

This, my dear colleague, is all the information I can give you about my client. DR. HENRY RACINE.

Thursday, August 30, 1906.

TRANSPORTATION OF THE SICK

Miss Benevel arrived at Lourdes in the evening of August 31st. The next day, Saturday, September 1st, she was healed *at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament*, and the numerous physicians who examined her then found no more trace of her former troubles. Amazed beyond expression

over the complete transformation just effected in that girl's condition, I wrote on Monday morning, September 3d, to Dr. Racine:

Highly esteemed Confrère:

Miss Benevel handed me your letter upon her arrival. She was in a very bad state: fever, cough, blood-spitting, choking, and her features drawn. Her condition appeared critical to us, and we thought of having her taken to the hospital.

The next day they were afraid to bathe her. At the 4 o'clock procession occurred a real resurrection; no more cough nor hemorrhages; with recovered strength and appetite, she ran among the crowd which threatened to make relics of her garments. There was no more rattle in her throat; her breathing is still somewhat painful on the right side.

Kindly give me your opinion on that speedy and complete change: is it within the physician's ken? I suspend my judgment: time must confirm all these results. Yours truly,

Dr. Boissarie.

Our Lady of Lourdes, September 3, 1906.

Dr. Racine's Acknowledgement of the Cure.

Just as I was going to mail this letter, Dr. Racine, informed by his patient of her recovery, came from Luchon to see for himself, Miss Benevel's prodigious cure. Lengthily and most carefully did he examine her. Then he wrote at the bottom of my letter the following statement:

I, the undersigned, having treated Miss Carina de Benevel at Luchon, certify that on September 1, 1906, during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, she was healed at Lourdes, of a two years' standing tuberculosis of both lungs, with steady fever. Besides, she was emaciated by continuous vomiting, complete anemia, profuse sweats, adenitis of the neck and of the shoulders, and white tumor on the right knee, and threatened with quick consumption.

Dr. H. Racine.

Lourdes, September 3, 1906.

Before expressing our judgment upon this sick lady we had to consult the different doctors who had treated her.

Two Letters of Dr. Beliard, of Paris,

Written to the Princess Torrebruna Landolina, duchess of Sorrentino, Palermo, patroness of Miss Benevel:

Dear Princess:

I was called lately to treat Miss Benevel, your ward. This very sympathetic and brave girl is undoubtedly affected with pulmonary tuberculosis. Greatly reduced in flesh, she recently had rather copious hemorrhages. The auscultation of her chest shows notable lesions. You surely know, Princess, that in such cases cures are rare and uncertain, and can be obtained only by the most careful treatment.

Can she be healed? I doubt it; she may improve by being placed in the necessary hygienic conditions, especially in a sanitarium.

Dr. Octave Beliard.

September 23, 1905.

Of the other letter written a month later, we quote:

Dear Princess:

Agreeably to your request, I inquired about a sanitarium, and I heard of two very comfortable and convenient institutions. The landlord of the one of Mong-sur-Loire refuses to take my patient at any price, as a death always causes a panic among the other customers of the house. The other sanitarium is at Avon, near Fontainebleau, but I can not say whether sick people of the stage to which Miss Benevel has come are admitted there. I sent her this information.

Dr. Octave Beliard.

A Letter of Dr. Salivas, Director of the Avon-Fontainebleau Sanitarium.

Esteemed Princess:

I have the honor of sending you some news about Miss Benevel. Though she was on a fair way to improvement last January, as I wrote you, she has, for the last three weeks, been suffering from a *serious relapse.*

Dr. A. Salivas.

Avon, April 6, 1906.

P. S.—Her trouble is either appendicitis or intestinal tuberculosis. Whatever it is, her condition is very critical.

A Letter of Father Hamelein,

Paris diocesan missionary, confessor of Miss Benevel, to her benefactress:

Madam:

I saw Miss Carina yesterday, and found her much weaker. Quite anxious about her, the doctor fears tuberculosis has invaded her intestines. Owing to her sufferings, her insomnia, and her inability to take the least food, her condition is very critical. The poor child can not receive Holy Communion, being unable to keep anything on her stomach. If she improves, the Avon parish priest will procure her that consolation.

In my opinion she is very low and near her end.

Paris, April 7, 1906. E. Hamelein.

Letter of the Very Rev. Canon Maupome, Pastor-Dean of Luchon.

Some months later, Miss Benevel came to Luchon, hoping to recruit in the salubrious air of the Pyrenees. It was no use, and on August 17th, her critical condition prompted her pastor to write her patroness:

Bagneres-de-Luchon, August 17, 1906.

Princess:

Miss Carina de Benevel has been for some time at Luchon. She tells me that you are like a mother to her. I venture therefore to let you know that her excellent physician fears the worst for her, as she is declining right along.

She is in a very embarrassing condition, alone. . . . . I grieve at the thought of her possible death, as we should not know what to do nor to whom to betake ourselves here.

F. Maupome,
Pastor-dean, Honorary Canon.

All this information leaves no doubt as to the sick person having quick pulmonary consumption.

The sputa analyzed at the municipal laboratory of Paris teemed with bacilli.

Miss Benevel thus relates her cure:

"On September 1st, notwithstanding the supplication of the Sister, who wanted me to stay in bed, I insisted on being taken to the piscina, where, because of my low condition, they contented themselves with sponging my sick organs. Upon leaving the bath I felt a slight improvement. They carried me to the grotto where I remained quiet, leaning on my elbows in my little carriage, until about the time of the procession. At 4 o'clock they took me to the square of Holy Rosary Church. And half an hour later, upon receiving the blessing with the Monstrance, I said to Jesus: 'If You want my life, I surrender it without regret, but if You wish to heal me, one word of Yours is enough, and I shall be cured.' That very instant I felt as though an electric current were running through my veins. I flung myself upon my knees in my little carriage, and with my arms extended in the form of a cross, I wept and thanked the Lord. A minute before I was dying, now I was restored to health, and rid of every trouble. After the ceremony I got up, left my little carriage, and I said to the Sister, who shed tears of emotion: 'I am cured.' The crowd shouted 'Miracle.' My attendants were not equal to the task of wresting me from the crowd that wanted to carry me in triumph. They had great trouble to bring me to the Medical Bureau. Dr. Boissarie, holding my physician's certificate, and many other doctors, could not but acknowledge the prodigy: my lungs, the glands, and the ulceration of my throat were

healed; the tumor was gone, my strength and my appetite had come back. I was examined also by my own physician who had come to Lourdes at once, and, who with tears in his eyes, coincided with the other doctors that I was cured miraculously. Forty-five physicians saw me, and not one of them, unbelievers though some were, contradicted the fact of my cure.

"Since then two months have elapsed, and I am feeling quite well. I have gained twenty pounds.

"That cure is still too recent to permit us to vouch for the future, but from this day we may state: Drs. Béliard and Racine have formally declared that Miss Benevel had pulmonary consumption. During her long stay at the sanitarium they watched the progress of her disease. Dr. Grancher's prescriptions show that he shared their opinions. We have no reason whatever to doubt their affirmations.

At the procession on September 1st, Miss Benevel got up altogether cured. Auscultating her on September 3d, Dr. Racine found no more trace of the lesions he had diagnosed in her. More than twenty doctors have examined her since, and have come to the same conclusion. Miss Benevel gained twenty to thirty pounds the following months, and had not a single bad day since; we can not admit that all those doctors were mistaken, that that cure is but an illusion or a deceitful appearance. Of course, we don't pronounce ourselves, but meanwhile we take note of the affirmations of our colleagues, and of the results obtained.

THE LARGE PILGRIMAGE OF MEN IN 1899.

We must watch those sick a long time to ascertain that their cures are not a surprise, a transient improvement, but a deep and lasting change.

The studies of the supernatural are always controverted. Notwithstanding the safeguards of all kinds we seek to surround ourselves with, many minds persist in doubting. But it must be granted that the Lourdes' clinic is not like the others. Everything here is upset in the course of the diseases we observe. The cures are sudden, without convalescence, and contrary to all laws; tuberculosis suddenly stopped in its development, real resurrections of unfortunates who have scarcely the breath left in them.

We have not here the emotions of the amphitheatre, nor the flesh bruised and palpitating under the surgeon's knife; but we have more moving spectacles . . . we have souls rocked to heavenly harmonies, broken hearts freed from a load that crushed them. We behold with our own eyes the strong current of life flow back into exhausted bodies, wounds cicatrize, and tumors vanish. Around us the emotions reach heights elsewhere unknown.

We must let those first shocks wear off; our sick are powerless to recollect their thoughts, and science with her cold analyses would be ill at ease. But what matters it? The instantaneous vision of the miracle does not exist. It is not the eye that sees, it is the mind that judges the documents submitted to us. The studies, the investigations, and the classifving of the facts demand several months.

Aided by physicians of all lands and of all schools, we studied the cures of eye diseases, of cancers, of tumors, of wounds, and of some born deaf and dumb. The consumptives form one of the most interesting chapters of our clinical department. Besides our older ones, cured long ago: Sister Julian, Irma Montreuil, Aurelia Huprelle, Marie Lebranchu (the *blonde* of Zola), every year we have to add new names which bring us, if possible, stronger testimonies.

Chapter XIII.

Nervous Diseases.

Nowhere are nervous diseases better known, and nowhere are they more studied than at Lourdes. We seek to establish a line of demarkation between natural phenomena, which our reason can interpret, and such as are beyond our domain. Demonstrations pursued by men of all shades of opinion have thrown light on obscure facts; we can find hysteria under its most hidden form, but we know likewise that hysteria often borders on organic diseases. There is a hysteria of which people die.

Ask those unfortunate girls overworked in factories, ill-fed, deprived of air, condemned to do labor beyond their strength, if their diseases are imaginary, or if suggestion has anything to do with them. They come to Lourdes bloodless, carried on stretchers, with glassy eyes, and with a

cough which is called nervous, but which will be organic tomorrow; with incipient white tumors, deformations of the waist, offering a favorable ground for the development of all diseases. Would you dare tell them that the singing of a canticle, the sight of a beautiful landscape, or an ice water bath, can give them generous blood, put life in deathly faces, and suddenly effect those astounding resurrections of which we are the frequent witnesses? They come out of the bath completely changed; they eat, sleep, and feel refreshed. Within a week or a month they gain twenty pounds; they resume their work at the mills, and have no more bad days.

I still remember the impression made upon me by a young Alsacian when she came to the physician's office to have her cure verified.

She was on her feet, but tottering like a child who learns to walk, pale as wax, emaciated like a skeleton; her voice was weak, her gaze vacant, and she seemed to be an utter stranger to all the fuss made about her. One could see that she was striving to get accustomed to life again, but one hardly dared to touch her, so extreme appeared her frailty and feebleness. She walked unassisted, after being bedfast for well nigh four years.

By what secret, by what mechanism had movement been restored to her members deprived of muscles and of all spring?

The next day she was up at 4 o'clock. She came afoot to the grotto, and followed all the pilgrimage exercises of the day.

I had her weighed at her departure from Lourdes, on September 1st, she weighed 94 pounds; on October 1st she tipped the scales at 104 pounds; on October 15th, at 110, and on November 15th, at 120. She had gained 26 pounds. And wonderful to say, while the healthy pilgrims were wearied, she seemed tireless throughout the homeward trip. Received at the depot by a crowd which acclaimed her, she walked over a mile on foot in the midst of her countrymen.

Every day we witness such resurrections. The frequent instantaneous complete cures of Lourdes, as described in our books, preserve the sick from relapse, and seem to play with the duration and incurableness of the disease. To the colleagues who surrounded me, I pointed out one day a woman who had been cured a year before of a very serious trouble. In the audience there was a well known specialist. "Don't you think," quoth he, "that under those seemingly critical symptoms were hidden mere nervous troubles?"

"But that sick woman," I replied, "shows no signs whatever of hysteria."

"Sometimes," he rejoined, "we find in a character the proof which physical signs lack."

"But that girl appears perfectly balanced. She is president of the Children of Mary, and she exercises a very wholesome influence around her."

He insists: "In the influence she wields is to be found a desire of domination peculiar to hysterical persons, and which might deceive us."

Stimulated by the contest, I wanted to have the last word, and sought to prolong the discussion.

Some time later, I received a letter from the Very Rev. Canon Guillo-Lehan, of St. Brieuc.

He said: "The girl who was cured at Lourdes is admired by all who know her for the regularity and the piety of her life, as well as for the zeal which she displays. Of her modest laborer's salary (1.50 francs, or 30 cents) she gave 100 francs to the Propagation of the Faith, and became a solicitor thereof. Reserving nothing for herself, she devotes all her savings to good works.

"Every Sunday she gave a meal to a poor woman, and by taking up a collection for her, she succeeded in setting her up housekeeping.

"She is the president of a sodality founded by the Ladies of Nazareth, which brings together about forty girls. Thanks to her inspiration, they take care of an orphan girl. They give her sixty francs every year, the president making up the rest.

"Finally, like a true apostle, she obtained the conversion of an old man, and got him to receive the last Sacraments.

"Of a fervent piety, especially towards the Sacred Heart, she comes every month on the anniversary of her miraculous cure, to Our Lady of Hope to say the *Magnificat*, and every year, on the Sunday within the octave of that happy event, she asks the girls of the sodality, whose president she is, to join her in singing her thanksgiving *Magnificat*."

She certainly shows no trace of moral decay. If all the nervous women of Lourdes are patterned after that model, everybody would be happy to imitate them; such women are not hysterical, but they are exceptionally dowered with good qualities.

Miss Scorsery,

of Lille, Healed September 7, 1905.

This is an example of a nervous disease caused by a deep anemia, and cured suddenly while she was in a most serious condition.

MISS SCORSERY HEALED.

Prof. Duret, Dean of the Medical Staff of the Lille Catholic University, sent us a most detailed report on Miss Scorsery's illness:

"At thirteen or fourteen, this girl ha dprofuse and repeated nose-bleedings, which compelled her to stay out of school. Later, they tried to put her in school again, but the return of the same trouble compelled them to give up the idea. In December, 1903, in consequence of fatigues endured by moving from Roubaix to Lille, and of a cold, arose a violent and abundant metrorrhagia, which was the beginning of her present illness. It lasted eight days, and only with much trouble was it stopped, through ice, a certain posture, and by injections of ergotine.

"During three or four weeks, she was extremely anemic and weak, incapable of moving or leaving

her bed. They tried to strengthen her by giving her a very strong diet, but it caused a toxi-alimentary poison and nervous crises.

"In those crises Miss Scorsery raved somewhat, and she had convulsions, so that it took four persons to keep her in bed. She often had insomnia, and violent stomachaches, therefore they sent her to Bonsecours (Peruwelz) to take the water-cure, but she had four or five crises on the way, generally fainting spells.

"That condition lasted till 1903 and 1904. Miss Scorsery insisted on leaving Bonsecours in October, 1903, but she had to come back two weeks later; and she stayed there the whole year 1904 to follow a lukewarm douche and electricity treatment.

"When feeling fairly well the poor woman could take only about a quart of milk a day, and four or five yolks of eggs, and she could scarcely walk a few steps while leaning on two attendants.

"During her crises, her right arm and leg were contracted, and she had several convulsions.

"That same year, 1904, her nose bled frequently again. I saw Miss Scorsery a week before she started for Lourdes. I noticed her sallow color, her deep anemia and her extreme weakness, accompanied at times with fainting spells.

"Her right side was nearly half paralyzed, and the lower part of her body was slightly paralyzed, so that she walked bent in twain and dragging her legs; her abdomen was much swollen, and she complained of violent pains at the right hip-bone. I diagnosed a slight inflammation at the top of the

large intestine. I gave her calomel and scammony, and I could easily see that anemia and a state of great exhaustion was her trouble, complicated with the principal symptoms of a serious nervous affection.

"During the journey Miss Scorsery lay on her back in a state of extreme weakness, suffering intense pain, and fainting frequently.

"She had much trouble to reach Lourdes. There they bathed her twice at the piscina without result.

"Carried to the Rosary Church esplanade on Thursday, September 7th, at the time of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, she was, during the whole of it, crushed by suffering, unable to pray or even think of anything. She had a violent fainting spell, brought about by a sensation of excruciating pain in her right side. And just as the Blessed Sacrament came back to the church, she felt herself healed, got up and knelt down. Then she went to the Verification Bureau. That very evening she walked around, ate with appetite of various dishes, had no more vomiting spells, and slept well all night.

"Since then her condition is quite satisfactory, and Miss Scorsery has been able to take the hardest trips.

"It would be wrong to see only a cure of nervous accidents in the change wrought in this sick girl.

"Her sickness began with anemia, caused by hemorraghes lasting several years. There was a

change in the condition of her blood which was the cause of all those troubles, and that blood alteration could not heal in a few minutes. It will be hard to give a natural explanation of so sudden and so complete a change.

Sister St. Germaine.

Healed May 6, 1905.

Her cure related by Mr. H. Davignon, Belgian sick-carrier.

Sister Mary Gabriel of St. Germaine, Poor Clare of Rennes, exile to Belgium, looks like a farming woman with cheeks as rosy as her native land, Redange in Luxemburg. Born in this great duchy, and taken by her vocation to Brittany, she is now stranded with some companions in Belgium, in order to prepare for the Poor Clares of Rennes an asylum for the bad days which are drawing near.

To this circumstance she owes her health and her very life today. The rule which St. Clare gave her daughters forbids them to repass the threshold of the cloister, once they have entered it. But here at Dinant they had no convent as yet. The five or six nuns lived as they could in three wretched rooms, of which one served as a chapel. Being absolutely without means,—their rule, in fact, prohibits their possessing anything—they have been compelled at times to live six days on a box of sardines.

After their arrival in Belgium, Sister Germaine fell sick. For eighteen months she could hardly digest anything; she had hemorrhages and in-

ternal suppurations. She received Holy Communion in bed.

Three times the thought of Lourdes came to her mind. She spoke of it to her Sisters, but as of an unrealizable thing. Still, as there was no cloister hindering her from traveling, they wrote to the Mother Abbess at Rennes. Her will was God's will, for the nuns, who, on the day of their call to higher life, had sacrificed their own will to their

TRANSPORTATION OF THE SICK.

Maker's. The abbess bade them consult Father Abbot of the Norbertines, installed at Dinant since their expulsion from France, and ask the Bishop's authorization. Both approved the project. Then only Sister Germaine admitted the perspective of going to Lourdes. Then only did she decide to ask God to cure her, as she did not care much to recover. I shall never forget her words, spoken with a slight German accent:

"As to myself, sir, I preferred to die, but as my Superior allowed me to go to Lourdes, it was evident that she wanted me to ask for my cure. Then I said to God: 'As my Superior wants me to get well, please heal me!' "

She got cured on Saturday, May 6, 1905, not at the impressive hour of the procession of the sick amidst cries and supplications, nor at the striking moment when they plunged her into the bath. Yet they had bathed her on three consecutive days, and dragged her to the Rosary Church esplanade. But it was at the silent and recollected moment of the elevation during Mass. There was no noise, save the altar boy's little bell, no bustle from the crowd, but just the imperceptible whispering of the lips, and the stifled sighs of the worshippers. That is the moment of adoration and of faith.

"Then it was that I got up and knelt down, which I had been unable to do for over a year."

It had taken four men to put her on the train at Dinant. At Namur, they had been compelled to place her in a hospital carriage-bed, which she found vacant only because a sick man had just died before her departure. During the trip, she had been so ill, that she had wished the train might take her back. At Lourdes she had received the last Sacraments.

"After Mass," she continued, "the stretcher carrier did not wish me to return to the hospital alone. Then I went afoot to the grotto and came back. As there was no one yet, I returned to the

grotto. At length they escorted me to the hospital where I dined."

She ate whatever they brought her, whereas one hour earlier she could take nothing. One thing she fears, however, is to take anything forbidden by her rule. "From the moment I smelt meat I left it, but I have not always been permitted to do so. . . ."

The doctors found no more trace of her former troubles. She has resumed the hard rule of the Poor Clares in all its austerity. She will leave tomorrow (in this horribly wintry weather) with one of her companions for Luxemburg, there to collect the money required to build a modest chapel.

Let people discuss the medical aspect of her cure. We don't claim that it is a miracle. But who will deny that the astounding episode of the life of this nun is altogether in harmony with that existence which is wholly illumined by a supernatural and Divine ray? Who will attempt to explain by the sole resources of human interpretation the vocation, the voluntary suffering, the physical trials, and the cure of that person, who is so different from, and so much above, the material conception of humanity?

As to myself, Sister Germaine, I can not look at you with carnal eyes when you tell me how the cloister has attracted you, while you were teaching German with a Rennes family; why you refuse to enter other convents, because they do not seem austere enough; how you desire death as a re-

lease; how you love suffering for yourself, for others, and especially for the love of God. And yet you are not the only one.

There are thousands like you, Poor Clares, Carmelites, Augustinians, Sisters of both the contemplative and active lives, whose love of God and of their fellowmen prompts them to bruise their virginal flesh in vicarious penance, to rise at midnight to spend hours in prayer, and, in many cases, to lay down their lives upon the altar of sacrifice.

France has possessed you for centuries, and it is no wonder then that, in spite of everything, it is a land of abundance, of generosity, and of faith. Belgium receives you among her daughters, clad, like you, in the garment of coarse cloth and innocence, and, therefore, she is, among all nations, the country of perseverance, of wisdom, and of liberty.

Whatever was the sickness of this Poor Clare, medicine can not explain her sudden cure without convalescence. She was in a most wretched state of general debility, and could neither eat nor walk; in a few seconds she was strong enough to take up the life of hardship and austerity led by her order.

One doctor was inclined to believe that she had an intestinal tumor.

Miss Mary Cools.

Miss Cools, of Antwerp, was treated by four doctors, who were evenly divided in their diagnosis between Pott's disease and nervous trouble. It was very hard to tell what her illness was.

Mary Cools, of the St. Elizabeth Hospital, Antwerp, aged nineteen years, was raised in that city's orphanage from her ninth year. Her parents died of consumption.

The physician's certificate declares that she had pain, first in the spine which gradually spread to the lower members, and was soon followed by slight paralysis, then by complete paralysis of both legs, permitting only a little movement of the toes. The sick woman stayed abed for several months, and for the last ten months, she had a steady fever ranging from 101° to 102°; she vomited frequently, and her digestion was painful and difficult. Upon examination, her lungs were found intact. Her spine was somewhat bent to the side, and the muscles of the lower members were atrophied.

Upon receiving her second bath at Lourdes, she commenced improving. Her spinal pains, constant until then, stopped all at once, but the paralysis of the lower members vanished only at a fourth immersion. From that time Miss Cools has walked, she took her first steps leaning on two persons, and a little later, she could walk alone. The legs resumed their functions gradually but steadily. Her appetite became normal; she stopped vomiting, and everybody could notice her returning strength.

Her examination at the Medical Bureau showed a slight side deviation of the spine and atrophy of the muscles of the lower members. She walked fairly well, though she tottered a little. Her

physician, Dr. Van de Vorst, thus gives his opinion of the cure:

"A great deal has been said about this case that was inaccurate. The girl in question, an orphan, pupil of the home, was sick since she was fourteen The doctors who treated her diagnosed a spinal disease (Pott's disease) and paralysis of the lower half of the body. They sent her first to a Tirlemont hospital, where she got no relief; then she went to the Stuyvenberg hospital, where two of the foremost Antwerp physicians, Drs. Thieron and Ciselet, tried their skill on her in vain; then she was brought to St. Elizabeth's, and thus came under my care. She had been paralyzed for three years from the waist to the feet. Her limbs were altogether without feeling, so that one could stick needles into her without her noticing it. She had 104° of fever, could not retain her urine, and showed no symptoms of the female life. For the last months it had become necessary to put her in a straight-jacket. After a lengthy examination, I was quite convinced that I had to deal, not with a case of Pott's disease, but with a plain case of hysteria. This opinion, nowise generally admitted at the hospital, was shared, however, by Dr. Fritz Sano, the best Belgian neurologist after Van Gehuchten, of Louvain.

"Though I am nowise a believer, I thought that there was but one means of saving her: faith-suggestion, I mean, a pilgrimage to Lourdes. The pious girl looked forward to this with the greatest enthusiasm.

"My proposition was violently attacked by several of the home directors, but I at last carried my point by urging this as the only means of salvation which a father would not hesitate to adopt for his offspring, and by emphasizing that the board of directors, in this instance, represented the father of the girl.

"The journey was undertaken.

"Though not a believer, I must qualify the result as marvelous. Mary Cools came back completely and absolutely healed. No trace of paralysis, nor lack of sensitiveness was left. She is now quite well, and, as two of the hospital nurses are ill of typhoid fever, she is replacing one of them. All the hospital doctors are amazed at her cure."

This case provoked a three hours' lively discussion at the Antwerp city council, in which several doctors, believers and unbelievers, took part, and soon afterwards Dr. Van de Vorst was discharged from the Home in consequence, it appears, of his course of action regarding Miss Cools.

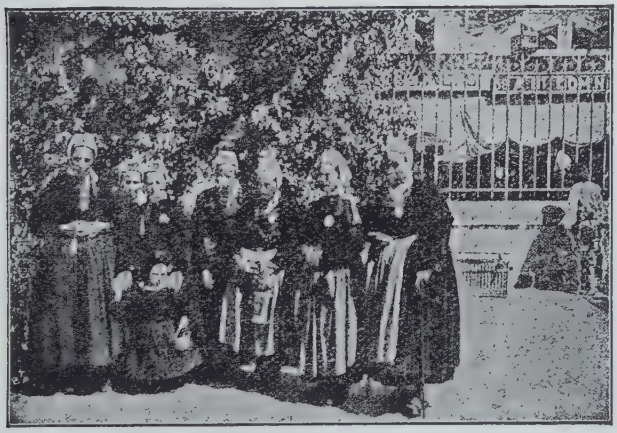
It is hard to pronounce on Miss Cools' cure, as physicians themselves don't agree on it. But all admit that her cure is a fact altogether beyond common observation.

We may say that if this girl remains perfectly healed and free from all relapse; if she found in Lourdes, not only the use of her limbs, but a well balanced health, then suggestion and nerves are out of the question. Besides a cured paralysis,

there will be also a restored temperament. Time will tell.

When dealing with nervous diseases we must recall the rules of Benedict XIV.: "The stopping of nervous crises is not a miracle, but the cessation of the nervous state which brings on the crises is."

There may be nervous accidents in all diseases.



There is nearly always a complication of organic with functional troubles. A great deal of clinical shrewdness is required to pronounce on the character of an instantaneous cure, even when admitting the nervous disease. The theories of suggestion in nervous diseases, as generally understood, can not be applied in most cases. We shall expatiate on this subject in the chapter on suggestion.

Chapter XIV.

The Trip of Zola to Lourdes.

Zola Makes La Grivotte Die, Whereas She is Quite Well—His Opinion of Miracles—The Only Person Who Struck Him is Rev. Father Picard.

Zola's striking characteristic is his conscious or unconscious ignorance of the subjects he deals with. At Lourdes he was, during his two weeks' stay, absorbed by a crowd of reporters, by ceaseless visits, and by courting popularity.

It is in these conditions that he saw and judged everything.

Zola remained two hours in the doctors' office: he did not take a single note, nor follow a single one of the cures he witnessed; he did not make a single inquiry, and yet he wrote over two hundred pages in his book on those cures. He criticizes our means of testing, and he draws up a program which will, he claims, shield us from all error.

While we are astounded at his ignorance, we can not admit his good faith. There is no excuse for a man who refuses to study the subjects he deals with, and who calls into question facts absolutely evident, such as healed wounds, who describes the death scenes of people who are enjoying perfect health, and who creates types altogether unreal.

Romancers have privileges, but they have no right to falsify history under the pretext of romance, and to turn into ridicule the most sacred things.

One may hold different opinions and doctrines, but one may not consciously alter facts, nor make

assertions so absolutely false as to be convinced of their falseness while printing them. To replace a frank and loyal demonstration by constant insinuations, by unwarrantable doubts, by question-marks, by presenting facts under false colors, and curtailing them of set purpose, is unworthy a writer. Such, however, is Zola's way of doing.

He not only consciously adulterates thoroughly substantiated facts, but, by insinuations, and unsavory jokes, he gibes at men and things, which even an adversary ought to respect.

The cures of Lourdes were to be the climax of his work. That was the knot of the problem. Public opinion impatiently awaited the novelist's judgment. He deceived common expectation. He was free to admit or to deny the supernatural. In either case he was to supply a documented account. He dished up a summary of confused impressions, altogether groundless and in contradiction with the facts, and yet acceptable to the herd of readers, who prefer even an unsavory joke to any amount of proofs.

He was much concerned about the cures.

"It is a very delicate matter to treat," says he. "Who will assert that such a person was not healed at the bath? If we dare plunge our consumptives into the water, who knows? I add, that testing a cure seems impossible to me, and it is best to accept what they tell us."

All these reticences are in keeping with the author's style and taste. Thus he finds loopholes everywhere. Zola came twice to my office;

but his attitude was very peculiar. Surrounded by twenty physicians, he felt at ease; he gave us advice, and wanted to change our judgments. He asked us whether we were well informed and impartial in our statements. All that to our faces, and without laughing; it was hard to keep serious.

He pompously styled himself "Doctor of Human Sciences." But he had learned his lesson, and prepared his sketches before coming here. His disciples feared some imprudence on their master's part; accordingly, they had to prepare him against surprises.

"In the first place," they told him, "reject all interior diseases. In that field, physicians often make mistakes; you may own your incompetence; and lo! you are rid at one stroke of consumptives, of cancer patients, of paralytics, in fact, of almost everything. The wounds are left. To get out of this difficulty, ask the Lourdes doctors whether they saw them before their cure. If they did not, reject those cures. They certainly did not examine all their sick, but if, by chance, they should have examined them, you will say that you did not see them.

"At last, for greater security, you will call for a board of examiners from which they are excluded, for a hall where the wounds are exhibited, for photographs, etc., and you'll let them extricate themselves from those hard tangles. Meanwhile you will write your book."

He did proceed so. He asked for a committee made up of members chosen by universal suffrage.

This was something new--a sick exhibition hall! I am not aware whether such exhibitions would be tolerated by law, but they have not, as yet, been adopted into our customs.

Finally photographs of arms, legs, of the most hidden wounds unveiled, exposed on our boulevards and at our windows. How profitable it would be for those not healed and for their families!

The papers went wild over that program, which came as a revelation to the master.

Elise Rouquet—La Grivotte—Sophie Couteau.

Zola took up particularly three cases:

Elise Rouquet, the woman with the lupus;

La Grivotte, a consumptive;

Sophie Couteau, who had caries of the foot bone.

He portrays those sick as appearing before us at our examination office. Accordingly, he describes us and our clinical establishment.

"During my visit there were perhaps fifty people, many curious spectators, twenty physicians, and four or five priests. The doctors, hailing from nearly everywhere, mostly kept absolute silence. Who were they? Men unheard of in the medical annals!

Alongside the novel, here is history:

During the 1892 national pilgrimage, over fifty doctors[1] witnessed our investigations. On the day Zola visited us, there was in our room, a Paris hospital surgeon, corresponding members of

1) Their names are on our registers.

the Academy of Medicine, former and actual Paris hospital surgeons, doctors from our large cities, from our principal hot water resorts, and from foreign universities.

The Miracle-Favored Fifteen Years after their Cures.

We have traced up Zola's sick fifteen years after their cures. It was interesting to know what had become of them. We can complete their observations, and devote a last word to them.

Zola sought the secret of those cures in suggestion; but, if those sick had simply experienced the effects of suggestion, they would long since be dead. At that stage, tuberculosis fatally runs its course. My readers will be glad to learn how are the sick who were healed in 1892 under his eyes.

Marie Lemarchand.

Marie Lemarchand (Elise Rouquet), having tuberculosis at the extremities of both lungs, and a lupus, which had gnawed her face, who was, as her doctor said, but a rag of humanity, horrible and monstrous, wrote us on September 7th, last: "I always enjoy perfect health; the horrible trouble from which I suffered so much, and of which I was cured on August 21, 1892, never returned. I have been married the last six years; five children were born to us; my husband is a good Christian. You can see how great is the grace I received from Our Lady of Lourdes: after

having been a sick woman for years I became strong and the mother of five children; the Blessed Virgin does not do things by halves; my cure has amazed many people; it is still much spoken of in my country."

(Signed,) Marie Lemarchand,
wife of Authier.

I lately saw Marie Lemarchand again; one can scarcely perceive on the right cheek an almost imperceptible white line, the only trace of the vanished tumor. She was no longer the sick woman of Zola, with that slow ulceration, devouring the mucous membranes, the cartilages of the nose well-nigh eaten, the mouth drawn back, drawn to the left by swelling of the lip, and resembling a shapeless, oblique cleft.

No! she was still the miracle-crowned of the Luxemburg meeting, such as the crowd acclaimed her, when, after hearing Zola's description read to them, they saw rise in their midst a pale-faced girl, ideally beautiful in her black garments. All the lines of her countenance are quite well preserved. The destroyed parts are restored in their primitive harmony; the lupus and the tuberculosis of the lungs are but a memory. After fourteen years, Marie Lemarchand had no relapse. She is a valiant mother of five children, who has but one regret, that of not being able to feed them and raise them at home.

MARY LEBRANCHU (LA GRIVOTTE).

Her life has been quite checkered since her cure. Back from Lourdes, she re-entered the hospital, her only home for several years; but some days later she left it, and, in order to make a living, she had to resort to hard and ill-paid sewing.

MARY LEBRANCHU.

She married an unemployed cabman, and was compelled to sell her furniture. Shortly he died. She then found employment with a Protestant family. We had long since lost track of her, when she wrote us on December 23d, last, as follows:

"I have been for several years with the good nuns who raised me, and to whom I was happy to return. I left my position with the Protestant family for the convent. I wrote to no one since. My first letter is for you. Join me in thanking the Blessed Virgin for all the favors she has showered upon me.

"I have no hope to see Lourdes again, but I make the pilgrimage daily in thought. I pray for our much persecuted Sisters, and for our good Mothers who are so devoted to us."

I enquired of Mary Lebranchu whether Zola interviewed her since her cure, she answered: "I saw him last in 1895, three years after my cure.

He came to ask my husband and myself if we cared to go to Belgium, assuring us that, if we should go and stay there, we should want for nothing. I declined his offer. Meanwhile, I worked for the bazaar, toiling night and day, and yet I could not make ends meet."

Zola could not doubt la Grivotte's cure, but this made him all the more anxious to get her away, so that his readers might not have a chance to see her; it was too easy a matter indeed to find out that the data of his novel rested on an error of fact, that la Grivotte was not dead.

Zola knew what certificate Mary Lebranchu had brought to Lourdes. The physician of the hospital she left to make the pilgrimage stated that she suffered from pulmonary tuberculosis with softening and cavities. For ten months she had not left her bed; she had lost forty-eight pounds, and could not keep any food on her stomach; it was consumption in the last stage. Zola saw her as she left the baths. "She was no longer the sick woman I saw in the cars, coughing and spitting blood, and looking frightful." He did not recognize her: "La Grivotte, straight, tall, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, braced by her eagerness and happiness to live."

There was no more rattle, nor puffing, nor hollow sound in her chest, nor the slightest trace of disease in her lungs. She ate with appetite, and neither coughed nor expectorated. Day by day up to her departure, one could see that her cure was perfect. Zola could not explain this cure by sug-

gestion; accordingly to get rid of this embarrassing woman, he made her die in his novel, and later he tried to get her out of the way by sending her to Belgium.

In making her die, Zola erred wilfully and inexcusably. When I saw him last, I asked him why he made la Grivotte die, while she is quite well; he replied: "I am the absolute master of my personages. I make her live or die to suit my pleasure. Mrs. Lebranchu, being healed, has no ground to complain. I don't believe in miracles, anyhow; *should I see all the sick get well instantaneously, I would not believe any more.*" This double confession is an important thing to remember, Behold us, far away from suggestion, and Zola did not care. He was alike indifferent to the cure and to the explanation thereof.

Still, he felt less at ease than he pretended. His desire to remove la Grivotte, thus to rid himself of an embarrassing witness, shows he understood quite well that the personage whom he caused to live or die as he pleased, falsified the data of his novel, and swept away his realistic pretentions. He understood this better than any one else; but he did not want to see miracles.

Clementine Trouvé.

Clementine Trouvé (Sophie Couteau) has been the most favored one. After her cure, she had to return home to Rouillé, in Vienna. In that parish Protestants abound and mixed marriages are common.

She was exposed to such a union because of her age and her family relations. But the Blessed Virgin preserved her from all dangerous contact. She left the nuns of Poitiers only on the day of her admission into the novitiate of the Little Sisters of the Assumption. After spending a few years in England, she returned to France. We find her in the suburbs of Paris. Clementine Trouvé became Sister Agnes.

CLEMENTINE TROUVÉ.

Clementine was scarcely fourteen—Bernadette's age—when she was healed at Lourdes in August, 1892. Her entrance into the Medical Bureau caused a sensation; poor girl . . . so young . . . two large blue eyes . . . an open and intelligent face under her blond hair, which persisted in making a golden nimbus around her little white bonnet; she related her story with much emotion: her heel was exceedingly bad with caries (decayed bone), so that she could not walk any more. She candidly confessed that she cast envious eyes upon her more favored companions, and that she fervently besought the Blessed Virgin that she also might be able to put on her shoes. . . . The pus ran so freely from her foot during the journey that she had used up all the linen she had brought along.

"The foot she now exhibits is quite sound.

There is scarcely a slight dent on the spot where the trouble was.

"Zola, present at the consultation, bit the tip of his glove, a token with him of great mental strain. The girl was anxious to get away. They let her go at last. Quickly she put on her stocking and shoe, and flew away like a bird eager to escape from all those eyes, which did not lose any of her movements."

Sister Agnes belongs to the Montrouge house of the Sisters of the Assumption. She is portress, and receives the callers, especially the poor who come to ask alms. There she spends her life; she has always a rather frail appearance, but an energetic soul; like her Sisters, in the midst of persecution, she carries on her beautiful and generous mission.

Thus fourteen years later, not one of those three sick miraculously cured had a relapse; one is the mother of five children; the second one took her refuge with a religious community, after having skirted the most dreadful shoals; the third one is with the Little Sisters of the Assumption. They have, all three, reason to say that the Blessed Virgin does not do things by halves. It is interesting to follow those objects of Mary's compassion in the course of their lives.

Suggestion does not bridge over a space of fifteen years. If Zola's sick had obtained but transient improvements, the shock which raised them up at Lourdes would long since have worn off. Tuberculosis had dug in the heart of their tissues deep wounds, and was not a lesion amena-

ble to suggestion. I said to Zola, while showing him la Grivotte with her healed lung cavities: "Try for an hour, for a day, to raise up a consumptive in her agony, burning with fever, you'll not be able to make her follow a four hours' night procession, to sit at a common table and eat with appetite, but particularly you will not give her a new temperament." After a lapse of fourteen years, I can say to him: "Tuberculosis at that stage does not heal. Those three sick would long since have been dead. Suggestion with that unlimited power is a legend, and all your theories tumble before those demonstrations reaching through so many years."

Zola's claims will not survive after him; we are far from the day when the novelist landed at Lourdes during the 1892 pilgrimage, surrounded by journalists and politicians; the crowd eagerly thronged around him; and everybody seemed to bow before him. What is left of all that fuss? There remain patient studies pursued since 1892 on those controverted cures: it remains proven that the consumptive of the last stage, the girl with her face gnawed by the lupus, the child whose foot-bones were decaying, found in the Lourdes baths an instantaneous cure, and those cures are permanent these last fifteen years. Combine any amount of suggestion, and you shall fail of such results which time has consecrated; those cures belong to history; they will be our answer to all the charges and all the sophisms accumulated

around the question of Lourdes. Thus God turns to His glory even the denials of impiety.

As Zola made la Grivotte die, whereas she is enjoying good health, he was interviewed about this case, and he replied: "Mrs. Lebranchu rebukes me for not believing in miracles, and for denying evidence. With what right, I pray? It is extremely foolish for her to recognize herself in my Grivotte. I am, above all, a novelist, and therefore, the master of my personages.

"True, romances ever remain under the dependency of history, yet the writer is perfectly free to draw his personages from his brain. This is more than a liberty; it is a duty, in my opinion. I told the whole story of la Grivotte, her childhood, her life."

"But the portrait you have drawn is a good likeness, as people recognized our heroine at first sight."

"I don't deny that she has been the starting point of my personages. Yes, I was captivated by her strange looks, her bright eyes, her curly hair; for there was certainly something peculiar about her. I simply used reminiscences. I did not spend my time at Lourdes taking notes. I observed and questioned, and it is with recollections and impression that I framed my novel."

La Grivotte.

"I was at the Bureau when she arrived crying that she was cured. But I had not seen her sick. What proves that she was really consumptive?

They have indeed sought to make me stupid by attributing foolish notions to me.

"They make me say that, if la Grivotte's cure is certain, the miracle is proved. But I never wrote that, never, never! Should I see all the sick instantaneously recover, still I would not believe in miracles."

The Woman with the Lupus.

I questioned Zola again:

"And Elise Rouquet, she is healed too, it appears. Miss Lebranchu saw her at Lourdes this year."

Zola shrugs his shoulders and replies:

"Again, none of my personages are real, I am not a historian. I am a novelist, and I wrote my account of Lourdes as suited my pleasure.

"As to the case of Elise Rouquet, it is still more commonplace. If we had to cry miracle every time a wound heals! . . . "

Sophie Couteau's Case.

"There is in my book a personage named Sophie Couteau. She was suggested to me by Miss Clementine Trouvé, who arrived at Lourdes having her leg covered with wounds. She also has been healed miraculously; but no one had seen her trouble."

"And what about the physician's testimony?"

"That proves nothing yet. Those pilgrims exhibit certificates of doctors we don't know; also the latter may be mistaken."

No Miracles.

"Mrs. Lebranchu has just been auscultated by sixty-five doctors, and not one has found any trace of tuberculosis."

"She says so, let us admit it. But what does that prove? That she has never been consumptive. How then could she get cured of it? As to myself I don't believe in miracles. It is impossible to believe in them."

How could a novelist, a stranger to every medical notion, who had neither time nor inclination to study, think that he was going to settle a debate on which the most competent men are divided?

Zola believed he would be able to write the history of Bernadette. But the reality of her figure escaped him. Dazzled for a moment by the supernatural light which illumines that face, he soon turns his head and sees but an ignorant shepherdess. Then he flings her far away from him, like those statues which the disappointed artist breaks under his feet. He seeks to prove that the cures are but an error and a lie; to prove this, he removes Clementine Trouvé who embarrasses him. He lets Marie Lemarchand heal gradually and imperfectly, whereas her cure was instantaneous and complete. He makes Mary Lebranchu die, though she is feeling quite well. His style of nervous diseases is unlikely and false; however, in spite of himself, he makes a poor clown in the supernatural. He goes to barbers and merchants for the tales which help him to judge men and things. He heaps outrage and contempt upon the Fathers

of Lourdes, who had stooped to lower all barriers before him. As to myself, though I was very kind to him, he claims that I detest him.

He believed that there was but a question of mere courtesy between us. An abyss separates us. We defend principles, which we have studied for a life time, and which we can nowise barter.

He came empty-handed, without any documents, and pretended to correct our judgments, and to impose his programs upon us. He did not know that we have lived for half a century at Lourdes, and that we steadily work to clear up the great problems before us.

What has been the influence of his book? Far from slackening the movement towards Lourdes, it has rather increased it.

A great many curious people, newspaper correspondents, and hosts of new customers, now visit us.

Zola cast into the pure atmosphere of Lourdes a momentary cloud, a fog already dispelled, like the black smoke that rolls out of the locomotive to be wafted off by the winds.

Lourdes is not merely a scientific question. What place do the cures take in the plan of Divine Providence? It would be hard to say. At Lourdes, miracles are all around us: they are in those countless graces of conversion, and in that movement which draws the whole world to us. In its marvelous existence, Lourdes has become the great manifestation of Catholic faith in our age.

Zola and Father Picard.

Zola has abused the religious orders, the doctors, the sick, and the pilgrims.

The only person that struck him is Father Picard. I can recall his first interview with that saintly priest. He described in his book the impression which the latter's words, full of common sense, made upon him, and the candid and the loyal reception he gave him, whereas all besides was dissimulation and surprise.

"Father Picard," says Zola, "was a man of sixty, superb under a gray mantle, with a large cowl. His beautiful head, with bright and commanding eyes, with a heavy grayish beard, was like that of a general kindled with the intelligent determination to conquer. At the foot of the pulpit, Father Picard directed the cries of the multitude. Swayed by the extraordinary emotion, which overflowed from the hearts, he lifted his arms, and he cried with his thundering voice to storm Heaven.

"What strength of will has he who leads the masses to the miracle! The priest smiled gently at the mention of the work he had done. 'The work is good,' quoth he, 'it is prospering, and tomorrow we shall have many cures.' "

Zola made the mistake of accepting the offer to follow the procession after the baldachin. He never had been at such a feast; he was pale, and his legs gave way under him. He looked out of place.

He had to yield to the temptation of playing at the supernatural. He acted the clown, while

truth might have enlightened him with its rays. From that day his star has waned. He carried home from Lourdes a wound which was never to heal. In vain did he throw himself into our political contests; he could not regain popularity.

Zola died asphyxiated. Father Picard passed to his reward while in exile. May the face of this great apostle have come to comfort the misguided novelist in his last hour.

Chapter XV.

Suggestion at Lourdes.

This proposition is so contrary to current ideas that we should not dare to put it forth, were it not from the testimony of the physicians who frequent our office, and were it not for the fact that the very adversaries of Lourdes frankly own that the thousands of cures, embracing the whole pathology, can not be explained by a single theory. The suggestive program is narrow. Bérillon unreservedly recognizes it; Charcot laid down principles which turn against him. In order to justify his claim, Zola makes people die who feel well. Bernheim is, perhaps, the most explicit of all on setting forth his principles. One thing will always be wanting to human processes, that is, the absolute instantaneousness of the cures; besides, men generally need a physical agent. Not so the Almighty.

Notwithstanding everything, it is very hard to wipe out a prejudice, especially when that preju-

dice flatters the inclinations of all those who are determined to reject the supernatural: their name is legion among us. When it dispenses with study, and solves with one word a knotty problem, then that prejudice becomes the lazy sophism behind which everybody likes to shield themself.

SUGGESTION POWERLESS

Here it resists the evidence of contrary proofs. What matters it that the facts upset the theories of suggestion? Suggestion remains the choice solution for all such, ignorant or sectarian, who abhor the supernatural.

A first consideration which must eliminate suggestion from the cures of Lourdes is the small number of nervous diseases which are healed at

our pilgrimages; to prove this, we have but to recall the ceremonies of the national pilgrimage of 1897.

When the procession came together on the esplanade of Holy Rosary Church, an incomparable spectacle met our gaze. Fifteen hundred sick, seated or lying down, formed in the middle a long double line. In front of the basilica stood 350 miracle-crowned, banner in hand, lighting up the background of that tableau with such intense colors as no brush could reproduce. Thousands of onlookers anxious and motionless were waiting with an undefinable emotion. The sick turned their eyes, full of hope, to the miracle-favored, and an electric current passed from one throng to the other.

Then Father Picard, dominating the crowd, and addressing the sick, said, while pointing to those miraculously healed: "Behold your friends, your models. They were like you, do like them. They were lying on stretchers and got up. What holds you back?" Then with a commanding voice: "*Rise up!*" Forthwith some sick people rose on their couches, and walked to Holy Rosary Church. Immense cries were heard, and an irresistible wave swept over that multitude.

We witnessed many manifestations, accustomed as we are to the emotions of pilgrimages, and yet we have been deeply moved by that spectacle which had never loomed up before our eyes with such grandeur. A few sick rose up, but they should all have risen. How could a single one

remain on his pallet? That shock, that commotion, which shook everything around him, those acclaims which filled the air, those miraculously healed, who filed passed them like a vision of Heaven—all that was fit to raise the agonizing and electrify corpses. We touched the last limit of human emotion. Beyond, it is earth no more. We had climbed the summit of religious suggestion.

Eight or ten sick came to have their cures verified. And the average of our cure records remain well nigh the same as that of previous years.

On the first day of our pilgrimage not one sick person presented himself at our Bureau; yet, as they set foot on the soil of Lourdes, as they drew near the grotto, which they had seen in their dreams, and longed for with the most ardent yearning, all their powers of soul came into play, and their emotions had reached their highest intensity.

Among the sick who rose we saw Fanny Pepper, of Villepinte, an advanced consumptive; Helene Duval and Josephine Grosset, both stricken with tubercular peritonitis; Philomene Albrech, Pott's disease and white tumor; Erma Jacquart, brain trouble, complicated with paralysis; Felicie Serreau, peritonitis; John Lacombe, Pott's disease, etc.

But all these sick could not be influenced by suggestion. What had become of the nervous diseases under that resistless impetus? In that double row of stretchers, which filled the Holy

Rosary Church esplanade, there were fully three hundred nervous patients. Why did they not leap to their feet?

If Lourdes, as the Salpétriére school claims, is the resort of all nervous affections, if we have all-powerful means of suggestion, an opposite miracle must be admitted to hinder our sick from being healed. This would be a peculiar play of Providence, a veritable mockery!

How account for the fact that, notwithstanding all the nervous diseases, so freely thrown up to us, and despite unparalleled means of influence, we count among our miracle-favored especially those suffering from chest troubles and organic lesions: caries, white tumors, cancers, blind, deaf and dumb, that is to say, diseases uncontrollable by suggestion?

The contradiction is evident. In fact, we assist at the bankruptcy of suggestion; and this result was to be foreseen. It is long since all the medical notions have been falsified in order to hem us in a dilemma of which both terms are false.

Lourdes will have rendered a great service to science by ridding it of all those groundless theories.

We know, of course, that hysteria is a most serious illness, that it is impossible to reach and modify its principle. It stamps itself upon the whole system. If those manifestations occur repeatedly, and disappear, they recur with a hopeless tenacity. All those miracles of suggestion are child's play; by it the diseases are mostly ag-

gravated rather than improved. These reflections struck my mind more vividly at the end of the last national pilgrimage. I saw how useless a weapon suggestion is in the hands of our opponents. They fail to find in the composition of the Lourdes grotto-water the secret of our cures; nor did they find it in the wave of excitement that surrounds us. Cures happen outside of all rule, in going, in returning, and on unconscious children, and we generally miss them at the pompous display of our ceremonies. Truth to tell, the program of those cures is not written by human hands; each cure is like a divine poem, wherein everything is connected and justified.

Charcot—Religious Suggestion.

"The faith which heals," says Charcot, "seems to me to be the ideal to reach, as it often acts when all remedies fail. I have striven to penetrate the mechanism of its production, in order to utilize its power."

He adds: "The faith which heals, and the miracle, its goal, are not outside the course of nature. The domain of the faith which heals is restricted to those diseases whose cure requires no other intervention than the power which mind possesses over body."

How will he explain to us the cure of wounds and of tumors which are beyond the power of mind. "There are," he says, "wounds and tumors with nervous people which heal very rapidly," and, to give us an example, he goes back two hundred

years to search on the tomb of Deacon Paris, the history of a wound which healed in twenty-two days, whereas the woman with the wound needed fifty-two days to become canvalescent.

Behold Charcot's instantaneous (twenty-two and fifty-two days, even for nervous wounds), behold by what trick he seeks to make the facts of Lourdes enter the natural order. Yet, that explanation does not satisfy him. He adds: "We know very little of the domain of the faith that heals." One must needs wait and confess that there are more mysteries under the heavens and on earth than there are dreams in our philosophy.

Charcot has never come to Lourdes; he never published the famous observations on the sick of the Salpétriére, who were cured at our pilgrimages. Yet there are very interesting ones, and the explanation would most likely have conveyed him into the world of mysteries.

It has been said that his Essay on the Faith which Cures was his scientific testament. We find there, in fact, the chief qualities of his mind: great clearness, unparalleled erudition, and a very skillful exposition of his thesis. He gives the history of the sanctuaries of ancient Egypt and Greece. He lays under tribute the painters of the Renaissance, and the charmed reader loses sight of the main principle under discussion; but the starting point is false, and the conclusion remains in suspense. Well aware of this shortcoming, in order to wiggle out of this difficulty, he frankly states: "There are many things we don't understand;

THE SICK AT THE PASSAGE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

the future may explain them to us." Such is the final decision of a bright man, who does not want to compromise himself.

Charcot's memoir, published after Zola's journey, attracted considerable attention within a narrow circle. He sidetracks the cures of Lourdes in his study; and his very vague conclusions keep us in the world of mysteries. Charcot is chiefly to be credited with having coined the words: "The faith that heals, or religious suggestion." He tells us: "Religious suggestion often works where other remedies have failed." But he adds at once as a corrective: "Religious suggestion and lay suggestion are inseparable. It is the same operation which produces identical effects." Behold two contradictory propositions; but, no matter, the word will be remembered, and religious suggestion will throw confusion into the simplest notions. This word will explain all the facts science can not account for.

Says Charcot:

"Painters are disinterested judges. They depict the prejudices of their times. In the works of art the history of diabolical possessions is recorded in ineffaceable characters, and those documents, preserved in paintings, engravings, tapestries and bas-reliefs, fully confirm the other proofs which written history abundantly supplies. The models from which painters drew their inspiration were but badly affected hysteria patients, and this retrospective diagnosis of a nervous trouble, then unknown, is not one of the least proofs of the ar-

tist's shrewdness and sincerity. In that collection of characters, drawn from reality, and enshrined in paintings, it is easy to recognize all the features of serious hysterical nervousness.

"Thus, history, criticism, science, and art, all combine to establish this long-looked-for and now irrefutable demonstration. All the manifestations of the supernatural, possessions in the past, miracles of our days, all is but nervousness. Henceforth we must bow before the results of an investigation made with an unquestionable strictness by the most competent men of our age." Such is Charcot's thesis.

Fortunately photography has come to our assistance, and has brought us incontestable documents. Painting cannot lay claim to such accuracy for demonstration. While we see Charcot, surrounded by a circle of amateurs, curious people and men of the world, or of pupils, developing in a woman phenomena of contraction—a lesson learned beforehand, a prepared subject, (Delboeuf, of Liege, called those subjects *veritable human frogs*,)—we behold on the opposite side, the sick of Lourdes, bearing on their faces the name of their diseases: cancer, tuberculosis, rickets (in children), and caries of the bones. Who will venture to compare those poor sick, who are in their extremities, and can be healed only by a miracle, to those fascinated subjects of the "Charité hospital" who, with a smile upon their lips, fall asleep while looking at the revolving mirror? I often witnessed such experiments made by Prof. Luys. They

were very curious indeed, but resulted in no cure, especially not of organic diseases. An abyss lies between those two orders of facts.

Bernheim.

Mr. Bernheim, professor of the Nancy medical staff, formally admits that suggestion cannot do away with a lesion, set a dislocated limb, and restore a destroyed substance; nor does it kill microbes or cicatrize tubercular wounds.

He adds: "The facts of Lourdes have been gathered by honorable and learned men; the facts exist, and only the interpretation divides us.

'Suggestion is a means which acts only with nervous or functional troubles; it has no effect on organic diseases."

Consequently, nearly all the cures of Lourdes are outside the reach of suggestive influences. He refrains from telling us so; nor does he seem to be aware of the fact that we witness at Lourdes cures of organic diseases.

Berillon.

Dr. Bérillon, president of the Hypnological Society, director of the Revue de l'Hypnotisme, came to Lourdes with the congress of neurologists, which held its sessions at Pau, in the beginning of August, 1904.

That day there were few sick. Mr. Bérillon took more interest in our studies than his colleagues. He did come back strongly convinced that he would see effects of suggestion of an unparalled power. He witnessed the great scenes

of our pilgrimages, the enthusiasm of the crowds, he saw the sick rise as the Blessed Sacrament was carried by, and in the face of that spectacle he could not withhold this acknowledgment: "No plan," said he, "is so well adapted to obtain cures. The most hardened materialist yields to the supreme emotion which issues from that believing multitude. That emotion seizes you, disturbs you, chokes you, and lifts you. Those canticles, which are but a cry of fervor and hope, really enrapture the soul. Don't expect from my materialism a vain denial which would belie the superhuman effect of those fervent appeals. No one can escape their witchery."

One objection, however, stops him: he finds no longer his regular class of sick there. The field of his observations has changed. Charcot's healing-faith is Bernheim's suggestion; Berillon's hypnotism is treatment by the idea, the impulse, the enthusiasm, and the confidence; and all this is carried on in a very limited domain, "in the domain where no other intervention is needed than the power of mind over body; outside of this, the healing-faith is stopped by the natural laws—an impassable barrier. One never observes the reconstruction of destroyed tissues."

Thus picked subjects are required for suggestion, nervous ones, and with them, merely functional troubles, and even so, instantaneous cures seldom result. "If, during paralysis," continues Charcot, "the muscles have become atrophied, the members will regain their strength and their

volume only when the muscles shall have become regenerated, and this regeneration, which takes place according to physical laws, requires a certain time to come to pass. Days and months are needed to make muscles."

Behold the language of a man of science. Charcot owed it to himself to take us out of the legendary field to remind us of the true principles which must guide us.

According to these principles, how can we account for the cures of Lourdes by suggestion? It is simply impossible. In the face of such examples what could Dr. Berillon do? Strive to get away, to deny the fact, and to shift the point at issue. He did not for a moment entertain the thought of invoking suggestion.

"From the standpoint of suggestion," he continues, "we effect more with less in our clinical institutions; there is here a gigantic effort for a modest result, but also, what an insufficient display, what an incomplete understanding of effects which are certain." We gladly waive condemnation of that statement. Dr. Bérillon adds: "We must own, however, that the sick of Lourdes are often in the last stages of their diseases, and then . . . and then, only a miracle can save them. Lourdes performs such miracles. The result obtained is considerable.

"How can we interpret those results?

"One must needs reject all light sarcasms, and confess that we are overcome by the tenderness which radiates from that wretched afflicted crowd.

The hope which grows there swells into a pious delirium, and drinks from the sublime fountains of life: love and goodness. Suffering intensely, those unfortunate people attempt the supreme assault of a Supreme Mercy."

Thus Bérillon's mind soars into the higher regions, and reaches the thought which dominates the scene of our pilgrimages. His well trained clinical sense has doubtless shown him the vast gulf which separates the cures of Lourdes from the cures by suggestion. He saw that the barrier of the natural laws was overthrown: a spontaneous cry broke from his heart towards the ideal of love and goodness. Whatever shades of opinion may divide us, we salute in him an independent and a sincere man.

The cures of Lourdes occupy a well defined place in science. Charcot's healing-faith, Bernheim's works, and Berillon's experiments, have traced the exact boundary of natural laws. Beyond it is no more our domain. The faith which heals has been over-abused; the word has been kept, but the principle has been lost sight of; faith-healing reaches only nervous diseases, whereas the cures of Lourdes are chiefly cures of organic diseases.

The leaders of official science laid down principles which were supposed to turn against us, but they played into our hands, since we take those principles as the standard of our judgments. Had we not followed a rigorously scientific method, the clinic institute of Lourdes would long since

have lost all attraction. The increasing number of doctors who come to us year by year, and the contradictions we meet with, and many other things prove that we are on the right way.

A young American physician, placing himself at the supernatural point of view, said to me: "You have no suggestion at Lourdes, though you ought to have a great deal of it; and when I seek the cause of that absence of suggestion, I find it only in a Providential disposition. The Blessed Virgin wants no mixture in her work. She removes all effects of merely human intervention. We must not, of course, conclude that suggestion does not exist elsewhere, but what we observe here cannot be compared to what we observe in our clinical institutions."

Unknown Laws.

The objection is raised that we are under the influence of unknown laws, which we shall discover some day.

Unknown laws are laws which imply the relation of cause to effect like the known law. If there were laws at Lourdes a law, known or unknown, which effects the cures, we should have certain and steady results. If you place the sick in the same surroundings, the same enthusiasm, the same temperament, and with similar diseases, certain cures would necessarily happen on certain days, whereas the cures occur without any rule, on the way to and on the way from Lourdes, with sick who have lost hope, and with unconscious

children. Certain pilgrimages obtain many cures one year and none the next. No more striking proof than the case of Villepinte can be alleged.

In 1896 the Villepinte hospital sent us during the national pilgrimage fourteen sick, taken from the worst third-stage consumptives; eight of them were suddenly healed at Lourdes, and had no relapse. The sick who were not cured died the following winter.

The two following years, 1897 and 1898, the Villepinte sick obtained again eight or ten cures, and their unhealed companions also died in the course of the winter.

The enthusiasm among those girls has reached its climax. Lourdes is always on everybody's lips at the hospital. Novenas are made throughout the year in preparation for the pilgrimage. It appears to be enough to touch the soil of Lourdes to be cured; yet, just then, the cures stop altogether. Since 1898, we had some improvements, some isolated cases, but the cures in batches have ceased. It is when suggestion has reached its extreme limit of intensity that we see those twenty or twenty-five sick sent us by that hospital, return home without any noticeable change. The nun who brought those girls to Lourdes, stricken in her turn with that implacable disease, died a victim of her devotedness.

What singular emotions they are which raise our consumptives, heal their wounds, and render them invulnerable, whereas, beside them their

companions, subject to the same influences, die a few days later.

Esther Brackmann had experienced much stronger emotions on the operating table at the Hotel-Dieu when they opened her abdomen to take out her tubercles: of course, it was not *the salutary emotion.* In Lourdes at the second bath she got up cured, and as soon as she got home she took up her old position in a commercial house.

Marguerite Ménaud had pains due to acute granulation on the side of the lung, and an ulcer of the stomach; since her pilgrimage she has not put in her appearance at Villepinte; she is today chambermaid in London.

Louise Cheradame came six years ago with tubercular laryngitis; she is now an instructor of physical culture. Such is the case with most of those twenty-four healed consumptives. Were there, in fact, but one case of a complete sudden cure, that one example would suffice to bring about conviction.

All the emotions in the world cannot heal tubercles, nor suddenly stop bacillary tuberculosis.

That would be a new miracle—a greater and a more incredible one than those our opponents refuse to admit. To heal, in a few moments, organic diseases without a miracle would still be incomprehensible. But one would have to go further, one would have to reach the doctors with those emotions, inspire learned men with a humble submission to absurd things, one would have raised multitudes, and even learned men, with

DOCTORS AT THE TEMPORARY HOSPITAL.

imaginary levers. All that would be very difficult to understand. The more we delve into these questions the more we notice that by striving to avoid the supernatural we fall into the unintelligible.

The blind Charles Auguste, that organist of Creil, who came to Lourdes somewhat reluctantly, who did not ask his cure, who refused to assist at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament until it was nearly over, was cured the following night in a hotel room.

During the Lyons pilgrimage we had two or three cures. Upon its return over thirty cures were observed on sick who just got home. That would be a long-distance suggestion. And the sick of Zola, those whom the novelist had taken as types of cures by persuasion, have remained perfectly healed. Is suggestion still effective after fifteen or sixteen years, on consumption in the last stage, on lupus, and on caries of the bone?

The suggestion theories lose ground day by day. Charcot had created a world of nerve-diseased people, which was not the real world; physicians repudiate his theories, and acknowledge that marvelous cures are obtained at Lourdes which are inexplicable, even in the case of nervous diseases, but that the cures of nervous diseases are rarer than is generally believed.

The Villepinte example is conclusive. Behold a number of girls who see, in the course of three successive years, their companions who had arrived in a dying condition at Lourdes, rise up at the

baths or at the procession, completely cured. They have no doubt of obtaining their own cure, their confidence is absolute; suggestion is carried to the highest pitch, and it is then that cures cease altogether. For the last ten years, there have been no more cures of groups. We could quote scores of similar cases.

Report of Dr. Jacobs on a Cure by Religious Suggestion.

In the course of last July, Dr. Jacobs delivered a report to the medical society of Antwerp on the cure of Mary Cools. He entitled it: "A Case of Healing by Religious Suggestion." He tells us he treated that girl quite a while for Pott's disease. She was the daughter of consumptive parents. She had a pain at the level of the third lumbar vertebra; a noticeable depression in the spine at that level, and paralysis of the lower limbs.

Later he thought she had merely nervous troubles. He at once began treatment by suggestion, but all suggestion proved vain. At this juncture Mary Cools started for Lourdes, and came back absolutely cured. Suggestion had, he said, effected a healing miracle.

We reply: If Mary Cools has been cured at Lourdes by religious suggestion, she will relapse. Born of consumptives, she is an heir to her parents disease. She is hysterical by birthright. You can make an accident or a symptom disappear; you cannot change her temperament without working a miracle. Such hysterical people do

not heal. Delboeuf of Liége, a countryman of Dr. Jacobs, and a very independent savant, relates in his visit to the Salpétriére, that he saw the Elisas, and the Wittemans, who serve as subjects for study, having been in the hospital since their youth, and spending their lives there.

I, myself, was attached to one of the foremost hysterical departments of the hospitals of Paris, and I noticed that it was always the same customers who came back to us, cured to-day, relapsed tomorrow; our sick did not get well.

Mary Cools hysterical is just as hard to cure as Mary Cools affected with Pott's disease: understand me well, I don't speak of her paralysis or any other trouble. Hysteria is a Proteus, one can reach its manifestations, but one cannot change the constitution of the patient. If religious suggestion give you such results, look out, for you are entering the supernatural. Watch that girl; if she relapse, she has simply been acted on by suggestive influence; if her cure be permanent, if in the course of her life she have no more nervous trouble, if she remain well balanced, if she bear fatigue without weakening, then, I declare, suggestion had absolutely nothing to do with her cure.

The doctors acknowledge this fact every day at our Lourdes bureau, and they know how to distinguish in the cures the symptoms and the disease. Benedict XIV laid down the true principle which must guide us in those questions.

Charcot's "healing-faith" is a striking term indeed, but it is seldom applicable. He was no

dupe of his discovery anyway. He added this famous amendment to it: "Religious suggestion is nothing more than ordinary suggestion: it has the same field and the same limits." Bérillon admits that with all our means of suggestion we obtain but scanty results at Lourdes, but that we obtain, at times, true resurrections, and then, he says, there is no more question of suggestion, such sick can be cured only by a miracle.

Bernheim has well set forth the rules of suggestion, which cannot touch organic troubles. We absolutely reject those false miracles which are but the result of false interpretation.

We conclude: either Mary Cools is not cured, or her cure is the result of something else than even religious suggestion. It is time to get out of the legendary, and to stop bringing forward under the title of cure by religious suggestion two orders of facts altogether distinct: superficial and momentary modifications on the one hand, and constitutional alterations, so far-reaching that science cannot account for them, on the other.

I repeat: to make of a hysterical a well balanced person henceforth free from all manifestations is a more difficult thing than the cure of a wound. This would be performing miracles without realizing it by changing the name thereof.

Chapter XVI.

Lourdes at Rome.

Lourdes was to be bound closely to the Church. In the series of apparitions which filled the half of the last century we find a plan which shows that the teaching of Lourdes were to receive the consecration of the Church. The first apparition occurred in 1830 at Paris in the chapel of Bac Street; the second in 1842 at Rome under the eyes of Mr. de Ratisbonne; in both it was Mary conceived without sin, as we see her on the miraculous medal.

In 1858 the Virgin of Lourdes gave us her name, but four years previouly Pius IX had proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and after Pius IX spoke, Mary tore all the veils; it was no longer Mary conceived without sin, it was Mary styling herself the Immaculate Conception, and coming thus to echo the Pope's voice. Rome and Lourdes united in the solemn affirmation of this great privilege.

For half a century the Lourdes pilgrimage has been going on. In 1888, thirty years after the apparitions, the Blessed Virgin led the crowd to her Divine Son. She inspired those Eucharistic manifestations, which shall remain the most solemn profession of our faith, as well as the most beautiful homage rendered to the God of our altars.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the Blessed Virgin placed her work of predilection

under the safeguard of the Sovereign Pontiff. Not only has her grotto been established in the Vatican gardens, but all the institutions of Lourdes came to ask the consecration of the Church.

Pius IX.

The three last popes have kept watching with an attentive eye the development of our pilgrimages.

Pius IX had a great devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes; he often visited a grotto which Mr. Hispa, of Toulouse, had offered him, a very small and a very imperfect grotto, which may be seen today in the Vatican gardens.

On February 19, 1874, Mgr. Langénieux, Bishop of Tarbes, presented to Pius IX an enameled medallion of exquisite design, representing the apparition of March 25th to Bernadette. The Holy Father had this work of art placed in his oratory. "There," said he, "I go several times a day to adore the Blessed Sacrament, and when my soul is desolate, when it seems to me that God is deaf to our voice, I lift my eyes to the Immaculate Virgin. She will pray with us. She will pray for us." On February 11, 1907, anniversary of the apparition, at the dawn of the fiftieth year's jubilee, the Beatification Cause of Pius IX was introduced into the Roman curia.

Leo XIII.

Under Leo XIII's pontificate, on July 16, 1890, the Sacred Congregation of Rites approved the office for the feast of the Apparition of the

Immaculate Virgin at the Grotto of Lourdes. By an act without precedent, it made its approbation go back to the very apparition. The office bears the title, *On the Feast of the Apparition.*

The records of the first investigation committee, appointed by Mgr. Laurence, were in reality absolutely convincing, but they lacked the prescribed canonical form, and were, therefore, void. The Pope, upon being assured that the report was fundamentally correct, dispensed with the formalities of procedure.

The lessons of the second nocturn contain the full story of the apparitions, couched in the charming language which endears them to, and enshrines them in, the hearts of the pilgrims. Finally, by a very rare exception, we find in the Latin text the French names of Lourdes and Bernadette; the Roman breviary will immortalize those most beloved names.

On December 10, 1900, Mgr. Schoepfer wrote to the Holy Father, soliciting the favor of erecting in the Vatican gardens an exact reproduction of the grotto of Lourdes, which should be as worthy as possible both of our sanctuary and of the majesty of Rome.

Mgr. Schoepfer often remarked to me: "It was evidently a Providential inspiration which prompted us to have the grotto placed in the Vatican gardens. I was far from foreseeing the whole significance of that undertaking. It was to knit more closely together Lourdes and the Catholic Church.

The Holy Father not only accepted the offer with the liveliest satisfaction, but he forthwith pointed out the spot where it would please him to see the new grotto built. The solemn inauguration which took place on June 1, 1902, will go down as one of the most important events in the history of Lourdes. It was a splendid feast, which shall never be forgotten by those who attended it. When Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, offered to the Holy Father that grotto of which, as he said, every stone bore both the name and the affectionate allegiance of a subscriber, a religious silence prevailed in the assembly; we all understood that an act of great significance had just taken place.

The whole history of Lourdes unrolled itself before our eyes on that occasion. Since 1858 Pius IX, the pope of the Immaculate Conception, and Leo XIII, the pope of the Rosary, did not leave off watching the progress of our works; the two finest flowers of their crowns are enshrined in the stone of our basilicas, and their names shall reverberate through all the echoes of Lourdes.

In the presence of the Sacred College, of the French ambassador, of the Pontifical court, and a large assembly, the Pope, after having followed all the details of the ceremony, wished himself to bless the statue of the Immaculate Virgin, to whom, he said, he owed his health and his longevity.

The next day I had the consolation of being received in private audience. "Lourdes," quoth

the Pope, "is our hope, and our salvation. Lourdes will save us." His eyes brightened, his words became warmer; he seemed to hasten to withdraw within that sanctuary from all the pre-occupations which burdened him; the thought o. Lourdes dispelled all the clouds before him; then he interrogated me about our cures and our labors. At last, answering my questions, he said: "What can you fear for your work? Under your Bishop's direction you are on the safe road. Continue your studies with confidence." He added: "Yesterday's ceremony afforded me great joy; henceforth the grotto of Lourdes shall be in the Vatican gardens." In closing the Pope opened both arms saying: "Thus the Blessed Virgin opens her arms to us, she calls us, she will receive us, and save us all."

The ceremony of the previous day doubtless intensified his impressions and emphasized his words, but the name of Lourdes ever awakened the same satisfaction in the Holy Father's mind.

Pius X.

Pius X was scarcely a month in charge of the government of the Church when he wrote to the Bishop of Tarbes, assuring him of his sentiments of tender devotion to the Virgin of the Grotto. "Be persuaded," said he, "that like our predecessors we put our trust in her maternal protection; it is through her help that we confidently hope to see, not only your country, but the universal Church, freed from the evils which overwhelm them." The Holy Father often visited the grotto

in his gardens; despite its resemblance to that of Lourdes, he found it too naked; "as it is," said he, "it cannot fully satisfy my heart; something is to be done which may make it precious."

No sooner was Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, aware of this desire, than he asked as a great favor the Holy Father's leave to carry out a project so conformable to Catholic devotion to the Virgin of the Grotto.

To enter as much as possible into the Holy Father's views, and to put the perspective of Lourdes within the reach of his eyes, the promoters of the work decided that a frame be given to the grotto, which would recall the panorama of the sanctuary of Our Lady of Lourdes.

It was a monument of greater proportions that was going to be erected during the fiftieth anniversary year of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and which would preserve the remembrance of those great feasts.

By a happy coincidence, it was on February 27th that the Holy Father received the members of the committee which was to carry out that plan. It was the anniversary of the day on which the Blessed Virgin said to Bernadette: "Go tell the priests that I desire to have a chapel."

The inauguration took place on March 28, 1904; it was made with still greater pomp than the first, in the presence of a crowd of nearly twenty thousand people; it was the final consecration of the taking possession of the Vatican gardens by the grotto of Lourdes. That installation and

enlargement had taken three years; and two popes had solemnly inaugurated that movement.

Henceforth the grotto of Lourdes will throw a brighter luster beside St. Peter's cupola; the slender steeple of its basilica soars high into the heavens, and can be seen from many points of Rome.

Catholic Physicians' Pilgrimage to Rome.

The first idea of that pilgrimage belongs to Prof. Duret, of Lille University, but then that project appeared unrealizable. Nothing was ready, neither the men, nor the resources, nor the circumstances; yet that program, so dream-like, became nevertheless, a living reality eighteen months later. Dr. Féron-Vrau, who was the principal organizer, thus kindly gave the history of the pilgrimage:

"Lourdes had to open the way to us for this sacred congress. In August, 1903, I was at Lourdes. Dr. Boissarie said that the year 1904 was drawing near, and with it the jubilee anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The physicians were to have an active part in the forthcoming manifestations. In fact, Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, had already taken the initiative in that direction, and wanted to organize a pilgrimage during the Easter vacation.

At last an Italian pilgrimage was to come then under the guidance of a Roman prelate, Mgr. Radini Tedeschi, secretary of the commission

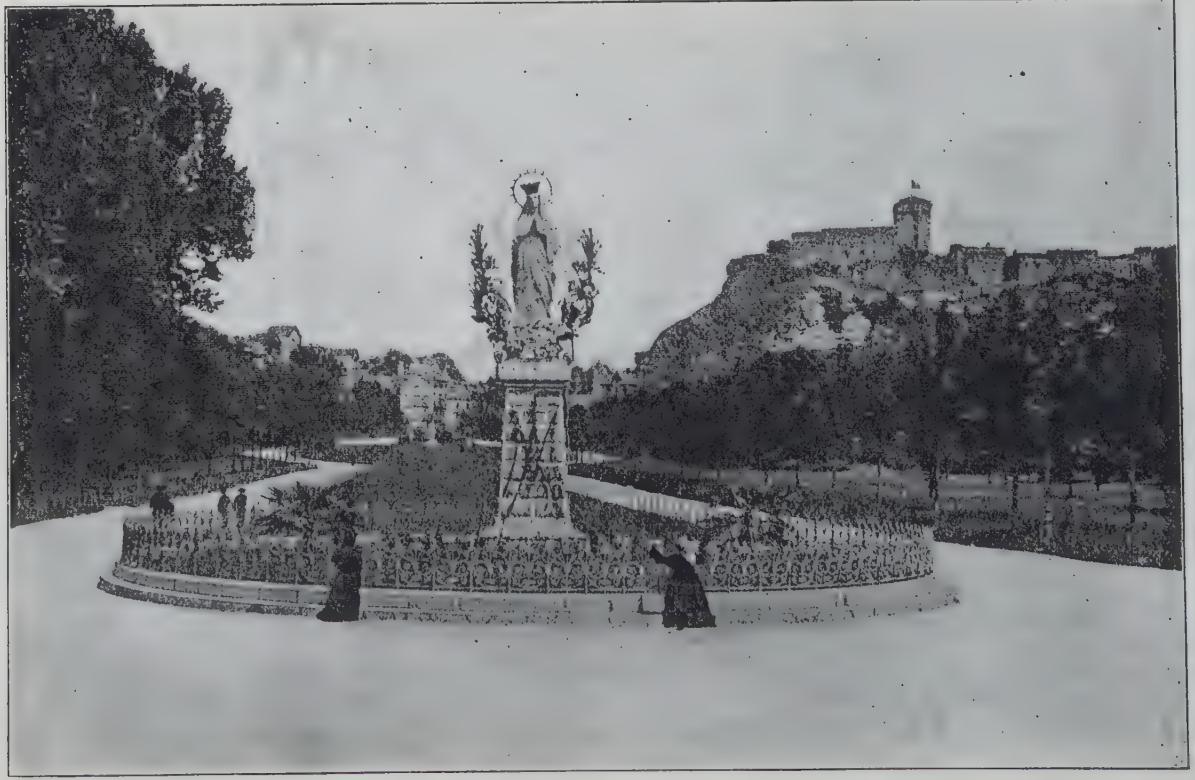
of the 1904 Marian feast at Rome. It behooved us, said Dr. Boissarie, to confer with that Roman dignitary, and to study with him what we could prepare for the glory of Our Lady of Lourdes.

There are twenty thousand physicians in France. Slightly over two thousand were invited, as also a few of Belgium, Spain, and Italy. Two hundred Catholic doctors were received in audience by the Holy Father.

His holiness was pleased to listen to the printed reports of two or three of the finest cures, those in whose behalf they were wrought being also present. But such facts could not be pronounced on without being submitted to the Congregation of Rites for a lengthy investigation, including the hearing of witnesses, diaries, etc.

In a private audience which Pope Pius X was pleased to grant me, he said: "A miracle must not be invoked lightly. Suggestion is on everybody's lips nowadays; but we know that suggestion cannot instantaneously close and heal a wound." His Holiness also mentioned the two classes of phenomena absolutely distinct: wounds and reconstruction of tissues on the one hand, and functional or nervous troubles on the other. Most happy indeed were we to accept from Christ's Vicar those capital principles as the rule of conduct in our work.

Lourdes henceforth has become as universal as the Church. It is like the summary of a magnificent poem which a whole century has sung in honor of the Immaculate Virgin. Lourdes is



THE VIRGIN CROWNED

henceforth placed on the unchangeable rock, which abides unshaken in the midst of ephemeral revolutions, and Lourdes' history shall remain intimately linked with the history of the Church.

Chapter XVII.

Lourdes Up-to-Date.

In 1868 Lasserre could write in one volume a full history of Lourdes' first ten years. Today the history of Lourdes embraces over two hundred volumes. We have on file fifty years of the *Journal of the Grotto*, and forty of *The Annals*. A great many pilgrimages issue bulletins. Foremost among these is the Belgians' quarterly, of which four to five thousand copies are printed. A monk of Bosnia published for years an *Almanac of Lourdes*, having a circulation of 70,000 copies. The history of the pilgrimages and of the cures has been translated into most languages of the world. In nearly all newspapers appear chronicles of Lourdes.

If we published the reports of the Verification Office, what intimate details could be revealed. We could follow day by day the trend of men and ideas around the grotto. A number of savants wrote on Lourdes, among whom Charcot, Bernheim, Bérillon and Luys are the most prominent.

Lourdes has its novelists also: Zola, Pouvillon, and Huysmans; finally, a large quantity of

BERNADETTE.

books, pamphlets, and publications of all kinds. Cures and investigations have become so numerous that it would be impossible to descant on all those facts.

As years roll on perspective changes, it is especially Bernadette's figure that becomes prominent. Mr. Estrade portrayed to us the child of the apparitions. She lived under his eyes. With great simplicity and accuracy he described what he saw.

But since 1858 Bernadette's history is continued in the history of Lourdes. She handed down to us teachings which we follow like orders from Heaven. The program she has drafted has remained the regulation of the pilgrimages. It embraces all, the fountain, the baths, the crowds, the order given priests to build a chapel, prayer and penance: wherever the Lourdes devotion has penetrated Bernadette's words have faithfully echoed Mary's teachings. No personage, to my knowledge, has been more studied, more searched than that child.

Could hallucination and insanity have thrown before her eyes, as in a dream, the image of the Virgin, and filled her ears with those mysterious colloquies, of which she hardly understood the meaning? . . . We demonstrate that Bernadette's visions sprang neither from diseased senses nor from a deranged brain.

A child of fourteen years, an ignorant shepherdess could not, without preparation and without training, give men such grave and lofty teachings,

proclaim the scarce known dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and leave us the image of the ideal Virgin, which the genius of the greatest artists had been powerless to conceive. To play such a role, more was needed than the shallow brain of miller Soubirous' daughter. To endure for over twenty years the brunt of all kinds of contradictions, a strong will proof against all weakness, a prime mover and a definite end were required. To fill the world with the echoes of her tiny voice, a supernatural light must needs illumine the soul of that weak child.

Hallucination and craziness give neither talent nor genius. Her troubled mind could conjure up only the thoughts and visions of her childhood.

A sick person cannot reproduce a painting of Raphael, which he has never seen; nor can he recite Tasso's poems without having conned them. Bernadette's mind could not soar to the heights of a Divine program, summon the world to penance, and describe with such method and such assurance a Virgin of which no picture could have supplied the pattern.

Between the cause and the effects, between the instrument and the results, there is a disproportion which no theory can bridge over.

Hallucination is but the reminiscence of sensations previously experienced. Behold a small country girl, having nothing remarkable but her ignorance and simplicity. On a certain day a celestial vision appears to her. If that vision is a hallucination, it will be the reproduction of

a painted or sculptured image engraven on the imagination of the little peasant maiden. In its makeup we are bound to find features in keeping with the untrained mind of a child of fourteen. How can we suppose that the ravishing Virgin of Lourdes is the artistic creation of poor Bernadette?

In hallucination the imagination lacks that precision, that sureness of conception, and bodies forth vague and changing forms. Here we have from the first apparition a perfect and unchangeable type. Not one feature shall vary henceforth; nothing shall modify the memory or the imprint left on the seer's mind.

In giving a description of the Virgin Bernadette delineated all the details of her costume: her dress, her veil, and her sash; her posture, the movement of the hands, the play of her features, her smile, her griefs, and her gaze, which now was fixed on her, then on the people who surrounded her, and anon rose heavenward, and seemed to lose itself in infinity. With these first indications the sculptor had had trouble to mold his statue, and Bernadette did not recognize her Virgin.

Some years later, Bernadette was at the Lourdes priests' house, looking at an album. She glanced indifferently at the engravings that passed before her eyes, when all of a sudden she paused before the picture of the Blessed Virgin; then showing it to the pastor, and to Mr. Fabische, the sculptor, she cried out with emotion: "Father!

Father! this is the Blessed Virgin's face; oh! here I recognize it, I recognize it!"

It was a plain reproduction of the Virgin of St. Luke. In the archives of Lourdes there exists of this fact a deposition properly drawn up towards 1873 by Father John Clave, S.J., according to the account given him by Mgr. Peyramale.

We cannot pretend to authenticate the Virgin or Virgins called of St. Luke, but these may represent a traditional type. In several apparitions, Our Lady, it seems, showed herself in features that recall that type.

There are many statues representing the Immaculate Conception. We have two models given us by revelation: the miraculous Virgin as she appeared to Catherine Labouré, and as she is reproduced on the miraculous medal; in the second place, the Virgin of Lourdes as Bernadette described her to us, giving us all the details of her costume, and even her likeness, so to speak, by recognizing her in the Madonna of St. Luke.

The apparition at Pontmain recalls the facial features of Our Lady of Good Counsel, which also fairly resembles the type of St. Luke. Before a photography of that picture, Mr. Barbedette (one of the seers) declared he never came across any picture which so closely reproduced the features of which he had a glimpse on the night of January 17, 1871.

In her apparition on March 25th, the most important of all, there is one point which has not been sufficiently emphasized. Bernadette, in giv-

ing an account of that apparition, said: "The Lady stood above the rose bush, and showed herself as she is on the miraculous medal."

The miraculous medal was the first link of that chain, which was to bind together the various apparitions. Some recent cures unroll before us our Blessed Mother's plan.

Marie Bailly, whose cure we chronicled, recovered in her hospital bed, through the miraculous medal; but this was but a halt in her illness, she had to come to Lourdes to obtain a complete and permanent cure.

It was also through the miraculous medal that Our Lady first exercised her power on Mary Hoffmann, the poor epileptic of Switzerland. She converted her, and brought her into the Catholic Church; then after an eighteen years' martyrdom, calling her to the grotto of Lourdes, she cured her, transformed her, and trained her gradually, winding up by making an apostle of her.

Thus God incessantly brings back to our weak minds and easily wearied attention the same teachings, in order thus to engrave them on our memory.

When children are witnesses of apparitions, vouchers of a higher order are to be sought outside the witnesses. The marvelous person herself, her words, her acts, and her object are to be critically investigated. Thus we enter upon an order of proofs superior to the witness.

The terse and clear words of the Virgin to Bernadette have been fulfilled as behests of Heaven.

The name by which the Cause of our Joy styled herself had never been uttered in her presence. She repeated it in order to remember it, without understanding its meaning.

And who led the thought and the hand of the child to that theretofore unknown spring, which flows from the depths of the rock?[1)]

Bernadette did not in the least contro. or influence the program of the apparitions; they continued according to a plan mapped out beforehand. She missed them twice when she was expecting them. With the eighteenth came the end, and Bernadette mingled again with the people, without being favored with any special gift. She was a witness of the past, but her mission was done, and it is when the child goes that the work commences. Singular hallucination indeed, which so suddenly takes hold of a child's imagination, to disappear at the end of six weeks, without leaving any trace; hallucination altogether disproportioned to the imagination of the subject, who leaves us the ideal Virgin's type till then unknown, and conveys orders to us, which move the whole world.

By recognizing her Virgin in the Virgin of St. Luke, Bernadette gave us a proof of the reality of the apparition. Never would the sight of the one have reminded her of the other, had her eyes not gazed upon the Virgin St. Luke had known and painted.

1) The spring of Lourdes did not exist before the apparition. By scratching a little patch of the ground, Bernadette caused a spring to gush forth, which yields 32,244 gallons of water a day. Had that spring existed before, it would have raised the small layer of sand which covered it. People would have seen the place where it emptied into the Gave; yet no one ever noticed any leakage.

In the teachings of Lourdes, all human means are left out.

A rustic grotto, a spring, a shepherdess, such are the actors and the display; but above all that, the Virgin's radiant image.

If human means are left out, the supernatural fills the scene: never has a lesson from Heaven been conveyed with such evident plainness. For almost thirty years apparitions and revelations succeed each other: Catherine Labouré and Mr. de Ratisbonne were favored with a vision of Our Lady as she is represented on the miraculous medal, which bears the inscription, "*Mary conceived without sin.*" The pastor of the church of Our Lady of Victories received the inspiration to consecrate his church to the *Immaculate Heart of Mary.* Pius IX enlightened by a Divine ray, defines the dogma of the *Immaculate Conception.*

The plan appears complete. No. Mary herself comes down from Heaven to put a seal on those teachings.

She appears eighteen times at the grotto of Lourdes, and those apparitions are arranged with an order and a method, which make them converge towards the same thought.

For two weeks Mary instructs Bernadette, first of all arousing the attention of an engrossed world. She found her pilgrimage, asks a chapel, calls the crowds, causes a spring to gush forth, and urges prayer for the conversion of sinners.

These preliminaries over, she leaves people in expectation for twenty days, then she reappears

smiling in all the splendor of her halo. It is no longer: *Mary conceived without sin.* She absolutely identifies herself with her prerogative: *I am the Immaculate Conception.*

That name was past the girl's understanding. There was in that name a deliberate confusion between the qualification and the subject.

Protestants pointed out that grammatical mistake, claiming Mary would not have used that faulty diction.

She would have styled herself the *Immaculate Virgin, Mary conceived without sin,* but never would she have said, *I am the Immaculate Conception.*

They forget that God said to Moses: "*I* am who am." They forget especially that the Blessed Virgin alone could identify herself with that new prerogative, which the Church had, through Pius IX's proclamation of the Immaculate Conception, in 1854, acknowledged as Mary's unique privilege.

To lay stress on that definition, and thus to confirm the infallibility of the Church, Mary, come down from Heaven, took for her name the very dogma Pius IX had just proclaimed. Such boldness of language was certainly beyond Bernadette's talents. She could but repeat that name without grasping its meaning. That Conception and its definition surpassed the reach of her intelligence.

We are in the midst of the supernatural. But it is a supernatural that demonstrates itself.

Before imposing itself upon our faith, Lourdes imposes itself upon our reason. Had we only Bernadette's word to believe in the reality of an apparition we would question her testimony. But we have the direct action of the apparition on the inanimate objects which surround it: the realization of Mary's words which transcend the

BERNADETTE'S PARENTAL HOME.

girl's understanding and could not have sprung from her brain. We have those cures which overthrow all the data of science, and finally, the great sensations which those events have caused throughout the world.

To demonstrate that Bernadette had before her eyes a real being, we have but to bear in mind

that neither imagination nor a dream can modify the physical conditions of the bodies around us. We cannot by suggestion take the heat from a flame, nor cause a spring to burst forth from the ground.

Suggestion is powerless to transform a country. A hallucinated girl cannot lay the whole world under the tribute of her instructions and her orders.

We have here the discovery of the spring, according to the indications of the apparition, and the flame which lost its heat while licking Bernadette's fingers for a quarter of an hour.

On the other hand:

Mary's words are realized. Those words cause to leap from the Massabielle rock that graceful basilica, which tops the grotto, and seems to waft heavenward on its aerial s- ire the prayers of the pilgrims.

The Church of the Rosary: "A quarry of piled up rocks, with its arches high as naves, and its wide aisles for the pomp of processions!"

Besides, a number of convents sprang up like a natural vegetation in that soil of miracles.

The absence of a burn, the gushing of the fountain, the realization of the words heard, and last but not least, the cures: behold the group, or the block which cannot be split! To take up those phenomena one by one, and to seek to explain them by a natural cause, would be to shift the question. Dr. Goix justly remarks: "Even though that demonstration should be possible for each separate element, the cause would have

NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE.

to be shown which gathers them in one and the same whole. It is the cause of the *unity of that whole* which is to be discovered. Lourdes is not a revealed truth, or tenet of our faith, it is a truth which depends both upon reason and science."

Furthermore, to question the apparitions, one would have to neglect all the events which have followed each other since 1858. The assertion of a lowly country girl sets a whole century astir, moves multitudes, and arrests the attention of God's friends and enemies.

In 1858 Lourdes was visited only by tourists and sick, who resorted to stations of the Pyrenees. Today Lourdes is the best known city in the world; it is visited annually by several hundred thousand pilgrims and tourists.

A resistless current draws hosts of people in that direction; with Jerusalem and Rome, no religious center is more famous or more frequented.

Chapter XVIII.

Lourdes and France.

France has put into this great work of Lourdes whatever was best in her. The Catholic sap which overflowed in her has come to pour itself out in Lourdes.

Her bishops, her priests, her religious orders, her scientists and her doctors, all classes of society have combined their efforts to develop that eminently French work, which was to carry to the utmost bounds of the earth the name of France

and the name of Lourdes. The fusion has become so complete that other nations have not attempted to translate the name Lourdes into their own tongues; all pronounce it with the French termination. Thus we find everywhere that unbreakable bond between our faith and our nationality, singular privilege!—undoubtedly the most precious that Providence has bestowed upon us.

Lourdes, we say, is an eminently French work; we might call it Franco-Belgian; for Belgium has adopted this devotion with the same enthusiasm as we. There is no Lourdes-day, so goes the saying, without Belgians.

But apart from this, we may state that four-fifths of the pilgrims and of the sick attendants are French. The priests who have watched over and directed the pilgrimages are not only Frenchmen, but they are mostly from the Lourdes district. They have created the Verification Bureau, that miracle-clinic institute, which the Middle Ages did not know.

They have not contented themselves with engraving upon stone and marble the history of those marvelous events, and with rearing these magnificent basilicas, which continue the finest traditions of Christian art; but in a monthly and in a weekly journal they have enshrined the events of the last thirty years.

With the *Annals* one could reconstruct the whole history of Lourdes. They contain, not only the summary of the cures and the doctors' certificates, but the whole evolution of that move-

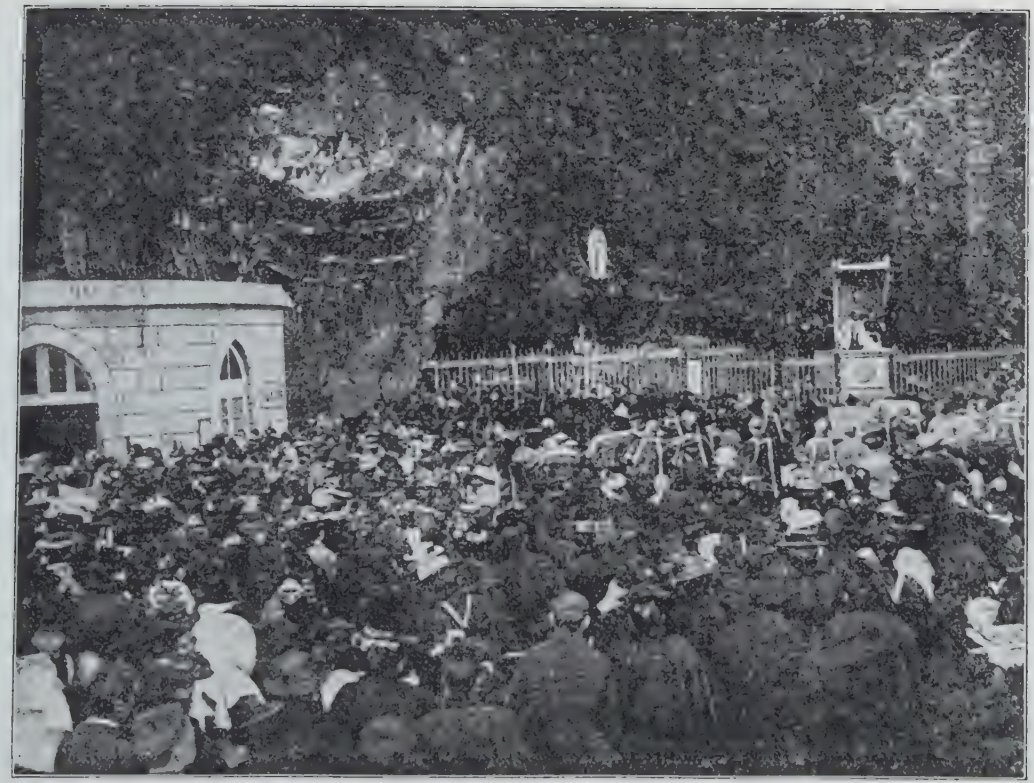
ment, so colossal for our age, which commences near the grotto, in 1858, and by and by extends into the whole world.

When man seeks to interpret a Divine work, there are gaps and imperfections in his attempt. He cannot tear all the veils according to his pleasure. But by patient and persevering labor, and by accumulating the proofs time brings, we arrive at the looked for demonstration. The history of Lourdes must be read by grouping together as a whole those wondrous facts, which support each other, and form a monument which abides unshaken, defying forever man's vain disputes and superficial criticisms.

The Processions of the Blessed Sacrament.

It was a priest of the diocese of Mountauban who suggested the idea of making acclamations on the passage of the Blessed Sacrament. That proposition could not but be looked upon with favor by Father Picard, the man of all great and holy initiatives. Soon appropriate words of the Gospel were gathered, printed, and distributed to the pilgrims.

On August 22, 1888, at four o'clock p.m., as the Blessed Sacrament left the basilica, the invocations began with an indescribable enthusiasm. At a distance of nineteen centuries we were assisting at the Gospel scenes. As on the day of His glorious entrance into Jerusalem, thousands of spectators cried, *Hosanna to the Son of David!* Around the baths the enthusiasm reached its



PILGRIMS AT AN OPEN AIR SERMON BEFORE THE GROTTO.

climax. Five or six thousand people with arms extended crosswise repeated: *Blessed be He who cometh in the name of the Lord.* Hundreds of sick people had been brought on their pallets. Two of them rose, and walked behind their Divine Master. All the carriers' energy was required to prevent the crowd from crushing them in their delirium. Several more sick recovered all at once strength to leave their litters, and came to pray beside their brethren.

Burst of applause and enthusiasm greeted those prodigies. It was only with great difficulty that the Blessed Sacrament could be carried through the serried ranks of the multitude. Thousands of faithful talked to Jesus as if they had seen Him in flesh and blood in their midst. Who could tell the number of spiritual resurrections more beautiful than the resurrections of the body! A Protestant lady, smitten with that enthusiasm, made her abjuration right there.

Every year the same manifestations recur with the same crowds and with the same enthusiasm. We all remember the procession of the national jubilee pilgrimage in 1897. All our societies were represented: the hospitalers of Salvation, the hospitalers of Lourdes, and all our religious orders; fifteen hundred priests in surplice walked ahead of two hundred and fifty miracle-favored persons, who filed past us like a vision of Heaven: consumptives snatched from the brink of the grave, paralytics, blind, deaf and dumb, and incurables of all kinds; all kinds of sick, whom God

had come to cure or solace; and on the esplanade of Holy Rosary Church, two thousand sick, seated or lying, formed a double r w along the passage of the Blessed Sacrament. After Benediction, fifteen or twenty of the stricken ones leaped up, and were cheered by a crowd of thirty to forty thousand people. Never had we witnessed such a matchless spectacle. We were touching the last limit of human emotion; beyond, it is earth no more.

On September 1, 1904, during the pilgrimage of the North, fifteen hundred to two thousand members of the Blessed Virgin's sodality, arrayed in blue sashes, blue ribbons, and long white veils, passed before us in ranks of six abreast. How much luster this added to the beauty of the procession! To acclaim with the multitude the God of our altars, those two thousand girls adorned the double flight of steps of Rosary Church as with an immense crown of blue and white. The sight was enchanting.

But on the ground of Lourdes, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, a sublime thought had surged up in their hearts, a thought inspired by their director, and blessed by the Bishop of Tarbes.

They had left in their parishes empty schools, abandoned because of the banishment of the Sisters, and charity organizations, sodalities, and work-shops, without directresses. They vowed that, at their return from Lourdes, they would replace the Sisters in the schools and work-shops, that they would volunteer to teach catechism, and

manual labor. They promised to become apostles, and to acquire, to that effect, the necessary virtues. Thus our Eucharistic Lord had, on that day, not only raised some sick people from their couches, but He had kindled with His burning rays the hearts of the Children of Mary.

In one diocese two thousand girls offered to replace the scattered nuns. Surely the sap of the apostolate is not dried up in the veins of the French people.

Politicians, senators and deputies swell the ranks of our processions. We saw Belgian state-ministers solicit the honor of carrying the Blessed Sacrament canopy, and beside them walked our high army officers.

Banners of all nations wave at Lourdes before the Blessed Sacrament: flags of England, of the United States, of China and Japan, and our basilicas enclose, as in a peerless museum, the standards of all nations, who have come to bow before God passing in their midst. Was there ever a more unanimous concert? In our troublous century, in the midst of so many ruins, France keeps that hearth of the supernatural more alive, and more intensely aglow; never were the crowds more numerous, faith livelier, and the cures more splendid.

During the men's pilgrimage we saw twenty thousand men walk before the Blessed Sacrament. For three hours those immense crowds made the streets of Lourdes ring with their acclaims. It is one of the finest manifestations we have wit-

nessed. There were there, neither the variety of costumes, nor those societies which enhance the splendor of our ceremonies, it was a train still more imposing by its very uniformity: all these men seemed to carry the burden of common preoccupations, and thousands of voices sent forth their hosannas towards Heaven.

Our Eucharistic God came from the tabernacle to mingle with His creatures. There was here a more intimate, a more direct contact: it was still Lourdes, with its crowds, and its enthusiasm, but Lourdes talking to her God, who seemed more accessible under His Mother's gaze. There was in those immense multitudes, in those spontaneous outbursts, in that frame of which there is no parallel on earth, the tableau of the finest homage man can render the Blessed Sacrament.

True, in the course of ages, chosen souls have ever consumed themselves with love before our altars; but our eyes seldom feasted on the spectacle of a thousand adorers, prostrate on the passage of their Maker, without distinction and without choice. Till the last moment people had wondered whether the procession of the men of France would be a success: there seemed to be a lack of preparatory organization, but a spontaneous current appeared to have sprung up: these free homages must be among the most acceptable to the God of our altars. Behold the great feasts of the Blessed Sacrament, which the historians of the future will have to record.

Devotion to the Immaculate Virgin is intimately coupled with the worship of the Blessed Sacrament; the fiftieth anniversary of the Immaculate Conception coincides with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Eucharistic Congresses.

Who has thus arranged those divine harmonies? It is the Virgin of Lourdes, who, for the last fifty years, has been calling the multitudes to the grotto, in order to lead them to her Divine Son. It is no longer at the baths alone, but also at the processions, in broad daylight and under the eyes of thousands of witnesses, that cures take place; here is the miracle called for by unbelievers at a set place and hour, and on a picked subject: all veils are drawn aside.

The nineteenth century has been the century of the Immaculate Conception; we hail at the dawn of the twentieth the reign of the Sacred Heart, and the triumphs of the Holy Eucharist. Henceforth the acclaims on the passage of our processions shall never be interrupted, and these manifestations shall mark a new era in the Eucharistic annals.

Lourdes was privileged to teach us lofty lessons; and God, Himself, has, by more splendid wonders, shown us how He wanted to be glorified.

Is that not the beginning of the social reign of Jesus Christ? Lourdes and Montmartre are closely bound together. We have at Lourdes night-adorers to the number of three to four thousand, and never has the worship of the Blessed Sacrament penetrated so deep into the masses.

It is no more under the vaults of our temples only, but on our esplanades and on our streets that His Veiled Majesty goes forth, cheered by triumphal ovations: we are back among the scenes of Judea.

In the pilgrimage of Catholic physicians to Rome, three-fourths of the doctors were Frenchmen, and mostly habitual guests of the Bureau of Verifications. The reproduction of the Lourdes' grotto in the Vatican gardens has been effected through a subscription gathered up chiefly in France.

Lourdes is henceforth more solidly linked to the Church, and its cures receive the consecration of the Roman Court.

What does the future hold in store for us?

At the time of the apparitions the Virgin of Lourdes had before her eyes all the waves of impiety which were to sweep our country; she wavered not to come to the Massabielle rock in order to confide to us the secret of her dear prerogatives, and she gave us the mission to make her *Immaculate Conception* known throughout the world.

France was faithful to that trust. Mary's words, spoken to Bernadette on February 11, 1858, and on the other days of her apparitions to her, have been spread to the most distant countries, and the least explored deserts. Every people on the globe knows, blesses, and invokes the Virgin, whose radiant image Bernadette has left us.

France loves the devotion to the Immaculate Virgin. She watches over the Lourdes sanctuary; and the pilgrimages go on without interruption.

Our persecuted faith brings to the grotto immense multitudes who pray with zest and fervor.

The idea of Lourdes imposes itself upon us with an irresistible fascination. That idea must needs have a reason and a cause foreign to human intervention.

Who will assert that that idea exercises a collective suggestion on contemporaneous society? When the Lourdes events came to pass, rationalism ruled our schools, our literature, and our science. Suggestion should naturally have followed its lead.

Lourdes, like the Church, has the note of universality; we meet there people of all lands and of all creeds, animated and brought together by the same thought.

Here politics, business, and material interests, totally give way to religion.

For forty years nothing has disturbed those multitudes in the manifestation of their faith, and it is really wonderful that there should be in our troubled country a sort of an inviolate asylum, where all passions die out, an asylum envied us by the whole world.

Lourdes is the highest manifestation of the power of religious expansion, which has been France's heirloom. If our neighboring countries had such a center of attraction, would they ever think of destroying it? Like Belgium, they would make all their efforts converge toward the development of that pilgrimage. It is preferable though that Lourdes should be developed inde-

pendently of all state intervention: a neutral territory was needed, where foreign nations might meet on our soil.

Is it not astonishing to see spring up with us, in the midst of the nineteenth century, the devotion to the Immaculate Virgin—devotion which embraces whatever is sweetest, most delicate, most amiable, and most consoling in our religion?

Around the grotto of Lourdes, for the last fifty years, the supernatural, and the miracle are spoken of, studied and discussed. Believers and unbelievers, scientists and physicians, moved by a common impulse, come to debate on those unexplained phenomena.

That a people who has sunk to the last limits of denial and doubt may rise again to the highest summit of faith, a great deal of vitality is required.

France is not hopelessly ill. Full of youthful vigor, she can still bring forth ideas which fertilize the world.

To understand Lourdes, one must enter into the details of her organization, follow her development, and study her cures.

It will not do to say that a wave of insanity has swept over the world, that doctors and scientists have been struck by it, and that the Christian nations seem smitten by collective suggestion; insanity is disorder: here we had a slow, gradual and reasoned evolution; events are linked together, they follow a plan and a method which nothing disturbs.

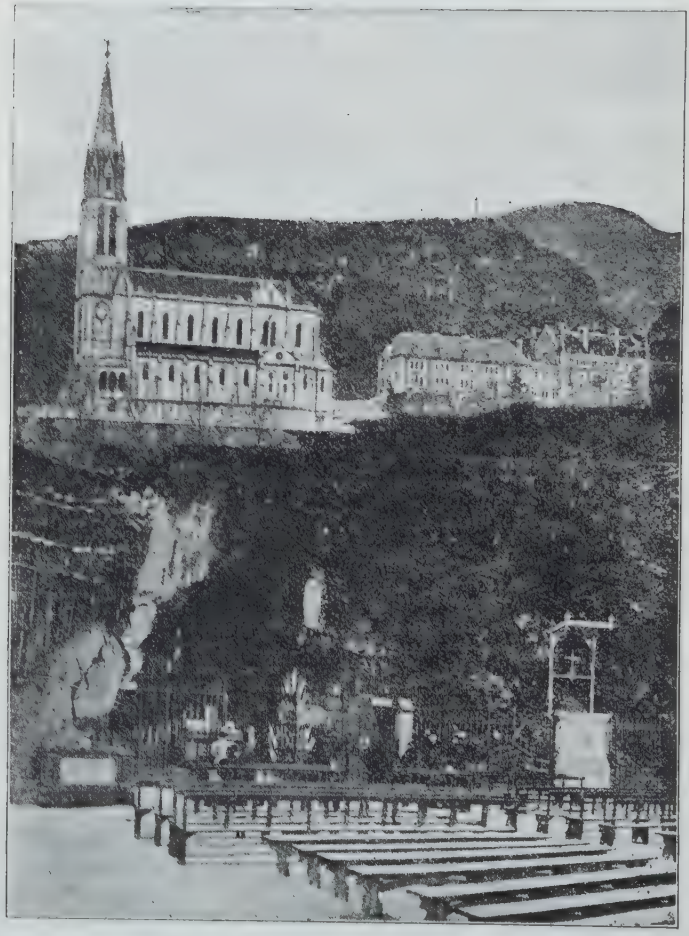
By attempting to deny everything, the facts,

their consequences, and their underlying principle, the opposition raised against Lourdes spent all its strength. It has been said that Lourdes is a challenge hurled at science and reason; but, thanks to the physicians' concurrence, Lourdes has become a center of study, where everybody may come to weigh and discuss results obtained in broad daylight. Where are the questions of nervous diseases and suggestion better studied? The error of science has been to narrow the debate, attempting to explain everything by suggestion; exclusive theories have generally a wrong side. To explain what happened yesterday, and what will happen tomorrow, what one knows and what one knows not, is always difficult. To gather all that in one system becomes rash and cannot satisfy the mind.

In vain were efforts made to turn the physicians away, and to withdraw them from curious investigations. More and more visit us year by year; they study local cures, and perform an incalculable amount of investigation on the work of Lourdes.

The supernatural is not only in the cures, it is everywhere. It is in that resistless attraction to Lourdes, which grows and develops regardless of man's doings.

A work which assumes such proportions in a few years, which brings back to us the manifestations of faith, forgotten since the crusades, which lifts up the whole Catholic world, is not a transient accident in a nation's life.



THE BASILICA AND THE GROTTO.

Alongside the religious question, and all the problems which science seeks to solve, there is a question of national interest which we may not neglect.

All peoples come to seek on our soil the sacred traditions of which we have the guardianship. France may, for a time, lose her supremacy on the battle-field, but she has ever marched at the head of nations on the road of civilization. Her traditions, her beliefs, Christianity, with which she is saturated, seem to keep up in her bosom a powerful flame which radiates throughout the world. Should that light become extinguished her mission would be interrupted, and the world would be deeply disturbed in consequence.

To study those questions in all their aspects, and to understand all the interests which they involve, one must rid one's mind from all prejudice.

Indeed God's works are inimitable; all have the same character of sublimity; yet, after searching the past in vain, I find nothing like this

A radiant Virgin, a white Madonna, ideal vision of a higher world, appears at Lourdes; with full hands she dispenses celestial favors, she cleaves the clouds to bring us the behests of the Almighty, and to confide to us the secret of her dearest prerogatives. We recognize her more by her benefactions than by her words. She cures our physical ailments the more surely to reach our hearts and rouse our souls

How often did France hear the voice of the Immaculate Virgin during the last one hundred

years? In 1830, in a chapel on Bac Street; in 1836, Father Desgenettes, guided by a supernatural inspiration, consecrated Our Lady of Victories' Church to the Immaculate Heart of Mary; in 1842, Mr. de Ratisbonne had a vision of the Virgin of Bac Street; this occurred in Rome, but de Ratisbonne is a Frenchman, and Mr. de Busiére his friend, who prepared his conversion, is a Frenchman; and a French Jesuit, Father de Villefort, received his abjuration. We have the full store of the Immaculate Virgin's revelations.

Since 1830 Mary's eyes are ever on France, and she never comes among men as a messenger of avenging justice, but to bring us the treasures of Divine mercy.

Now, while we celebrate Lourdes' fiftieth anniversary, our pilgrimage is at its zenith; we witness movements of faith, which recall to us the first centuries of Christendom. This pilgrimage, which should have vanished under stress of opposition, has never been touched; all nations acknowledge themselves our tributaries, and come to seek on our soil those sacred traditions of which we are the guardians.

The Catholics of the whole world ask themselves if Lourdes shall not be closed; if they shall still be allowed to come and pray at the grotto. This situation is without precedent. Never in our past revolutions have we had such splendid proofs of Divine protection. *It is impossible to close the grotto of Lourdes.* The multitudes are drawn by a resistless current. Were the Lourdes

shrine barred up, all the roads that lead to the grotto could not hold the pilgrims who would flow in from all directions. People would pray on the opposite bank of the Gave and on the surrounding slopes.

The international character of Lourdes shields this pilgrimage from our political convulsions. It is impossible to close the grotto in the Vatican gardens, to close the Lourdes grottos in Belgium, at Constantinople, in both Americas, in China and in Japan. No! it is beyond man's power to stamp out of our inmost souls the devotion to Mary Immaculate!

While kneeling at the grotto on February 11, 1908, we found there, in our darkest days, the pledge of supernatural and invincible hopes.

We shall still hear in time to come the Virgin's summons: *Pray and do penance.* It is by penance that we shall redeem our land, by sacrifice pushed to the last limit, if need be; but the triumph is assured.

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